Mary Brodrick

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LETTERS

WRITTEN BY

THE LATE RIGHT HONOURABLE

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE,

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD,

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TO HIS SON

PHILIP STANHOPE, Esq;

LATE ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY AT THE COURT OF DRESDEN:

TOGETHER WITH

SEVERAL OTHER PIECES

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

PUBLISHED BY

Mrs. EUGENIA STANHOPE,

FROM THE ORIGINALS NOW IN HER POSSESSION.

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LORD CHESTERFIELD'S

LETTERS.

LETTER LXXII.

Bath, November the 16th, 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

VANITY, or, to call it by a gentler name, deſire of admiration and applauſe, is, perhaps, the moſt univerſal principle of human actions; I do not ſay, that it is the beſt; and I will own, that it is ſometimes the cauſe of both fooliſh and criminal effects. But it is ſo much oftener the principle of right things, that, though they ought to have a better, yet, conſidering human nature, that principle is to be encouraged and cheriſhed, in conſideration of its effects. Where that deſire is wanting, we are apt to be indifferent, liſtleſs, indolent, and inert; we do not exert our powers; and we appear to be as much below ourſelves, as the vaineſt man living can deſire to appear above what he really is.

As I have made you my confeſſor, and do not ſcruple to confeſs even my weakneſſes to you, I will fairly own, that I had that vanity, that weakneſs, if it be one, to a prodigious degree; and, what is more, I confeſs it without repentance; nay,

I am glad I had it; ſince, if I have had the good fortune to pleaſe in the world, it is to that powerful and active principle that I owe it. I began the world, not with a bare deſire, but with an inſatiable thirſt, a rage of popularity, applauſe, and admiration.* If this made me do ſome ſilly things, on one hand, it made me, on the other hand, do almoſt all the right things that I did: it made me attentive and civil to the women I diſliked, and to the men I deſpiſed, in hopes of the applauſe of both: though I neither deſired, nor would I have accepted the favours of the one, nor the friendſhip of the other. I always dreſſed, looked, and talked my beſt; and, I own, was overjoyed whenever I perceived that by all three, or by any one of them, the company was pleaſed with me. To men, I talked whatever I thought would give them the beſt opinion of my parts and learning; and, to women, what I was ſure would pleaſe them; flattery, gallantry, and love. And moreover I will own to you, under the ſecrecy of confeſſion, that my vanity has very often made me take great pains to make many a woman in love with me, if I could, for whoſe perſon I would not have given a pinch of ſnuff. In company with men, I always endeavoured to outſhine, or, at leaſt, if poſſible, to equal the moſt ſhining man in it. This deſire elicited whatever powers I had to gratify it; and where I could not perhaps ſhine in the firſt, enabled me, at leaſt, to ſhine in a ſecond or third ſphere. By theſe means I ſoon grew in faſhion; and when a man is once in faſhion, all he does is right. It was infinite pleaſure to me, to find my own faſhion and popularity. I was ſent for to all parties of pleaſure, both of men or women; where, in ſome meaſure, I gave the tone. This gave me the reputation of havinghad ſome women of condition; and that

reputation,

reputation, whether true or falſe, really got me others. With the men I was a Proteus, and aſſumed every ſhape, in order to pleaſe them all: among the gay, I was the gayeſt, among the grave, the graveſt; and I never omitted the leaſt attentions of good-breeding, or the leaſt offices of friendſhip, that could either pleaſe, or attach them to me: and accordingly I was ſoon connected with all the men of any faſhion or figure in town.

To this principle of vanity, which Philoſophers call a mean one, and which I do not, I owe great part of the figure which I have made in life. I wiſh you had as much, but I fear you have too little of it; and you ſeem to have a degree of lazineſs and liſtleſſneſs about you, that makes you indifferent as to general applauſe. This is not in character, at your age, and would be barely pardonable in an elderly and philoſophical man. It is a vulgar, ordinary ſaying, but it is a very true one, that one ſhould always put the beſt foot foremoſt. One ſhould pleaſe, ſhine, and dazzle, wherever it is poſſible. At Paris, I am ſure you moſt obſerve *que chacun ſe fait valoir autant qu'il eſt poſſible*; and la Bruyere obſerves, very juſtly, *qu'on ne vaut dans ce monde que ce qu'on veut valoir*: wherever applauſe is in queſtion, you will never ſee a French man, nor woman, remiſs or negligent. Obſerve the eternal attentions and politeneſs that all people have there for one another. *Ce n'eſt pas pour leurs beaux yeux, au moins.* No, but for their own ſakes, for commendations and applauſe. Let me then recommend this principle of vanity to you; act upon it *meo periculo*; I promiſe you it will turn to your account. Practiſe all the arts that ever Coquette did, to pleaſe. Be alert and indefatigable in making every man admire, and every woman in love with you. I can tell you too, that nothing will carry you higher in the world.

I have had no letter from you ſince your arrival at Paris, though you muſt have been long enough there to have written me two or three. In about ten or twelve days, I propoſe leaving this place, and going to London; I have found conſiderable benefit by my ſtay here, but not all that I want. Make my compliments to Lord Albemarle.

LETTER LXXIII.

Bath, November the 28th, 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

SINCE my laſt to you, I have read Madame Maintenon's letters; I am ſure they are genuine, and they both entertained and informed me. They have brought me acquainted with the character of that able and artful Lady; whom I am convinced, that I now know, much better than her *directeur* the *Abbé* de Fenelon (afterwards Archbiſhop of Cambray) did, when he wrote her the 185th letter; and I know him the better too for that letter. The *Abbè*, though brimful of the divine love, had a great mind to be firſt Miniſter, and Cardinal, in order *no doubt*, to have an opportunity of doing the more good. His being *directeur* at that time to Madame Maintenon, ſeemed to be a good ſtep towards thoſe views. She put herſelf upon him for a ſaint, and he was weak enough to believe it; he, on the other hand, would have put himſelf upon her for a ſaint too, which, I dare ſay, ſhe did not believe; but both of them knew, that it was neceſſary for them to appear ſaints to Lewis the XIV. who they were very ſure was a bigot. It is to be preſumed, nay, indeed it is plain by that 185th letter, that Madame Maintenon had hinted to her *directeur* ſome ſcruples of conſcience, with relation

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to her commerce with the King; and which I humbly apprehend to have been only ſome ſcruples of prudence, at once to flatter the bigot character, and increaſe the deſires of the King. The pious *Abbé*, frightened out of his wits, left the King ſhould impute to the *directeur* any ſcruples or difficulties which he might meet with on the part of the Lady, writes her the above-mentioned letter; in which he not only bids her, not teaze the King by advice and exhortations, but to have the utmoſt ſubmiſſion to his will; and, that ſhe may not miſtake the nature of that ſubmiſſion, he tells her, it is the ſame that Sarah had for Abraham; to which ſubmiſſion Iſaac perhaps was owing. No bawd could have written a more ſeducing letter to an innocent country girl, than the *directeur* did to his *penitente*; who, I dare ſay, had no occaſion for his good advice. Thoſe who would juſtify the good *directeur*, alias the pimp in this affair, muſt not attempt to do it, by ſaying, that the King and Madame Maintenon, were at that time privately married; that the *directeur* knew it; and that this was the meaning of his *enigme*. That is abſolutely impoſſible; for that private marriage muſt have removed all ſcruples between the parties; nay, could not have been contracted upon any other principle, ſince it was kept private, and conſequently prevented no public ſcandal. It is therefore extremely evident, that Madam Maintenon could not be married to the King, at the time when ſhe ſcrupled granting, and when the *directeur* adviſed her to grant, thoſe favours which Sarah with ſo much ſubmiſſion granted to Abraham: and what the *directeur* is pleaſed to call *le myſtere de Dieu*, was moſt evidently a ſtate of concubinage. The letters are very well worth your reading; they throw light upon many things of thoſe times.

I have juſt received a letter from Sir William Stanhope, from Lyons; in which he tells me that he ſaw you at Paris, that he thinks you a little grown, but that you do not make the moſt of it, for that you ſtoop ſtill; *d'ailleurs* his letter was a panegyric of you.

The young Comte de Schullemburg, the Chambellan whom you knew at Hanover, is come over with the King, *et fait auſſi vos éloges.*

Though, as I told you in my laſt, I have done buying pictures, by way of *virtù*, yet there are ſome portraits of remarkable people that would tempt me. For inſtance, if you could by chance pick up at Paris, at a reaſonable price, and undoubted originals (whether heads, half lengths, or whole lengths, no matter) of Cardinals Richelieu, Mazarin, and Retz; Monſieur de Turenne, le grand Prince de Condè; Meſdames de Monteſpan, de Fontanges, de Mombaſon, de Sevigné, de Maintenon, de Chevreuſe, de Longueville, d'Olonne, &c. I ſhould be tempted to purchaſe them. I am ſenſible that they can only be met with, by great accident, at family ſales and auctions, ſo I only mention the affair to you eventually.

I do not underſtand, or elſe I do not remember, what affair you mean in your laſt letter; which you think will come to nothing, and for which, you ſay, I had once a mind that you ſhould take the road again. Explain it to me.

I ſhall go to town in four or five days, and carry back with me a little more hearing than I brought; but yet, not half enough for common uſe. One wants ready pocket money much oftener than one wants great ſums; and, to uſe a very odd expreſſion, I want to hear at ſight. I love every-day ſenſes, every-day wit and entertainments; a man who is good on holydays, is good for very little. Adieu.

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LETTER LXXIV.

London, New-Year's-Day, 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT is now above a fortnight ſince I have received a letter from you. I hope, however, that you are well, but engroſſed by the buſineſs of Lord Albemarle's *bureau* in the mornings, and by buſineſs of a genteeler nature in the evenings; for I willingly give up my own ſatisfaction to your improvement, either in buſineſs or manners.

Here have been lately imported from Paris two gentlemen, who, I find, were much acquainted with you there; Comte Sinzendorf, and Monſieur Clairaut, the Academician. The former is a very pretty man, well-bred, and with a great deal of uſeful knowledge; for thoſe two things are very conſiſtent. I examined him about you, thinking him a competent judge. He told me, *que vous parliez l'Allemand comme un Allemand*; *que vous ſçaviez le droit public de l'Empire parfaitement bien*; *que vous aviez le goût ſur, et des connoiſſances fort étendues*. I told him, that I knew all this very well; but that I wanted to know whether you had *l'air*, *les maniéres*, *les attentions*, *enfin le brillant d'un honnétte homme*; his anſwer was, *Mais oui en vérité, c'eſt fort bien*. This, you ſee, is but cold, in compariſon of what I do wiſh, and of what you ought to wiſh. Your friend Clairaut interpoſed, and ſaid, *Mais je vous aſſure qu'il eſt fort poli*; to which I anſwered, *Je le crois bien, vis a-vis des Lapons vos amis*; *je vous recuſe pour Juge, juſqu' à ce que vous aiez été dé la ponné, au moins dix ans, parmi les honnéttes gens*. Theſe teſtimonies in your favour are ſuch as perhaps you are ſatisfied with, and think ſufficient;

but I am not: they are only the cold depoſitions of diſintereſted and unconcerned witneſſes, upon a ſtrict examination. When, upon a trial, a man calls witneſſes to his character, and that thoſe witneſſes only ſay, that they never heared, nor do not know any ill of him; it intimates at beſt a neutral and inſignificant, though innocent character. Now I want, and you ought to endeavour, that *les agremens*, *les graces*, *les attentions*, &c. ſhould be a diſtinguiſhing part of your character, and ſpecified of you by people unaſked. I wiſh to hear people ſay of you, *ah qu'il eſt aimable! Quelles maniéres, quelles graces, quel art de plaire!* Nature, thank God, has given you all the powers neceſſary; and if ſhe has not yet, I hope in God ſhe will, give you the will of exerting them.

I have lately read, with great pleaſure, Voltaire's two little Hiſtories of *les Croiſades*, and *l'Eſprit humain*; which I recommend to your peruſal, if you have not already read them. They are bound up with a moſt poor performance, called *Micromegas*, which is ſaid to be Voltaire's too; but I cannot believe it, it is ſo very unworthy of him: it conſiſts only of thoughts ſtolen from Swift, but miſerably mangled and disfigured. But his Hiſtory of the Croiſades ſhows, in a very ſhort and ſtrong light, the moſt immoral and wicked ſcheme, that was ever contrived by knaves, and executed by madmen and fools, againſt humanity. There is a ſtrange, but never-failing relation, between honeſt madmen and ſkilful knaves; and wherever one meets with collected numbers of the former, one may be very ſure that they are ſecretly directed by the latter. The Popes, who have generally been both the ableſt and the greateſt knaves in Europe, wanted all the power and money of the Eaſt: for they had all that was in Europe already. The times and the minds favoured their deſign, for they were dark and uninformed; and

and Peter the Hermit; at once a knave and a madman, was a fine papal tool for ſo wild and wicked an undertaking. I wiſh we had good hiſtories of every part of Europe, and indeed of the world, written upon the plan of Voltaire's *de l'Eſprit humain*; for, I own, I am provoked at the contempt which moſt hiſtorians ſhow for humanity in general; one would think by them, that the whole human ſpecies conſiſted but of about a hundred and fifty people, called and dignified (commonly very undeſervedly too) by the titles of Emperors, Kings, Popes, Generals, and Miniſters.

I have never ſeen, in any of the news-papers, any mention of the affairs of the Cevennes, or Grenoble, which you gave me an account of ſome time ago; and the Duke de Mirepoix pretends, at leaſt, to know nothing of either. Were they falſe reports; or does the French Court chuſe to ſtifle them? I hope that they are both true, becauſe I am very willing, that the cares of the French government ſhould be employed and confined to themſelves.

Your friend, the Electreſs Palatine, has ſent me ſix wild boars heads, and other *piéces de ſa chaſſe*, in return for the fans, which ſhe approved of extremely. This preſent was ſignified to me by one Mr. Harold, who wrote me a letter in very indifferent Engliſh; I ſuppoſe he is a Dane, who has been in England.

Mr. Harte came to town yeſterday, and dined with me to-day. We talked you over; and I can aſſure you, that though a Parſon, and no member *du beau monde*, he thinks all the moſt ſhining accompliſhments of it full as neceſſary for you, as I do. His expreſſion was, *that is all that he wants; but if he wants that, conſidering his ſituation and deſtination, he might as well want every thing elſe.*

This is the day when people reciprocally offer, and receive, the kindeſt and the warmeſt wiſhes, though, in general, without meaning them on one ſide, or believing them on the other. They are formed by the head, in compliance with cuſtom, though diſavowed by the heart, in conſequence of nature. His wiſhes, upon this occaſion, are the beſt, that are the beſt turned; you do not, I am ſure, doubt the truth of mine, and therefore I will expreſs them with a Quaker-like ſimplicity. May this new year be a very new one indeed to you; may you put off the old, and put on the new man! but I mean the outward, not the inward man. With this alteration, I might juſtly ſum up all my wiſhes for you in theſe words,

Dii tibi dent annos, de te nam cætera ſumes.

This minute, I receive your letter of the 26th paſt, which gives me a very diſagreeable reaſon for your late ſilence. By the ſymptoms which you mention of your illneſs, I both hope and believe, that it was wholly owing to your own want of care. You are rather inclined to be fat, you have naturally a good ſtomach, and you eat at the beſt tables; which muſt of courſe make you plethoric: and, upon my word, you will be very ſubject to theſe accidents, if you will not from time to time, when you find yourſelf full, heated, or your head aching, take ſome little eaſy preventive purge, that would not confine you; ſuch as chewing a little rhubarb, when you go to bed at night, or ſome ſenna-tea in the morning. You do very well to live extremely low, for ſome time; and I could wiſh, though I do not expect it, that you would take one gentle vomit: for thoſe giddineſſes, and ſwimmings in the head, always proceed from ſome foulneſs of the ſtomach. However, upon the whole, I am very glad

glad that your old complaint has not mixed itself with this: which, I am fully convinced, arises singly from your own negligence. Adieu.

I am sorry for Monsieur Kurzé, upon his sister's account.

LETTER LXXV.

London, January the 15th, 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I NEVER think my time so well employed, as when I think it employed to your advantage. You have long had the greatest share of it; you now engross it. The moment is now decisive; the piece is going to be exhibited to the public; the mere outlines, and the general colouring, are not sufficient to attract the eyes, and to secure applause; but the last finishing, artful, and delicate strokes, are necessary. Skilful Judges will discern, and acknowledge their merit; the ignorant will, without knowing why, feel their power. In that view, I have thrown together, for you use, the enclosed Maxims*; or, to speak more properly, observations on men and things; for I have no merit as to the invention; I am no systemmonger; and, instead of giving way to my imagination, I have only consulted my memory; and my conclusions are all drawn from facts, not from fancy. Most maxim-mongers have preferred the prettiness to the justness of a thought, and the turn to the truth; but I have refused myself to every thing that my own experience did not justify and confirm. I wish you would consider them seriously, and separately, and recur to them again *pro re natâ* in similar cases. Young men are as apt to think

*Turn to the end of the volume.

think themſelves wiſe enough, as drunken men are to think themſelves ſober enough. They look upon ſpirit to be a much better thing than experience; which they call coldneſs. They are but half miſtaken; for though ſpirit, without experience, is dangerous, experience, without ſpirit, is languid and defective. Their union, which is very rare, is perfection: you may join them, if you pleaſe; for all my experience is at your ſervice; and I do not deſire one grain of your ſpirit in return. Uſe them both; and let them reciprocally animate and check each other. I mean here, by the ſpirit of youth, only the vivacity and preſumption of youth; which hinder them from ſeeing the difficulties, or dangers of an undertaking; but I do not mean, what the ſilly vulgar calls ſpirit, by which they are captious, jealous of their rank, ſuſpicious of being undervalued, and tart (as they call it) in their repartees, upon the ſlighteſt occaſions. This is an evil, and a very ſilly ſpirit, which ſhould be driven out, and tranſferred to an herd of ſwine. This is not the ſpirit of a man of faſhion, who has kept good company. People of an ordinary, low education, when they happen to fall into good-company, imagine themſelves the only object of its attention; if the company whiſpers, it is, to be ſure, concerning them; if they laugh, it is at them; and if any thing ambiguous, that by the moſt forced interpretation can be applied to them, happens to be ſaid, they are convinced that it was meant at them; upon which they grow out of countenance firſt, and then angry. This miſtake is very well ridiculed in the Stratagem, where Scrub ſays, *I am ſure they talked of me, for they laughed conſumedly.* A well-bred man ſeldom thinks, but never ſeems to think, himſelf ſlighted, under-valued, or laughed at in company, unleſs where it is ſo plainly marked out, that his honour obliges him to reſent it

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in a proper manner; *mais les honnêtes gens ne ſe boudent jamais.* I will admit, that it is very difficult to command ones-ſelf enough, to behave with eaſe, frankneſs, and good-breeding towards thoſe, who one knows diſlike, ſlight, and injure one, as far as they can without perſonal conſequences; but I aſſert, that it is abſolutely neceſſary to do it: you muſt embrace the man you hate, if you cannot be juſtified in knocking him down; for otherwiſe you avow the injury, which you cannot revenge. A prudent Cuckold (and there are many ſuch at Paris) pockets his horns, when he cannot gore with them; and will not add to the triumph of his maker, by only butting with them ineffectually. A ſeeming ignorance is very often a moſt neceſſary part of worldly knowledge. It is, for inſtance, commonly adviſeable to ſeem ignorant of what people offer to tell you; and, when they ſay, Have not you heard of ſuch a thing; to anſwer, No, and to let them go on, though you know it already. Some have a pleaſure in telling it, becauſe they think that they tell it well; others have a pride in it, as being the ſagacious diſcoverers; and many have a vanity in ſhowing that they have been, though very undeſervedly, truſted: all theſe would be diſappointed, and conſequently diſpleaſed, if you ſaid, Yes. Seem always ignorant (unleſs to one moſt intimate friend) of all matters of private ſcandal and defamation, though you ſhould hear them a thouſand times; for the parties affected always look upon the receiver to be almoſt as bad as the thief: and, whenever they become the topic of converſation, ſeem to be a ſceptic, though you are really a ſerious believer; and always take the extenuating part. But all this ſeeming ignorance ſhould be joined to thorough and extenſive private informations: and, indeed, it is the beſt method of procuring them; for moſt people have ſuch a vanity,

in ſhowing a ſuperiority over others, though but for a moment, and in the mereſt trifles, that they will tell you what they ſhould not, rather than not ſhow that they can tell what you did not know: beſides, that ſuch ſeeming ignorance will make you paſs for incurious, and conſequently undeſigning. However, fiſh for facts, and take pains to be well informed of every thing that paſſes; but fiſh judiciouſly, and not always, nor indeed often, in the ſhape of direct queſtions; which always put people upon their guard, and, often repeated, grow tireſome. But ſometimes take the things that you would know, for granted; upon which ſomebody will, kindly and officiouſly, ſet you right: ſometimes ſay, that you have heared ſo and ſo; and at other times ſeem to know more than you do, in order to know all that you want: but avoid direct queſtioning, as much as you can. All theſe neceſſary arts of the world require conſtant attention, preſence of mind, and coolneſs. Achilles, though invulnerable, never went to battle, but completely armed. Courts are to be the theatres of your wars, where you ſhould be always as completely armed, and even with the addition of a heel-piece. The leaſt inattention, the leaſt *diſtraction*, may prove fatal. I would fain ſee you what pedants call *omnis homo*, and what Pope much better calls *all accompliſhed*: you have the means in your power, add the will, and you may bring it about. The vulgar have a coarſe ſaying, of *ſpoiling a hog for a halfpenny-worth of tar*: prevent the application, by providing the tar; it is very eaſily to be had, in compariſon with what you have already got.

The fine Mrs. Pitt, who, it ſeems, ſaw you often at Paris, ſpeaking of you the other day, ſaid, in French, for ſhe ſpeaks little Engliſh —— ——

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whether

whether it is that you did not pay the homage due to her beauty, or that it did not ſtrike you as it does others, I cannot determine; but I hope ſhe had ſome other reaſon than truth, for ſaying it. I will ſuppoſe that you did not care a pin for her; but, however, ſhe ſurely deſerved a degree of propitiatory adoration from you, which I am afraid you neglected. Had I been in your caſe, I ſhould have endeavoured, at leaſt, to have ſupplanted Mr. Mackay in his office of nocturnal reader to her. I played at cards, two days ago, with your friend Mrs. Fitzgerald, and her moſt ſublime mother, Mrs. Seagrave; they both inquired after you; and Mrs. Fitzgerald ſaid, ſhe hoped you went on with your dancing; I ſaid Yes, and that you aſſured me, you had made ſuch conſiderable improvements in it, that you now learned to ſtand ſtill, and even upright. Your *virtuoſa*, la Signora Veſtri, ſung here the other day, with great applauſe: I preſume you are *intimately* acquainted with her merit. Good night to you, whoever you paſs it with.

I have this moment received a packet, ſealed with your ſeal, though not directed by your hand, for Lady Hervey. No letter from you! Are you not well?

LETTER LXXVI.

London, May the 27th, O. S. 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this day been tired, jaded, nay tormented, by the company of a moſt worthy, ſenſible, and learned man, a near relation of mine, who dined and paſſed the evening with me. This ſeems a paradox, but is a plain truth; he has no knowledge of the world, no manners, no addreſs; far from

from talking without book, as is commonly ſaid of people who talk ſillily, he only talks by book; which, in general converſation, is ten times worſe. He has formed in his own cloſet, from books, certain ſyſtems of every thing, argues tenaciouſly upon thoſe principles, and is both ſurprized and angry at whatever deviates from them. His theories are good, but, unfortunately, are all impracticable. Why? Becauſe he has only read, and not converſed. He is acquainted with books, and an abſolute ſtranger to men. Labouring with his matter, he is delivered of it with pangs; he heſitates, ſtops in his utterance, and always expreſſes himſelf inelegantly. His actions are all ungraceful; ſo that, with all his merit and knowledge, I would rather converſe ſix hours with the moſt frivolous tittle-tattle woman, who knew ſomething of the world, than with him. The preposterous notions of a ſyſtematical man, who does not know the world, tire the patience of a man who does. It would be endleſs to correct his miſtakes, nor would he take it kindly; for he has conſidered every thing deliberately, and is very ſure that he is in the right. Impropriety is a characteriſtic, and a never-failing one, of theſe people. Regardleſs, becauſe ignorant, of cuſtoms and manners, they violate them every moment. They often ſhock, though they never mean to offend; never attending either to the general character, or the particular diſtinguiſhing circumſtance of the people to whom, or before whom they talk: whereas the knowledge of the world teaches one, that the very ſame things which are exceeding right and proper in one company, time, and place, are exceedingly abſurd in others. In ſhort, a man who has great knowledge, from experience and obſervation, of the characters, cuſtoms, and manners of mankind, is a being as different from, and as ſuperior to, a man of mere book

and

and ſyſtematical knowledge, as a well-managed horſe is to an aſs. Study therefore, cultivate, and frequent men and women; not only in their outward, and conſequently guarded, but in their interior, domeſtic, and conſequently leſs diſguiſed, characters and manners. Take your notions of things, as by obſervation and experience you find they really are, and not as you read that they are or ſhould be; for they never are quite what they ſhould be. For this purpoſe, do not content yourſelf with general and common acquaintance; but, wherever you can, eſtabliſh yourſelf, with a kind of domeſtic familiarity, in good houſes. For inſtance, go again to Orli, for two or three days, and ſo at two or three *repriſes*. Go and ſtay two or three days at a time at Verſailles, and improve and extend the acquaintance you have there. Be at home at St. Cloud; and whenever any private perſon of faſhion invites you to paſs a few days at his country-houſe, accept of the invitation. This will neceſſarily give you verſatility of mind, and a facility to adopt various manners and cuſtoms; for every body deſires to pleaſe thoſe in whoſe houſe they are; and people are only to be pleaſed in their own way. Nothing is more engaging than a chearful and eaſy conformity to people's particular manners, habits, and even weakneſſes; nothing (to uſe a vulgar expreſſion) ſhould come amiſs to a young fellow. He ſhould be, for good purpoſes, what Alcibiades was commonly for bad ones, a Proteus, aſſuming with eaſe, and wearing with chearfulneſs, any ſhape. Heat, cold, luxury, abſtinence, gravity, gaiety, ceremony, eaſineſs, learning, trifling, buſineſs, and pleaſure, are modes which he ſhould be able to take, lay aſide, or change occaſionally, with as much eaſe as he would take or lay aſide his hat. All this is only to be acquired by uſe and knowledge of the world, by keeping a great

deal

deal of company, analyſing every character, and inſinuating yourſelf into the familiarity of various acquaintance. A right, a generous ambition to make a figure in the world, neceſſarily gives the deſire of pleaſing; the deſire of pleaſing points out, to a great degree, the means of doing it; and the art of pleaſing is, in truth, the art of riſing, of diſtinguiſhing one's-ſelf, of making a figure and a fortune in the world. But without pleaſing, without the Graces, as I have told you a thouſand times, *ogni fatica è vana*. You are now but nineteen, an age at which moſt of your countrymen are illiberally getting drunk in Port, at the Univerſity. You have greatly got the ſtart of them in learning; and, if you can equally get the ſtart of them in the knowledge and manners of the world, you may be very ſure of out running them in Court and Parliament, as you ſet out ſo much earlier than they. They generally begin but to ſee the world at one-and-twenty; you will by that age have ſeen all Europe. They ſet out upon their travels unlicked cubs; and in their travels they only lick one another, for they ſeldom go into any other company. They know nothing but the Engliſh world, and the worſt part of that too, and generally very little of any but the Engliſh language; and they come home, at three or four-and-twenty, refined and poliſhed (as is ſaid in one of Congreve's plays) like Dutch ſkippers from a whale-fiſhing. The care which has been taken of you, and (to do you juſtice) the care you have taken of yourſelf, has left you, at the age of nineteen only, nothing to acquire, but the knowledge of the world, manners, addreſs, and thoſe exterior accompliſhments. But they are great and neceſſary acquiſitions, to thoſe who have ſenſe enough to know their true value; and your getting them before you are one-and-twenty, and before you enter upon the active and ſhining

ſhining ſcene of life, will give you ſuch an advantage over all your cotemporaries, that they cannot overtake you; they muſt be diſtanced. You may probably be placed about a young Prince, who will probably be a young King. There all the various arts of pleaſing, the engaging addreſs, the verſatility of manners, the *brillant*, the Graces, will outweigh and yet outrun all ſolid knowledge and unpoliſhed merit. Oil yourſelf therefore, and be both ſupple and ſhining, for that race, if you would be firſt, or early, at the goal. Ladies will, moſt probably too, have ſomething to ſay there; and thoſe who are beſt with them, will probably be beſt *ſomewhere elſe*. Labour this great point, my dear child, indefatigably; attend to the very ſmalleſt parts, the minuteſt graces, the moſt trifling circumſtances, that can poſſibly concur in forming the ſhining character of a complete Gentleman, *un galant homme, un homme de Cour*, a man of buſineſs and pleaſure; *eſtime des hommes, recherché des femmes, aimé de tout le monde*. In this view, obſerve the ſhining part of every man of faſhion, who is liked and eſteemed, attend to, and imitate, that particular accompliſhment for which you hear him chiefly celebrated and diſtinguiſhed; then collect thoſe various parts, and make yourſelf a Moſaic of the whole. No one body poſſeſſes every thing, and almoſt every body poſſeſſes ſome one thing worthy of imitation: only chuſe your models well; and, in order to do ſo, chuſe by your ear more than by your eye. The beſt model is always that which is moſt univerſally allowed to be the beſt, though in ſtrictneſs it may poſſibly not be ſo. We muſt take moſt things as they are, we cannot make them what we would, nor often what they ſhould be; and where moral duties are not concerned, it is more prudent to follow, than to attempt to lead. Adieu.

LETTER LXXVII.

Bath, October the 3d, 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU have ſet out well at the Hague; you are in love with Madame Munter, which I am very glad of: you are in the fine company there, and I hope one of it; for it is not enough, at your age, to be merely in good company; but you ſhould, by your addreſs and attentions, make that good company think you one of them. There is a tribute due to beauty, even independently of farther views; which tribute, I hope, you paid with alacrity to Madame Munter, and Madame Degenfeldt: depend upon it they expected it, and were offended in proportion as that tribute ſeemed either unwillingly or ſcantily paid. I believe my friend Kreuningen admits nobody now to his table, for fear of their communicating the plague to him, or at leaſt the bite of a mad dog. Pray profit of the *entrées libres*, that the French Embaſſador has given you; frequent him, and *ſpeak* to him. I think you will not do amiſs to call upon Mr. Burriſh, at Aix la Chapelle, ſince it is ſo little out of your way; and you will do ſtill better, if you would, which I know you will not, drink thoſe waters, for five or ſix days only, to ſcour your ſtomach and bowels a little: I am ſure it would do you a great deal of good. Mr. Burriſh can, doubtleſs, give you the beſt letters to Munich; and he will naturally give you ſome to Comte Preyſing, or Comte Sinſheim, and ſuch ſort of grave people; but I could wiſh that you would aſk him for ſome to young fellows of pleaſure, ot faſhionable coquettes, that you may be *dans l'honnête débauche de Munich*. *A propos* of your future motions; I leave you

you in a great meaſure the maſter of them, ſo ſhall only ſuggeſt my thoughts to you upon that ſubject.

You have three Electoral Courts in view, Bonn, Munich, and Manheim. I would adviſe you to ſee two of them rather curſorily, and fix your tabernacle at the third, whichever that may be, for a conſiderable time. For inſtance, ſhould you chuſe (as I fancy you will) to make Manheim the place of your reſidence, ſtay only ten or twelve days at Bonn, and as long at Munich, and then go and fix at Manheim; and ſo, *vice versâ*, if you ſhould like Bonn or Munich better than you think you would Manheim; make that the place of your reſidence, and only viſit the other two. It is certain that no man can be much pleaſed himſelf, or pleaſe others much, in any place where he is only a bird of paſſage for eight or ten days; neither party thinking it worth while to make an acquaintance, ſtill leſs to form any connection, for ſo ſhort a time: but when months are the caſe, a man may domeſticate himſelf pretty well; and very ſoon, not be looked upon as a ſtranger. This is the real utility of travelling, when, by contracting a familiarity at any place, you get into the inſide of it, and ſee it in its undreſs. That is the only way of knowing the cuſtoms, the manners and all the little characteriſtical peculiarities, that diſtinguiſh one place from another; but then this familiarity is not to be brought about by cold, formal viſits of half an hour: no; you muſt ſhew a willingneſs, a deſire, an impatience, of forming connections, *il faut s'y prêter, et y mettre du liant, du déſir de plaire.* Whatever you do approve, you muſt be laviſh in your praiſes of; and you muſt learn to commend what you do not approve of, if it is approved of there. You are not much given to praiſe, I know; but it is becauſe you do not yet know, how extremely people are

engaged

engaged by a ſeeming ſanction to their own opinions, prejudices, and weakneſſes, even in the mereſt trifles. Our ſelf-love is mortified, when we think our opinions, and even our taſtes, cuſtoms, and dreſſes, either arraigned or condemned; as, on the contrary, it is tickled and flattered by approbation. I will give you a remarkable inſtance of this kind. The famous Earl of Shafteſbury, in the flagitious reign of Charles the Second, while he was Chancellor, had a mind to be a Favourite as well as a Miniſter of the King: in order therefore to pleaſe his Majeſty, whoſe prevailing paſſion was women, my Lord kept a w—e, whom he had no occaſion for, and made no manner of uſe of. The King ſoon heared of it, and aſked him if it was true; he owned it was; but that, though he kept that one woman, he had ſeveral others beſides, for he loved variety. A few days afterwards, the King, at his public levée, ſaw Lord Shafteſbury at ſome diſtance, and ſaid in the circle, "One would not think that that little, weak man is "the greateſt whore-maſter in England; but I can "aſſure you that he is." Upon Lord Shafteſbury's coming into the circle, there was a general ſmile; the King ſaid, "This is concerning you, my "Lord." "Me, Sir!" anſwered the Chancellor, with ſome ſurpriſe. "Yes, you," anſwered the King; "for I had juſt ſaid, that you are the great-"eſt whore-maſter in England: Is it not true?" "Of a *ſubject*, Sir," replied Lord Shafteſbury, "perhaps I am." It is the ſame in every thing; we think a difference of opinion, of conduct, of manners, a tacit reproach, at leaſt, upon our own; we muſt therefore uſe ourſelves to a ready conformity to whatever is neither criminal nor diſhonourable. Whoever differs from any general cuſtom, is ſuppoſed both to think, and proclaim himſelf wiſer than the reſt of the world; which the reſt of the world

world cannot bear, especially in a young man. A young fellow is always forgiven, and often applauded, when he carries a fashion to an excess; but never if he stops short of it. The first is ascribed to youth and fire; but the latter is imputed to an affectation of singularity, or superiority. At your age, one is allowed to *outrer* fashion, dress, vivacity, gallantry, &c. but by no means to be behind hand in any one of them. And one may apply to youth in this case, *Si non errâsset, fecerat ille minùs.* Adieu.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Bath, October the 19th, 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

OF all the various ingredients that compose the useful and necessary art of pleasing, no one is so effectual and engaging, as that gentleness, that *douceur* of countenance and manners, to which you are no stranger, though (God knows why) a sworn enemy. Other people take great pains to conceal, or disguise, their natural imperfections; some, by the make of their clothes, and other arts, endeavour to conceal the defects of their shape; women, who unfortunately have natural bad complexions, lay on good ones; and both men and women, upon whom unkind nature has inflicted a surliness and ferocity of countenance, do at least all they can, though often without success, to soften and mitigate it; they affect *douceur*, and aim at smiles, though often in the attempt, like the Devil in *Milton*, they *grin horribly a ghastly smile.* But you are the only person I ever knew, in the whole course of my life, who, not only disdain, but absolutely reject and disguise a great advantage, that nature has kindly granted. You easily guess I mean *countenance*; for she has given you

you a very pleaſing one; but you beg to be excuſed, you will not accept it; but, on the contrary, take ſingular pains to put on the moſt *funeſte*, forbidding, and unpleaſing one, that can poſſibly be imagined. This one would think impoſſible; but you know it to be true. If you imagine that it gives you a manly, thoughtful, and deciſive air, as ſome, tho' very few of your countrymen do, you are moſt exceedingly miſtaken; for it is at beſt the air of a German corporal, part of whoſe exerciſe is to look fierce, and to *blaſe-meer-op*. You will ſay, perhaps, What, am I always to be ſtudying my countenance, in order to wear this *douceur?* I anſwer, No, do it but for a fortnight, and you never will have occaſion to think of it more. Take but half the pains to recover the countenance that nature gave you, that you muſt have taken to diſguiſe and deform it as you have, and the buſineſs will be done. Accuſtom your eyes to a certain ſoftneſs, of which they are very capable, and your face to ſmiles, which become it more than moſt faces I know. Give all your motions too, an air of *douceur*, which is directly the reverſe of their preſent celerity and rapidity. I wiſh you would adopt a little of *l'air du Couvent*, (you very well know what I mean) to a certain degree; it has ſomething extremely engaging; there is a mixture of benevolence, affection, and unction, in it: it is frequently really ſincere, but is almoſt always thought ſo, and conſequently pleaſing. Will you call this trouble? It will not be half an hour's trouble to you in a week's time. But ſuppoſe it be, pray tell me, why did you give yourſelf the trouble of learning to dance ſo well as you do? It is neither a religious, moral, or civil duty. You muſt own, that you did it then ſingly to pleaſe, and you were in the right on't. Why do you wear fine cloaths, and

curl your hair? Both are troublesome; lank locks, and plain flimsy rags, are much easier. This then you also do in order to please, and you do very right. But then, for God's sake, reason and act consequentially; and endeavour to please in other things too, still more essential; and without which the trouble you have taken in those is wholly thrown away. You show your dancing, perhaps, six times a year, at most; but you show your countenance, and your common motions, every day, and all day. Which then, I appeal to yourself, ought you to think of the most, and care to render easy, graceful, and engaging. *Douceur* of countenance and gesture, can alone make them so. You are by no means ill-natured; and would you then most unjustly be reckoned so? Yet your common countenance intimates, and would make any body, who did not know you, believe it. *A propos* to this; I must tell you what was said the other day to a fine lady whom you know, who is very good natured in truth, but whose common countenance implies ill-nature, even to brutality. It was Miss H——n, Lady M—y's niece, whom you have seen, both at Blackheath and at Lady Hervey's. Lady M—y was saying to me, that you had a very engaging countenance when you had a mind to it, but that you had not always that mind; upon which, Miss H——n said, that she liked your countenance best, when it was as glum as her own. Why then, replied Lady M—y, you two should marry; for, while you both wear your worst countenances, nobody else will venture upon either of you; and they call her now, Mrs. Stanhope. To complete this *douceur* of countenance and motions, which I so earnestly recommend to you, you should carry it also to your expressions, and manner of thinking, *mettez y toujours de l' affect ieux l' onction*; take the gentle, the favourable, the indulgent side of

moſt queſtions. I own, that the manly and ſublime Iohn Trott, your countryman, ſeldom does; but, to ſhow his ſpirit and deciſion, takes the rough and harſh ſide, which he generally adorns with an oath, to ſeem more formidable. This he only thinks fine; for, to do John juſtice, he is commonly as good-natured as any body. Theſe are among the many little things which you have not, and I have lived long enough in the world to know of what infinite conſequence they are, in the courſe of life. Reaſon then, I repeat it again, within yourſelf, *conſequentially*; and let not the pains you have taken, and ſtill take, to pleaſe in ſome things, be a *pure perte*, by your negligence of, and inattention to others, of much leſs trouble, and much more conſequence.

I have been of late much engaged, or rather bewildered, in Oriental hiſtory, particularly that of the Jews, ſince the deſtruction of their temple, and their diſperſion by Titus; but the confuſion and uncertainty of the whole, and the monſtrous extravagancies and falſehoods of the greateſt part of it, diſguſted me extremely. Their Thalmud, their Miſchna, their Targums, and other traditions and writings of their Rabbins and Doctors, who were moſt of them Cabaliſts, are really more extravagant and abſurd, if poſſible, than all that you have read in Comte de Gabalis; and, indeed, moſt of his ſtuff is taken from them. Take this ſample of their nonſenſe, which is tranſmitted in the writings of one of their moſt conſiderable Rabbins. "One Abas Saul, a man of ten feet high, was digging a grave, and happened to find the eye of Goliah, in which he thought proper to bury himſelf, and ſo he did, all but his head, which the Giant's eye was unfortunately not quite deep enough to receive." This, I aſſure you, is the moſt modeſt lye of ten thouſand. I have alſo read the Turkiſh Hiſtory, which excepting the religious

religious part, is not fabulous, though very possibly not true. For the Turks, having no notion of letters, and being, even by their religion, forbid the use of them, except for reading and transcribing the Koran; they have no historians of their own, nor no authentic records nor memorials, for other historians to work upon: so that what histories we have of that country, written by foreigners; as Platina, Sir Paul Rycaut, Prince Cantemir, &c. or else snatches only of particular and short periods, by some who happened to reside there at those times; such as Busbequius, whom I have just finished. I like him, as far as he goes, much the best of any of them: but then his account is, properly, only an account of his own embassy, from the Emperor Charles the Vth to Solyman the Magnificent. However, there he gives, episodically, the best account I know, of the customs and manners of the Turks, and of the nature of that government, which is a most extraordinary one. For, despotic as it always seems, and sometimes is, it is in truth a military republic; and the real power resides in the Janissaries; who sometimes order their Sultan to strangle his Vizir, and sometimes the Vizir to depose or strangle his Sultan, according as they happen to be angry at the one or the other. I own I am glad that the capital strangler should, in his turn, be *strangle-able*, and now and then strangled. For I know of no brute so fierce, nor no criminal so guilty, as the creature called a Sovereign, whether King, Sultan, or Sophy, who thinks himself, either by divine or human right, vested with an absolute power of destroying his fellow-creatures; or who, without inquiring into his right, lawlessly exerts that power. The most excusable of all those human monsters, are the Turks, whose religion teaches them inevitable fatalism. *A propos* of the Turks; my

 Loyola,

Loyola, I pretend, is ſuperior to your Sultan. Perhaps you think this impoſſible, and wonder who this Loyola is. Know then, that I have had a Barbet brought me from France, ſo exactly like Sultan, that he has been miſtaken for him ſeveral times; only his ſnout is ſhorter, and his ears longer than Sultan's. He has alſo the acquired knowledge of Sultan; and I am apt to think that he ſtudied under the ſame maſter at Paris. His habit, and his white band, ſhow him to be an Eccleſiaſtic; and his begging, which he does very earneſtly, proves him to be of a Mendicant order; which, added to his flattery and inſinuation, make him ſuppoſed to be a Jeſuit, and have acquired him the name of Loyola. I muſt not omit too, that, when he breaks wind, he ſmells exactly like Sultan.

I do not yet hear one jot the better for all my bathings and pumpings, though I have been here already full half my time; I conſequently go very little into company, being very little fit for any. I hope you keep company enough for us both; you will get more by that, than I ſhall by all my reading. I read ſingly to amuſe myſelf, and fill up my time, of which I have too much; but you have two much better reaſons for going into company, Pleaſure and Profit. May you find a great deal of both in a great deal of company! Adieu.

LETTER LXXIX.

London, Nov. the 20th, 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

TWO mails are now due from Holland, ſo that I have no letter from you to acknowledge; but that, you know, by long experience, does not hinder my writing to you: I always receive your letters

letters with pleasure ; but I mean, and endeavour, that you should receive mine with some profit ; preferring always your advantage to my own pleasure.

If you find yourself well settled and naturalized at Manheim, stay there some time, and do not leave a certain for an uncertain good : but if you think you shall be as well, or better established at Munich, go there as soon as you please ; and, if disappointed, you can always return to Manheim. I mentioned, in a former letter, your passing the Carnival at Berlin, which, I think, may be both useful and pleasing to you ; however, do as you will ; but let me know what you resolve. That King and that country have, and will have, so great a share in the affairs of Europe, that they are well worth being thoroughly known.

Whether, where you are now, or ever may be hereafter, you speak French, German, or English most, I earnestly recommend to you a particular attention to the propriety and elegancy of your style : employ the best words you can find in the language, avoid *cacophony*, and make your periods as harmonious as you can. I need not, I am sure, tell you, what you must often have felt, how much the elegancy of diction adorns the best thoughts, and palliates the worst. In the House of Commons, it is almost every thing ; and indeed, in every assembly, whether public or private. Words, which are the dress of thoughts, deserve, surely, more care than clothes, which are only the dress of the person, and which, however, ought to have their share of attention. If you attend to your style, in any one language, it will give you an habit of attending to it in every other ; and if once you speak either French or German very elegantly, you will afterwards speak much the better English for it. I repeat it to you again ; for, at least, the thousandth time, exert

your whole attention now in acquiring the ornamental parts of character. People know very little of the world, and talk nonsense, when they talk of plainness and solidity unadorned; they will do in nothing: mankind has been long out of a state of nature, and the golden age of native simplicity will never return. Whether for the better or the worse, no matter; but we are refined; and plain manners, plain dress, and plain diction, would as little do in life, as acorns, herbage, and the water of the neighbouring spring, would do at table. Some people are just come, who interrupt me in the middle of my sermon; so good night.

LETTER LXXX.

London, November the 26th, 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

FINE doings at Manheim! If one may give credit to the weekly histories of Monsieur Roderigue, the finest writer among the moderns, not only *des chasses brillantes et nombreuses, des opéras ou les acteurs se surpassent, les jours des Saints de L. L. A A. E E. sérénissimes, célèbrès en grand gala*; but, to crown the whole, Monsieur Zuchmantel is happily arrived, and Monsieur Wartensleben hourly expected. I hope that you are *pars magna* of all these delights; though, as Noll Bluff says, in the Old Batchelor, *that rascally Gazetteer takes no more notice of you than if you were not in the land of the living*. I should think, that he might at least have taken notice, that in those rejoicings you appeared with a rejoicing, and not a gloomy countenance; and you distinguished yourself, in that numerous and shining company, by your air, dress, address, and attentions. If this was the case, as I will both hope

hope and ſuppoſe that it was, I will, if you require it, have him written to, to do you juſtice in his next *ſupplèment*. Seriouſly, I am very glad, that you are whirled in that *tourbillon* of pleaſures; they ſmooth, poliſh, and rub off rough corners: perhaps too, you have ſome particular *colliſion*, which is ſtill more effectual.

Schannat's Hiſtory of the Palatinate was, I find, written originally in German, in which language, I ſuppoſe, it is that you have read it; but, as I muſt humbly content myſelf with the French tranſlation, Vaillant has ſent for it for me, from Holland, ſo that I have not yet read it. While you are in the Palatinate, you do very well to read every thing relative to it; you will do ſtill better, if you make that reading the foundation of your inquiries into the more minute circumſtances and anecdotes of that country, whenever you are in company with informed and knowing people.

The Miniſters here, intimidated by the abſurd and groundleſs clamours of the mob, have, very weakly in my mind, repealed, this ſeſſion, the bill which they had paſſed in the laſt, for rendering Jews capable of being naturalized by ſubſequent acts of parliament. The clamourers triumph, and will, doubtleſs, make farther demands; which, if not granted, this piece of compláiſance will ſoon be forgotten. Nothing is truer in politics, than this reflection of the Cardinal de Retz, *Que le peuple craint toujours quand on ne le craint pas*; and, conſequently, they grow unreaſonable and inſolent, when they find that they are feared. Wiſe and honeſt governors will never, if they can help it, give the people juſt cauſe to complain; but then, on the other hand, they will firmly withſtand groundleſs clamour. Beſides, that this noiſe againſt the Jew bill, proceeds from that narrow mob-ſpirit of

intoleration in religious, and inhoſpitality in civil matters; both which all wiſe governments ſhould oppoſe.

The confuſion in France increaſes daily, as, no doubt, you are informed, where you are. There is an anſwer of the Clergy's to the remonſtrances of the Parliament, lately publiſhed; which was ſent me by the laſt poſt from France, and which I would have ſent you, encloſed in this, were it not too bulky. Very probably you may ſee it at Manheim, from the French Miniſter: it is very well worth your reading, being moſt artfully and plauſibly written, though founded upon falſe principles; the *jus divinum* of the Clergy; and, conſequently, their ſupremacy in all matters of faith and doctrine are aſſerted; both which I abſolutely deny. Were thoſe two points allowed the Clergy of any country whatſoever, they muſt neceſſarily govern that country abſolutely, every thing being, directly or indirectly, relative to faith or doctrine; and whoever is ſuppoſed to have the power of ſaving and damning ſouls to all eternity, (which power the Clergy pretend to) will be much more conſidered, and better obeyed, than any civil power, that forms no pretenſions beyond this world. Whereas, in truth, the Clergy in every country are, like all other ſubjects, dependant upon the ſupreme legiſlative power; and are appointed by that power, under whatever reſtrictions and limitations it pleaſes, to keep up decency and decorum in the church, juſt as conſtables are to keep peace in the pariſh. This Fra. Paolo has clearly proved, even upon their own principles of the Old and New Teſtament, in his book, *de Beneficiis*, which I recommend to you to read with attention; it is ſhort. Adieu!

LETTER LXXXI.

London, December the 25th, 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY again I received two letters at once from you, the one of the 7th, the other of the 15th, from Manheim.

You never had in your life so good a reason for not writing, either to me or to any body else, as your sore finger lately furnished you. I believe it was painful, and I am glad it is cured; but a sore finger, however painful, is a much lesser evil than laziness, of either body or mind, and attended by fewer ill consequences.

I am very glad to hear that you were distinguished at the Court of Manheim, from the rest of your countrymen and fellow-travellers: it is a sign that you had better manners and address than they; for take it for granted, the best-bred people will always be the best received, wherever they go. Good manners are the settled medium of social, as *specie* is of commercial life; returns are equally expected for both; and people will no more advance their civility to a Bear, than their money to a Bankrupt. I really both hope, and believe, that the German Courts will do you a great deal of good; there ceremony and restraint being the proper correctives, and antidotes, for your negligence and inattention. I believe they would not greatly relish your weltering in your own laziness, and an easy chair; nor take it very kindly, if, when they spoke to you, or you to them, you looked another way; as much as to say, kiss my b——h. As they give, so they require attention; and, by the way, take this maxim for an undoubted truth, That no young man can possibly improve in any company, for which

he has not reſpect enough to be under ſome degree of reſtraint.

I dare not truſt to Meyſſonier's report of his Rheniſh, his Burgundy not having anſwered, either his account or my expectations. I doubt, as a wine-merchant, he is the *perfidus caupo* whatever he may be as a banker. I ſhall therefore venture upon none of his wine; but delay making my proviſion of Old Hock, till I go abroad myſelf next ſpring; as I told you, in the utmoſt ſecrecy, in my laſt, that I intend to do; and then, probably, I may taſte ſome that I like, and go upon ſure ground. There is commonly very good, both at Aix-la-Chapelle and Liége; where I formerly got ſome excellent, which I carried with me to Spa, where I drink no other wine.

As my letters to you frequently miſcarry, I will repeat in this, that part of my laſt, which related to your future motions. Whenever you ſhall be tired of Berlin, go to Dreſden; where Sir Charles Williams will be, who will receive you with open arms. He dined with me to-day; and ſets out for Dreſden in about ſix weeks. He ſpoke of you with great kindneſs, and impatience to ſee you again. He will truſt and employ you in buſineſs (and he is now in the whole ſecret of importance) till we fix our place to meet in; which, probably, will be Spa. Whereever you are, inform yourſelf minutely of, and attend particularly to the affairs of France; they grow ſerious, and, in my opinion, will grow more and more ſo every day. The King is deſpiſed, and I do not wonder at it; but he has brought it about, to be hated at the ſame time, which ſeldom happens to the ſame man. His Miniſters are known to be as diſunited as incapable: he heſitates between the Church and the Parliaments, like the Aſs in the fable, that ſtarved between two hampers of hay;

too

too much in love with his miſtreſs to part with her, and too much afraid, for his ſoul, to enjoy her: jealous of the Parliaments, who would ſupport his authority; and a devoted bigot to the Church, that would deſtroy it. The people are poor, conſequently diſcontented: thoſe who have religion, are divided in their notions of it; which is ſaying, that they hate one another. The Clergy never do forgive; much leſs will they forgive the Parliament: the Parliament never will forgive them. The Army muſt, without doubt, take, in their own minds at leaſt, different parts in all theſe diſputes, which, upon occaſion, would break out. Armies, though always the ſupporters and tools of abſolute power, for the time being, are always the deſtroyers of it too; by frequently changing the hands in which they think proper to lodge it. This was the caſe of the Prætorian bands, who depoſed and murdered the monſters they had raiſed to oppreſs mankind. The Janiſſaries in Turkey, and the regiments of guards in Ruſſia, do the ſame now. The French nation reaſons freely, which they never did before, upon matters of religion and government, and begin to be *ſpregiudicati*; the officers do ſo too; in ſhort, all the ſymptoms, which I have ever met with in hiſtory, previous to great changes and revolutions in government, now exiſt, and daily increaſe, in France. I am glad of it; the reſt of Europe will be the quieter, and have time to recover. England, I am ſure, wants reſt; for it wants men and money: the Republic of the United Provinces wants both ſtill more: the other powers cannot well dance, when neither France, nor the maritime powers, can, as they uſed to do, pay the piper. The firſt ſquabble in Europe, that I foreſee, will be about the Crown of Poland, ſhould the preſent King die; and therefore I wiſh his Majeſty a long life,

life, and a merry Chriſtmas. So much for foreign politics: but, *a propos* of them, pray take care, while you are in thoſe parts of Germany, to inform yourſelf correctly of all the details, diſcuſſions, and agreements, which the ſeveral wars, confiſcations, bans, and treaties, occaſioned between the Bavarian and Palatine Electorates; they are intereſting and curious.

I ſhall not, upon the occaſion of the approaching new year, repeat to you the wiſhes which I continue to form for you; you know them all already; and you know that it is abſolutely in your own power to ſatisfy moſt of them. Among many other wiſhes this is my moſt earneſt one, that you would open the new year with a moſt ſolemn and devout ſacrifice to the Graces; who never reject thoſe that ſupplicate them with favour: without them, let me tell you, that your friend Dame Fortune will ſtand you in little ſtead: may they all be your friends! Adieu.

LETTER LXXXII.

London, January the 15th, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 26th paſt, from Munich. Since you are got ſo well out of the diſtreſs and dangers of your journey from Manheim, I am glad that you were in them.

Condiſce i diletti
Memorie di pene,
Ne ſà che ſia bene
Chi mal non ſoffri.

They were but little ſamples of the much greater diſtreſs and dangers which you muſt expect to meet with in your great, and, I hope, long journey through life. In ſome parts of it, flowers are ſcattered with profuſion,

profuſion, the road is ſmooth, and the proſpect pleaſant; but in others (and I fear the greater number) the road is rugged, beſet with thorns and briars, and cut by torrents. Gather the flowers in your way; but at the ſame time guard againſt the briars that are either mixed with them, or that moſt certainly ſucceed them.

I thank you for your wild boar, who, now he is dead, I aſſure him *ſe laiſſera bien manger malgré qu'il en die*; though I am not ſo ſure that I ſhould have had that perſonal valour which ſo ſucceſsfully diſtinguiſhed you in ſingle combat with him, which made him bite the duſt like Homer's heroes, and, to conclude my period ſublimely, put him into that *pickle*, from which I propoſe eating him. At the ſame time that I applaud your valour, I muſt do juſtice to your modeſty; which candidly admits, that you were not overmatched, and that your adverſary was of about your own age and ſize. A *Marcaſſin*, being under a year old, would have been below your indignation. *Béte de compagnie*, being under two years old, was ſtill in my opinion, below your glory; but I gueſs that your enemy was *un Ragot*, that is, from two to three years old; an age and ſize which, between man and boar, anſwer pretty well to yours.

If accidents of bad roads or waters do not retain you at Munich, I do not fancy that pleaſures will; and I rather believe you will ſeek for, and find them, at the Carnival at Berlin; in which ſuppoſition, I eventually direct this letter to your banker there. While you are at Berlin (I earneſtly recommend it to you again and again) pray *care* to ſee, hear, know, and mind, every thing there. *The ableſt Prince in Europe*, is ſurely an object that deſerves attention; and the leaſt thing that he does, like the ſmalleſt ſketches of the greateſt painters, has its value, and a conſiderable one too.

Read

Read with care the *Code Frederick*, and inform yourfelf of the good effects of it, in thofe parts of his dominions where it has taken place, and where it has banifhed the former chicanes, quirks, and quibbles of the old law. Do not think any detail too minute, or trifling, for your inquiry and obfervation. I wifh that you could find one hour's leifure every day, to read fome good Italian author, and to converfe in that language with our worthy friend Signor Angelo Cori: it would both refrefh and improve your Italian, which, of the many languages you know, I take to be that in which you are the leaft perfect; but of which too, you already know enough to make yourfelf mafter of, with very little trouble whenever you pleafe.

Live, dwell, and grow, at the feveral Courts there; ufe them fo much to your face, that they may not look upon you as a ftranger. Obferve, and take their tone, even to their affectations and follies; for fuch there are, and perhaps fhould be, at all Courts. Stay, in all events, at Berlin, till I inform you of Sir Charles William's arrival at Drefden; where, I fuppofe, you would not care to be before him, and where you may go as foon after him as ever you pleafe. Your time there will neither be unprofitably nor difagreeably fpent; he will introduce you into all the beft company, though he can introduce you to none, fo good as his own. He has of late applied himfelf very ferioufly to foreign affairs, efpecially thofe of Saxony and Poland; he knows them perfectly well, and will tell you what he knows. He always expreffes, and I have good reafon to believe very fincerely, great kindnefs and affection for you.

The works of the late Lord Bolingbroke are juft publifhed, and have plunged me into philofophical ftudies; which hitherto I have not been much ufed

to,

to, or delighted with; convinced of the futility of those researches: but I have read his Philosophical Essay upon the extent of human knowledge, which, by the way, makes two large quarto's and an half. He there shows very clearly, and with most splendid eloquence, what the human mind can, and cannot do; that our understandings are wisely calculated for our place in this planet, and for the link which we form in the universal chain of things; but that they are by no means capable of that degree of knowledge, which our curiosity makes us search after, and which our vanity makes us often believe we arrive at. I shall not recommend to you the reading of that work. But, when you return hither, I shall recommend to your frequent and diligent perusal, all his tracts, that are relative to our history and constitution; upon which he throws lights, and scatters graces, which no other writer has ever done.

Reading, which was always a pleasure to me, in the time even of my greatest dissipation, is now become my only refuge; and, I fear, I indulge it too much, at the expence of my eyes. But what can I do? I must do something; I cannot bear absolute idleness: my ears grow every day more useless to me, my eyes, consequently, more necessary; I will not hoard them like a miser, but will rather risk the loss, than not enjoy the use of them.

Pray let me know all the particulars, not only of your reception at Munich, but also at Berlin; at the latter, I believe, it will be a good one; for his Prussian Majesty knows, that I have long been *an admirer and respecter of his great and various talents*. Adieu.

LET-

LETTER LXXXIII.

London, February the 1ſt, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received, yeſterday, yours of the 12th from Munich; in conſequence of which, I direct this to you there, though I directed my three laſt to Berlin, where, I ſuppoſe, you will find them at your arrival. Since you are not only domeſticated, but *niché* at Munich, you are much in the right to ſtay there. It is not by ſeeing places, that one knows them, but by familiar and daily converſations, with the people of faſhion. I would not care to be in the place of that prodigy of beauty, whom you are to drive "dans la courſe de Traineaux;" and I am apt to think, you are much more likely to break her bones, than ſhe is, though ever ſo cruel, to break your heart. Nay, I am not ſure but that, according to all the rules of gallantry, you are obliged to overturn her on purpoſe: in the firſt place, for the chance of ſeeing her backſide; in the next, for the ſake of the contrition and concern which it would give you an opportunity of ſhowing; and, laſtly, upon account of all the "gentilleſſes et epigrammes," which it would naturally ſuggeſt. Voiture has made ſeveral ſtanzas, upon an accident of that kind, which happened to a lady of his acquaintance. There is a great deal of wit in them, rather too much; for, according to the taſte of thoſe times, they are full of what the Italians call "concetti ſpiritoſiſſimi;" the Spaniards, *agudeze*; and we, affectation and quaintneſs. I hope you have endeavoured to ſuit your *Traineau* to the character of the fair one whom it is to contain. If ſhe is of an iraſcible, impetuous diſpoſition (as fine women can ſometimes be) you

will,

will, doubtlefs, place her in the body of a lion, a tyger, a dragon, or fome tremendous beaft of prey and fury; if fhe is a fublime and ftately beauty, which I think more probable (for unqueftionably fhe is *hogh gebohrne*) you will, I fuppofe, provide a magnificent fwan or proud peacock for her reception; but if fhe is all tendernefs and foftnefs, you have, to be fure, taken care, amorous doves and wanton fparrows fhould feem to flutter round her. Proper mottos, I take it for granted, that you have eventually prepared; but if not, you may find a great many ready-made ones, in "Les entretiens d' Arifte et d' Eugene fur les devifes," written by Pere Bouhours, and worth your reading at any time. I will not fay to you, upon this occafion, like the Father in Ovid,

"Parce peur ftimulis et fortius utere loris.

On the contrary, drive on brifkly; it is not the chariot of the fun that you drive, but you carry the fun in your chariot; confequently, the fafter it goes, the lefs it will be likely either to fcorch or confume. This is Spanifh enough I am fure.

If this finds you ftill at Munich, pray make many compliments from me to Mr. Burrifh, to whom I am very much obliged for all his kindnefs to you; it is true, that while I had power, I endeavoured to ferve him; but it is as true too, that I ferved many others more, who have neither returned nor remembered thofe fervices.

I have been very ill this laft fortnight, of your old Carniolian complaint, the *arthritis vaga*; luckily it did not fall upon my breaft, but feized on my right arm; there it fixed its feat of empire; but, as in all tyrannical governments, the remoteft parts felt their fhare of its feverity. Laft poft I was not able to hold a pen long enough to write to you, and therefore defired Mr. Grevenkop to do it for me: but that letter was directed to Berlin. My pain is now much abated,

abated, though I have ſtill ſome fine remains of it in my ſhoulder, where, I fear, it will teaze me a great while. I muſt be careful to take Horace's advice, and conſider well, "Quid valeant humeri, quid ferre recuſent."

Lady Cheſterfield bids me make you her compliments, and aſſure you, that the muſic will be much more welcome to her with you, than without you.

In ſome of my laſt letters, which were directed to, and will, I ſuppoſe, wait for you at Berlin, I complimented you, and with juſtice, upon your great improvement of late in the epiſtolary way, both with regard to the ſtyle and the turn of your letters; your four or five laſt to me have been very good ones, and one that you wrote to Mr. Harte, upon the New Year, was ſo pretty a one, and he was ſo much and ſo juſtly pleaſed with it, that he ſent it me from Windſor, the inſtant he had read it. This talent (and a moſt neceſſary one it is in the courſe of life) is to be acquired by reſolving, and taking pains to acquire it; and, indeed, ſo is every talent except poetry, which is, undoubtedly, a gift. Think, therefore, night and day, of the turn, the purity, the correctneſs, the perſpicuity, and the elegancy, of whatever you ſpeak or write: take my word for it, your labour will not be in vain, but greatly rewarded by the harveſt of praiſe and ſucceſs which it will bring you. Delicacy of turn, and elegancy of ſtyle, are ornaments as neceſſary to common ſenſe, as attentions, addreſs, and faſhionable manners, are to common civility; both may ſubſiſt without them, but then, without being of the leaſt uſe to the owner. The figure of a man is exactly the ſame, in dirty rags, or in the fineſt and beſt-choſen clothes; but in which of the two he is the moſt likely to pleaſe, and

and to be received in good company, I leave to you to determine.

Both my arm and my paper hint to me, to bid you good night.

LETTER LXXXIV.

London, February the 12th, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Take my aim, and let off this letter at you, at Berlin; I ſhould be ſorry it miſſed you, becauſe I believe you will read it with as much pleaſure as I write it. It is to inform you, that, after ſome difficulties and dangers, your ſeat in the new Parliament is at laſt abſolutely ſecured, and that without oppoſition, or the leaſt neceſſity of your perſonal trouble or appearance. This ſucceſs, I muſt farther inform you, is, in a great degree, owing to Mr. Eliot's friendſhip to us both; for he brings you in with himſelf, at his ſureſt borough. As it was impoſſible to act with more zeal and friendſhip, than Mr. Eliot has acted in this affair, I deſire that you will, by the very next poſt, write him a letter of thanks; warm and young thanks, not old and cold ones. You may encloſe it in yours to me, and I will ſend it to him, for he is now in Cornwall.

Thus ſure of being a Senator, I dare ſay you do not propoſe to be one of the "pedarii ſenatores et pedibus ire in ſententiam;" for, as the Houſe of Commons is the theatre where you muſt make your fortune and figure in the world, you muſt reſolve to be an actor, and not a *perſona muta*, which is juſt equivalent to a candle-ſnuffer upon other theatres. Whoever does not ſhine there is obſcure, inſignificant, and contemptible; and you cannot conceive how eaſy it is, for a man of half your ſenſe and knowledge, to ſhine there if he pleaſes. The receipt to make

make a ſpeaker, and an applauded one too, is ſhort and eaſy. Take of common ſenſe *quantum ſufficit*, add a little application to the rules and orders of the houſe, throw obvious thoughts in a new light, and make up the whole with a large quantity of purity, correctneſs and elegancy of ſtyle. Take it for granted, that by far the greateſt part of mankind do neither analyſe nor ſearch to the bottom; they are incapable of penetrating deeper than the ſurface. All have ſenſes to be gratified, very few have reaſon to be applied to. Graceful utterance and action pleaſes their eyes, elegant diction tickles their ears; but ſtrong reaſon would be thrown away upon them. I am not only perſuaded by theory, but convinced by my experience, that (ſuppoſing a certain degree of common ſenſe) what is called a good ſpeaker, is as much a mechanic, as a good ſhoemaker; and that the two trades are equally to be learned by the ſame degree of application. Therefore, for God's ſake, let this trade be the principal object of your thoughts; never loſe ſight of it. Attend minutely to your ſtyle, whatever language you ſpeak or write in; ſeek for the beſt words and think of the beſt turns. Whenever you doubt of the propriety or elegancy of any word, ſearch the dictionary, or ſome good author for it, or inquire of ſomebody, who is maſter of that language; and in a little time, propriety and elegancy of diction will become ſo habitual to you, that they will coſt you no more trouble. As I have laid this down to be mechanical, and attainable by whoever will take the neceſſary pains, there will be no great vanity in my ſaying, that I ſaw the importance of the object ſo early, and attended to it ſo young, that it would now coſt me more trouble to ſpeak or write ungrammatically, vulgarly, and inelegantly, than ever it did to avoid doing ſo. The late Lord Bolingbroke, without the leaſt trouble, talked all day

long

long, full as elegantly as he wrote; Why? Not by a peculiar gift from heaven; but, as he has often told me himſelf, by an early and conſtant attention to his ſtyle. The preſent Solicitor-general, Murray, has leſs law than many lawyers, but has more practice than any; merely upon account of his eloquence, of which he has a never-failing ſtream. I remember, ſo long ago as when I was at Cambridge, whenever I read pieces of eloquence (and indeed they were my chief ſtudy) whether ancient or modern, I uſed to write down the ſhining paſſages, and then tranſlate them, as well and as elegantly as ever I could; if Latin or French, into Engliſh; if Engliſh, into French. This, which I practiſed for ſome years, not only improved and formed my ſtyle, but imprinted in my mind and memory the beſt thoughts of the beſt authors. The trouble was little, but the advantage, I have experienced, was great. While you are abroad, you can neither have time nor opportunity to read pieces of Engliſh, or Parliamentary eloquence, as I hope you will carefully do when you return; but, in the mean time, whenever pieces of French eloquence come in your way, ſuch as the ſpeeches of perſons received into the Academy, *oraiſons funebres*, repreſentations of the ſeveral Parliaments to the King, *&c.* read them in that view, in that ſpirit; obſerve the harmony, the turn and elegancy, of the ſtyle; examine in what you think it might have been better; and conſider in what, had you written it yourſelf, you might have done worſe. Compare the different manners of expreſſing the ſame thoughts, in different authors; and obſerve how differently the ſame things appear in different dreſſes. Vulgar, coarſe, and ill-choſen words, will deform and degrade the beſt thoughts, as much as rags and dirt will the beſt figure. In ſhort, you now know your object; purſue it

it ſteadily, and have no digreſſions that are not relative to, and connected with the main action. Your ſucceſs in Parliament will effectually remove all *other objections*; either a foreign or a domeſtic deſtination will no longer be refuſed you, if you make make your way to it through Weſtminſter.

I think I may now ſay, that I am quite recovered of my late illneſs, ſtrength and ſpirits excepted, which are not yet reſtored. Aix-la-Chapelle and Spa, will, I believe, anſwer all my purpoſes.

I long to hear an account of your reception at Berlin, which I fancy will be a moſt gracious one. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXV.

London, February the 15th, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CAN now with great truth apply your own motto to you, "Nullum numen abeſt, ſi ſit prudentia." You are ſure of being, as early as your age will permit, a Member of that Houſe; which is the only road to figure and fortune in this country. Thoſe indeed who are bred up to, and diſtinguiſh themſelves in particular profeſſions, as the army, the navy, and the law, may by their own merit raiſe themſelves to a certain degree; but you may obſerve too, that they never get to the top, without the aſſiſtance of Parliamentary talents and influence. The means of diſtinguiſhing yourſelf in Parliament are, as I told you in my laſt, much more eaſily attained than I believe you imagine. Cloſe attendance to the buſineſs of the Houſe will ſoon give you the Parliamentary *routine*; and ſtrict attention to your ſtyle will ſoon make you, not only a ſpeaker, but a good one. The vulgar look upon a man, who is reckoned a fine ſpeaker, as a phænomenon,

nomenon, a ſupernatural being, and endowed with ſome peculiar gift of Heaven: they ſtare at him, if he walks in the Park, and cry, *that is he*. You will, I am ſure, view him in a juſter light, and *nulla formidine*. You will conſider him only as a man of good ſenſe, who adorns common thoughts with the graces of elocution and the elegancy of ſtyle. The miracle will then ceaſe; and you will be convinced, that with the ſame application and attention, to the ſame objects, you may moſt certainly equal, and perhaps ſurpaſs, this prodigy. Sir W——m Y——g, with not a quarter of your parts, and not a thouſandth part of your knowledge, has, by a glibneſs of tongue ſingly, raiſed himſelf ſucceſſively to the beſt employments of the kingdom: he has been Lord of the Admiralty, Lord of the Treaſury, Secretary at War, and is now Vice-Treaſurer of Ireland; and all this, with a moſt ſullied, not to ſay blaſted character. Repreſent the thing to yourſelf, as it really is, eaſily attainable, and you will find it ſo. Have but ambition enough paſſionately to deſire the object and ſpirit enough to uſe the means, and I will be anſwerable for your ſucceſs. When I was younger than you are, I reſolved within myſelf, that I would in all events be a ſpeaker in Parliament, and a good one too, if I could. I conſequently never loſt ſight of that object, and never neglected any of the means that I thought led to it. I ſucceeded to a certain degree; and, I aſſure you, with great eaſe, and without ſuperior talents. Young people are very apt to over-rate both men and things, from not being enough acquainted with them. In proportion as you come to know them better, you will value them leſs. You will find that reaſon, which always ought to direct mankind, ſeldom does; but that paſſions and weakneſſes commonly

commonly uſurp its ſeat, and rule in its ſtead. You will find, that the ableſt have their weak ſides too, and are only comparatively able, with regard to the ſtill weaker herd: having fewer weakneſſes themſelves, they are able to avail themſelves of the innumerable ones of the generality of mankind: being more maſters of themſelves, they become more eaſily maſters of others. They addreſs themſelves to their weakneſſes, their ſenſes, their paſſions; never to their reaſon; and conſequently ſeldom fail of ſucceſs. But then analyſe thoſe great, thoſe governing, and, as the vulgar imagine, thoſe perfect characters; and you will find the great Brutus a thief in Macedonia, the great Cardinal de Richelieu a jealous poetaſter, and the great Duke of Marlborough a miſer. Till you come to know mankind by your own experience, I know no thing, nor no man, that can, in the mean time, bring you ſo well acquainted with them as le Duc de le Rochefoucault; his little book of Maxims, which I would adviſe you to look into for ſome moments at leaſt, every day of your life, is, I fear, too like, and too exact a picture of human nature. I own, it ſeems to degrade it; but yet my experience does not convince me, that it degrades it unjuſtly.

Now, to bring all this home to my firſt point. All theſe conſiderations ſhould not only invite you to attempt to make a figure in Parliament, but encourage you to hope that you ſhall ſucceed. To govern mankind, one muſt not over-rate them; and to pleaſe an audience, as a ſpeaker, one muſt not over-value it. When I firſt came into the Houſe of Commons, I reſpected that aſſembly as a venerable one; and felt a certain awe upon me: but, upon better acquaintance, that awe ſoon vaniſhed; and I diſcovered, that, of the five hundred and ſixty, not above thirty could underſtand reaſon, and that all the reſt

were

were *peuple*; that thoſe thirty only required plain common ſenſe, dreſſed up in good language; and that all the others only required flowing and harmonious periods, whether they conveyed any meaning or not; having ears to hear, but not ſenſe enough to judge. Theſe conſiderations made me ſpeak with little concern the firſt time, with leſs the ſecond, and with none at all the third. I gave myſelf no farther trouble about any thing, except my elocution and my ſtyle; preſuming, without much vanity, that I had common ſenſe ſufficient not to talk nonſenſe. Fix theſe three tru hs ſtrongly in your mind: Firſt, that it is abſolutely neceſſary for you to ſpeak in Parliament; ſecondly, that it only requires a little human attention, and not ſupernatural gifts; and, thirdly, that you have all the reaſon in the world to think, that you ſhall ſpeak well. When we meet, this ſhall be the principal ſubject of our converſations; and, if you will follow my advice, I will anſwer for your ſucceſs.

Now from great things to little ones; the tranſition is to me eaſy, becauſe nothing ſeems little to me, that can be of any uſe to you. I hope you take great care of your mouth and teeth, and that you clean them well every morning with a ſpunge and tepid water, with a few drops of arquebuſade water dropped into it; beſides waſhing your mouth carefully after every meal. I do inſiſt upon your never uſing thoſe ſticks, or any hard ſubſtance whatſoever, which always rub away the gums, and deſtroy the varniſh of the teeth. I ſpeak this from woeful experience; for my negligence of my teeth, when I was younger than you are, made them bad; and afterwards, my deſire to have them look better, made me uſe ſticks, irons, &c. which totally deſtroyed them; ſo that I have not now above ſix or ſeven left. I loſt one this morning, which ſuggeſted this advice to you.

I have received the tremendous wild boar, which your ſtill more tremendous arm ſlew in the immenſe deſarts of the Palatinate ; but have not yet taſted of it, as it is hitherto above my low regimen. The late King of Pruſſia, whenever he killed any number of wild boars, uſed to oblige the Jews to buy them, at an high price, though they could eat none of them ; ſo they defrayed the expence of his hunting. His ſon has juſter rules of government, as the *Code Frederick* plainly ſhows.

I hope, that, by this time, you are as well *ancré* at Berlin as you was at Munich ; but if not, you are ſure of being ſo at Dreſden. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXVI.

London, February 26th, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have received your letters of the 4th from Munich, and of the 11th from Ratiſbon ; but I have not received that of the 31ſt January, to which you refer in the former. It is to this negligence and uncertainty of the poſt, that you owe your accidents between Munich and Ratiſbon ; for, had you received my letters regularly, you would have received one from me, before you left Munich, in which I adviſed you to ſtay, ſince you were ſo well there. But at all events, you were in the wrong to ſet out from Munich in ſuch weather and ſuch roads ; ſince you could never imagine that I had ſet my heart ſo much upon your going to Berlin, as to venture your being buried in the ſnow for it. Upon the whole, conſidering all, you are very well off. You do very well, in my mind, to return to Munich, or, at leaſt, to keep within the circle of Munich, Ratiſbon, and Manheim, till the weather and the roads are good : ſtay at each or any of thoſe places as long as

ever

ever you pleaſe; for I am extremely indifferent about your going to Berlin.

As to our meeting, I will tell you my plan, and you may form your own accordingly. I propoſe ſetting out from hence the laſt week in April, then drinking the Aix-la-Chapelle waters for a week, and from thence being at Spa about the 15th of May, where I ſhall ſtay two months at moſt, and then return ſtrait to England. As I both hope and believe that there will be no mortal at Spa during my reſidence there, the faſhionable ſeaſon not beginning till the middle of July, I would by no means have you come there at firſt to be locked up with me and ſome few *Capucins*, for two months, in that miſerable hole; but I would adviſe you to ſtay where you like beſt, till about the firſt week in July, and then to come and pick me up at Spa, or meet me upon the road at Liege or Bruſſels. As for the intermediate time, ſhould you be weary of Manheim and Munich, you may, if you pleaſe, go to Dreſden, to Sir Charles Williams, who will be there before that time; or you may come for a month or ſix weeks to the Hague; or, in ſhort, go or ſtay wherever you like beſt. So much for your motions.

As you have ſent for all the letters directed to you at Berlin, you will receive from thence volumes of mine, among which you will eaſily perceive that ſome were calculated for a ſuppoſed peruſal previous to your opening them. I will not repeat any thing contained in them, excepting, that I deſire you will ſend me a warm and cordial letter of thanks for Mr. Eliot; who has, in the moſt friendly manner imaginable, fixed you at his own borough of Liſkeard, where you will be elected, jointly with him, without the leaſt oppoſition or difficulty. I will forward that letter to him into Cornwall, where he now is.

Now, that you are to be ſoon a man of buſineſs, I heartily wiſh that you would immediately begin to be a man of method; nothing contributing more to facilitate and diſpatch buſineſs, than method and order. Have order and method in your accounts, in your reading, in the allotment of your time; in ſhort, in every thing. You cannot conceive how much time you will ſave by it, nor how much better every thing you do will be done. The Duke of Marlborough did by no means ſpend, but he ſlatterned himſelf into that immenſe debt, which is not yet near paid off. The hurry and confuſion of the Duke of Newcaſtle do not proceed from his buſineſs, but from his want of method in it. Sir Robert Walpole, who had ten times the buſineſs to do, was never ſeen in a hurry, becauſe he always did it with method. The head of a man who has buſineſs, and no method nor order, is properly that "rudis indigeſtaque moles quam dixere chaos." As you muſt be conſcious that you are extremely negligent and ſlatternly, I hope you will reſolve not to be ſo for the future. Prevail with yourſelf, only to obſerve good method and order for one fortnight; and I will venture to aſſure you, that you will never neglect them afterwards; you will find ſuch conveniency and advantage ariſing from them. Method is the great advantage that lawyers have over other people, in ſpeaking in Parliament; for as they muſt neceſſarily obſerve it in their pleadings in the Courts of Juſtice, it becomes habitual to them every where elſe. Without making you a compliment, I can tell you with pleaſure, that order, method, and more activity of mind, are all that you want to make, ſome day or other, a conſiderable figure in buſineſs. You have more uſeful knowledge, more diſcernment of characters, and much more diſcretion, than is common at your age; much more, I am

ſure,

ſure, than I had at that age. Experience you cannot yet have, and therefore truſt in the mean time to mine. I am an old traveller; am well acquainted with all the bye as well as the great roads: I cannot miſguide you from ignorance, and you are very ſure I ſhall not from deſign.

I can aſſure you, that you will have no opportunity of ſubſcribing yourſelf, my Excellency's, &c. Retirement and quiet were my choice ſome years ago, while I had all my ſenſes, and health and ſpirits enough to carry on buſineſs; but now, that I have loſt my hearing, and that I find my conſtitution declining daily, they are become my neceſſary and only refuge. I know myſelf, (no common piece of knowledge, let me tell you) I know what I can, what I cannot, and conſequently what I ought to do. I ought not, and therefore will not, return to buſineſs, when I am much leſs fit for it than I was when I quitted it. Still leſs will I go to Ireland, where, from my deafneſs and infirmities, I muſt neceſſarily make a different figure from that which I once made there. My pride would be too much mortified by that difference. The two important ſenſes of ſeeing and hearing ſhould not only be good, but quick, in buſineſs; and the buſineſs of a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (if he will do it himſelf) requires both thoſe ſenſes in the higheſt perfection. It was the Duke of Dorſet's not doing the buſineſs himſelf, but giving it up to favourites, that has occaſioned all this confuſion in Ireland; and it was my doing the whole myſelf, without either Favourite, Miniſter, or Miſtreſs, that made my adminiſtration ſo ſmooth and quiet. I remember, when I named the late Mr. Liddel for my Secretary, every body was much ſurpriſed at it; and ſome of my friends repreſented to me, that he was no man of buſineſs, but only a very genteel, pretty young fellow; I aſſured them, and

with truth, that that was the very reaſon why I choſe him: for that I was reſolved to do all the buſineſs myſelf, and without even the ſuſpicion of having a Miniſter; which the Lord Lieutenant's Secretary, if he is a man of buſineſs, is always ſuppoſed, and commonly with reaſon, to be. Moreover, I look upon myſelf now to be *emeritus* in buſineſs, in which I have been near forty years together; I give it up to you: apply yourſelf to it, as I have done, for forty years, and then I conſent to your leaving it for a philoſophical retirement, among your friends and your books. Stateſmen and beauties are very rarely ſenſible of the gradations of their decay; and, too ſanguinely hoping to ſhine on in their meridian, often ſet with contempt and ridicule. I retired in time, " uti conviva ſatur;" or, as Pope ſays, ſtill better, " Ere tittering youth ſhall ſhove you from the ſtage." My only remaining ambition is to be the Counſellor and Miniſter of your riſing ambition; let me ſee my own youth revived in you. Let me be your Mentor, and, with your parts and knowledge, I promiſe you, you ſhall go far. You muſt bring, on your part, activity and attention, and I will point out to you the proper objects for them. I own, I I fear but one thing for you, and that is what one has generally the leaſt reaſon to fear, from one of your age, I mean your lazineſs; which, if you indulge, will make you ſtagnate in a contemptible obſcurity all your life. It will hinder you from doing any thing that will deſerve to be written, or from writing any thing that may deſerve to be read; and yet one or other of thoſe two objects ſhould be at leaſt aimed at by every rational being. I look upon indolence as a ſort of *ſuicide*; for the Man is effectually deſtroyed, though the appetites of the Brute may ſurvive. Buſineſs by no means forbids pleaſures; on the contrary, they reciprocally ſeaſon each other;
and

and I will venture to affirm, that no man enjoys either in perfection, that does not join both. They whet the desire for each other. Use yourself therefore, in time, to be alert and diligent in your little concerns: never procrastinate, never put off till to-morrow, what you can do to-day; and never do two things at a time: pursue your object, be it what it will, steadily and indefatigably; and let any difficulties (if surmountable) rather animate than slacken your endeavours. Perseverance has surprizing effects.

I wish you would use yourself to translate, every day, only three or four lines, from any book, in any language, into the correctest and most elegant English that you can think of; you cannot imagine how it will insensibly form your style, and give you an habitual elegancy: it would not take you up a quarter of an hour in a day. This letter is so long, that it will hardly leave you that quarter of an hour, the day you receive it. So good night.

LETTER LXXXVII.

London, March the 8th, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

A GREAT and unexpected event has lately happened in our ministerial world—Mr. Pelham died last Monday, of a fever and mortification; occasioned by a general corruption of his whole mass of blood, which had broke out into sores in his back. I regret him as an old acquaintance, a pretty near relation, and a private man, with whom I have lived many years in a social and friendly way. He meaned well to the publick; and was incorrupt in a post where corruption is commonly contagious. If he was no shining, enterprizing Minister, he was a safe one, which I like better. Very shining Ministers,

ſters, like the ſun, are apt to ſcorch, when they ſhine the brighteſt: in our conſtitution, I prefer the milder light of a leſs glaring Miniſter. His ſucceſſor is not yet, at leaſt publickly, *deſignatus*. You will eaſily ſuppoſe that many are very willing, and very few able, to fill that poſt. Various perſons are talked of, by different people, for it, according as their intereſt prompts them to wiſh, or their ignorance to conjecture. Mr. Fox is the moſt talked of, he is ſtrongly ſupported by the Duke of Cumberland. Mr. Legge, the Solicitor-General, and Dr. Lee, are likewiſe all ſpoken of upon the foot of the Duke of Newcaſtle's, and the Chancellor's intereſt. Should it be any one of the three laſt, I think no great alterations will enſue; but ſhould Mr. Fox prevail, it would, in my opinion, ſoon produce changes, by no means favourable to the Duke of Newcaſtle. In the mean time, the wild conjectures of volunteer politicians, and the ridiculous importance which, upon theſe occaſions, block-heads always endeavour to give themſelves, by grave looks, ſignificant ſhrugs, and inſignificant whiſpers, are very entertaining to a by-ſtander, as, thank God, I now am. One *knows ſomething*, but is not yet at liberty to tell it: another has heared ſomething from a very good hand; a third congratulates himſelf upon a certain degree of intimacy, which he has long had with every one of the candidates, though perhaps he has never ſpoken twice to any one of them. In ſhort, in theſe ſort of intervals, vanity, intereſt, and abſurdity always diſplay themſelves in the moſt ridiculous light. One who has been ſo long behind the ſcenes, as I have, is much more diverted with the entertainment, than thoſe can be who only ſee it from the pit and boxes. I know the whole machinery of the interior, and can laugh the better at the ſilly wonder and wild conjectures of the uninformed ſpectators.

tors. This accident, I think, cannot in the leaſt affect your election, which is finally ſettled with your friend Mr. Eliot. For, let who will prevail, I preſume, he will conſider me enough, not to overturn an arrangement of that ſort, in which he cannot poſſibly be perſonally intereſted. So pray go on with your parliamentary preparations. Have that object always in your view, and purſue it with attention.

I take it for granted, that your late reſidence in Germany has made you as perfect and correct in German, as you were before in French, at leaſt, it is worth your while to be ſo; becauſe it is worth every man's while to be perfectly maſter of whatever language he may ever have occaſion to ſpeak. A man is not himſelf, in a language which he does not thoroughly poſſeſs; his thoughts are degraded, when inelegantly or imperfectly expreſſed; he is cramped and confined, and conſequently can never appear to advantage. Examine and analyſe thoſe thoughts that ſtrike you the moſt, either in converſation or in books; and you will find, that they owe at leaſt half their merit to the turn and expreſſion of them. There is nothing truer than that old ſaying, "Nihil dictum quod non prius dictum." It is only the manner of ſaying or writing it, that makes it appear new. Convince yourſelf, that Manner is almoſt every thing, in every thing, and ſtudy it accordingly.

I am this moment informed, and I believe truly, that Mr. * Fox is to ſucceed Mr. Pelham, as firſt Commiſſioner of the Treaſury and Chancellor of the Exchequer; and your friend Mr. Yorke, of the

 Hague,

* Henry Fox, created Lord Baron Holland, April 16, 1763.

Hague, to ſucceed Mr. Fox, as Secretary at War. I am not ſorry for this promotion of Mr. Fox, as I have always been upon civil terms with him, and found him ready to do me any little ſervices. He is frank and gentleman-like in his manner; and, to a certain degree, I really believe will be your friend upon my account; if you can afterwards make him yours, upon your own, *tant mieux*. I have nothing more to ſay now, but Adieu.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

London, March the 15th, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WE are here in the midſt of a ſecond winter; the cold is more ſevere, and the ſnow deeper, than they were in the firſt. I preſume your weather in Germany is not much more gentle; and therefore, I hope that you are quietly and warmly fixed at ſome good town; and will not riſk a ſecond burial in the ſnow, after your late fortunate reſurrection out of it. Your letters, I ſuppoſe, have not been able to make their way through the ice; for I have received none from you ſince that of the 12th of February, from Ratiſbon. I am the more uneaſy at this ſtate of ignorance, becauſe I fear that you may have found ſome ſubſequent inconveniencies from your overturn, which you might not be aware of at firſt.

The curtain of the political theatre was partly drawn up the day before yeſterday, and exhibited a ſcene which the public in general did not expect; the Duke of Newcaſtle was declared firſt Lord Commiſſioner of the Treaſury, Mr. Fox Secretary of State in his room, and Mr. Henry Legge Chancellor of the Exchequer. The employments of Treaſurer of the Navy, and Secretary at War, ſuppoſed

ſuppoſed to be vacant by the promotion of Mr. Fox and Mr. Legge, were to be kept *in petto* till the diſſolution of this Parliament, which will probably be next week, to avoid the expence and trouble of unneceſſary re-elections; but it was generally ſuppoſed that Colonel Yorke, of the Hague, was to ſucceed Mr. Fox, and George Grenville, Mr. Legge. This ſcheme, had it taken place, you are, I believe, aware, was more a temporary expedient, for ſecuring the elections of the new Parliament, and forming it, at its firſt meeting to the intereſts and the inclinations of the Duke of Newcaſtle and the Chancellor, than a plan of Adminiſtration either intended or wiſhed to be permanent. This ſcheme was diſturbed yeſterday: Mr. Fox, who had ſullenly accepted the Seals the day before, more ſullenly refuſed them yeſterday. His object was to be firſt Commiſſioner of the Treaſury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and conſequently to have a ſhare in the election of the new Parliament, and a much greater in the management of it when choſen. This neceſſary conſequence of his view defeated it; and the Duke of Newcaſtle, and the Chancellor, choſe to kick him up ſtairs into the Secretaryſhip of State, rather than truſt him with either the election or the management of the new Parliament. In this, conſidering their reſpective ſituations, they certainly acted wiſely; but whether Mr. Fox has done ſo, or not, in refuſing the ſeals, is a point which I cannot determine. If he is, as I preſume he is, animated with revenge, and, I believe, would not be over-ſcrupulous in the means of gratifying it, I ſhould have thought he could have done it better, as Secretary of State, with conſtant admiſſion into the Cloſet, than as a private man at the head of an oppoſition. But I ſee all theſe things at too great a diſtance to be able to judge

foundly of them. The true ſprings and motives of political meaſures are confined within a very narrow circle, and known to very few; the good reaſons alledged are ſeldom the true ones. The Public commonly judges, or rather gueſſes, wrong, and I am now one of that Public, I therefore recommend to you a prudent pyrrhoniſm in all matters of ſtate, until you become one of the wheels of them yourſelf, and conſequently acquainted with the general motion, at leaſt, of the others; for as to all the minute and ſecret ſprings, that contribute more or leſs to the whole machine, no man living ever knows them all, not even he who has the principal direction of it. As in the human body there are innumerable little veſſels and glands, that have a good deal to do, and yet eſcape the knowledge of the moſt ſkilful anatomiſt; he will know more indeed, than thoſe who only ſee the exterior of our bodies; but he will never know all. This buſtle, and theſe changes at Court, far from having diſturbed the quiet and ſecurity of your election, have, if poſſible, rather confirmed them; for the Duke of Newcaſtle (I muſt do him juſtice) has, in the kindeſt manner imaginable to you, wrote a letter to Mr. Eliot, to recommend to him the utmoſt care of your election.

Though the plan of adminiſtration is thus unſettled, mine, for my travels this ſummer, is finally ſettled; and I now communicate it to you, that you may form your own upon it. I propoſe being at Spa on the 10th or 12th of May, and ſtaying there till the 10th of July. As there will be no mortal there during my ſtay, it would be both unpleaſant and unprofitable to you to be ſhut up *tête-à-tête* with me the whole time; I ſhould therefore think it beſt for you not to come to me there till the laſt week in June. In the mean time, I ſuppoſe, that, by the middle

middle of April, you will think that you have had enough of Manheim, Munich, or Ratiſbon, and that diſtrict. Where would you chuſe to go then? for I leave you abſolutely your choice. Would you go to Dreſden for a month or ſix weeks? That is a good deal out of your way; and I am not ſure that Sir Charles will be there by that time. Or would you rather take Bonn in your way, and paſs the time till we meet at the Hague? From Manheim you may have a great many good letters of recommendation to the Court of Bonn; which Court and its Elector, in one light or other, are worth your ſeeing. From thence your journey to the Hague will be but a ſhort one; and you would arrive there at that ſeaſon of the year when the Hague is, in my mind, the moſt agreeable, ſmiling ſcene in Europe; and from the Hague you would have but three very eaſy days journies to me at Spa. Do as you like; for, as I told you before, "lei é aſſolutamente padrone." But, leſt you ſhould anſwer, that you deſire to be determined by me, I will eventually tell you my opinion. I am rather inclined to the latter plan; I mean that of your coming to Bonn, ſtaying there according as you like it, and then paſſing the remainder of your time, that is May and June, at the Hague. Our connection and tranſactions with the Republic of the United Provinces are ſuch, that you cannot be too well acquainted with that conſtitution, and with thoſe people. You have eſtabliſhed good acquaintances there, and you have been *fêtoïé* round by the foreign Miniſters; ſo that you will be there *en païs connu.* Moreover, you have not ſeen the Stadtholder, the *Gouvernante,* nor the Court there, which *a bon compte* ſhould be ſeen. Upon the whole then, you cannot, in my opinion, paſs the months of May and June more agreeably, or more uſefully, than at the Hague.

But,

But, however, if you have any other plan, that you like better, purfue it; only let me know what you intend to do, and I fhall moft chearfully agree to it.

The Parliament will be diffolved in about ten days, and the writs for the election of the new one iffued out immediately afterwards; fo that, by the end of next month, you may depend upon being *Membre de la chambre baffe*; a title that founds high in foreign countries, and perhaps higher than it deferves. I hope you will add a better title to it in your own, I mean that of a good fpeaker in Parliament: you have, I am fure, all the materials neceffary for it, if you will put them together and adorn them. I fpoke in Parliament the firft month I was in it, and a month before I was of age; and from the day I was elected, till the day that I fpoke, I am fure I thought nor dreamed of nothing but fpeaking. The firft time, to fay the truth, I fpoke very indifferently as to the matter; but it paffed tolerably, in favour of the fpirit with which I uttered it, and the words in which I dreffed it. I improved by degrees, till at laft it did tolerably well. The Houfe, it muft be owned, is always extremely indulgent to the two or three firft attempts of a young fpeaker; and, if they find any degree of common fenfe in what he fays, they make great allowances for his inexperience, and for the concern which they fuppofe him to be under. I experienced that indulgence; for, had I not been a young Member, I fhould certainly have been, as I own I deferved, reprimanded by the Houfe, for fome ftrong and indifcreet things that I faid. Adieu! it is indeed high time.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXIX.

London, March the 26th, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 15th, from Manheim, where I find you have been received in the usual gracious manner; which I hope you return in a *graceful* one. As this is a season of great devotion and solemnity, in all Catholic countries, pray inform yourself of, and constantly attend to, all their silly and pompous Church ceremonies: one ought to know them. I am very glad that you wrote the letter to Lord ———, which, in every different case that can possibly be supposed, was, I am sure, both a decent and a prudent step. You will find it very difficult, whenever we meet, to convince me that you could have any good reasons for not doing it; for I will, for argument's sake, suppose, what I cannot in reality believe, that he has both said and done the worst he could, of and by you; what then? How will you help yourself? Are you in a situation to hurt him? Certainly not; but he certainly is in a situation to hurt you. Would you show a sullen, pouting, impotent resentment? I hope not: leave that silly, unavailing sort of resentment to women, and men like them, who are always guided by humour, never by reason and prudence. That pettish, pouting conduct is a great deal too young, and implies too little knowledge of the world, for one who has seen so much of it as you have. Let this be one invariable rule of your conduct——Never to shew the least symptom of resentment, which you cannot, to a certain degree, gratify; but always to smile, where you cannot strike. There would be no living in Courts, nor indeed in the world, if one could not conceal, and even dissemble,

ſemble, the juſt cauſes of reſentment, which one meets with every day, in active and buſy life. Whoever cannot maſter his humour enough, " pour faire bonne mine a mauvais jeu," ſhould leave the world, and retire to ſome hermitage, in an unfrequented deſart. By ſhewing an unavailing and ſullen reſentment, you authorize the reſentment of thoſe who can hurt you, and whom you cannot hurt; and give them that very pretence, which perhaps they wiſhed for, of breaking with, and injuring you: whereas the contrary behaviour would lay them under the reſtraints of decency at leaſt; and either ſhackle or expoſe their malice. Beſides, captiouſneſs, ſullenneſs, and pouting, are moſt exceedingly illiberal and vulgar. " Un honnête homme ne les connoit point".

I am extremely glad to hear that you are ſoon to have Voltaire at Manheim: immediately upon his arrival, pray make him a thouſand compliments from me. I admire him moſt exceedingly; and whether as an Epic, Dramatic, or Lyric Poet, or Proſe-writer, I think I juſtly apply to him the *Nil molitur inepte.* I long to read his own correct edition of *Les Annales de L'Empire*, of which the *Abrégé Chronologique de l'Hiſtoïre Univerſelle*, which I have read, is, I ſuppoſe, a ſtolen and imperfect part; however, imperfect as it is, it has explained to me that chaos of hiſtory of ſeven hundred years, more clearly, than any other book had done before. You judge very rightly, that I love *le ſtyle leger et fleuri*. I do, and ſo does every body who has any parts and taſte. It ſhould, I confeſs, be more or leſs *fleuri*, according to the ſubject; but at the ſame time I aſſert, that there is no ſubject that may not properly, and which ought not to be adorned, by a certain elegancy and beauty of ſtyle. What can be more adorned than Cicero's Philoſophical Works? What

more

more than Plato's ? It is their eloquence only, that has preſerved and tranſmitted them down to us, through ſo many centuries ; for the philoſophy of them is wretched, and the reaſoning part, miſerable. But eloquence will always pleaſe, and has always pleaſed. Study it therefore ; make it the object of your thoughts and attention. Uſe yourſelf to relate elegantly ; that is a good ſtep towards ſpeaking well in Parliament. Take ſome political ſubject, turn it in your thoughts, conſider what may be ſaid, both for and againſt it, then put thoſe arguments into writing, in the moſt correct and elegant Engliſh you can. For inſtance, a ſtanding army, a place bill, &c. as to the former, conſider, on one ſide, the dangers ariſing to a free country from a great ſtanding military force; on the other ſide, conſider the neceſſity of a force to repel force with. Examine whether a ſtanding army, though in itſelf an evil, may not, from circumſtances, become a neceſſary evil, and preventive of greater dangers. As to the latter, conſider how far places may biaſs and warp the conduct of men, from the ſervice of their country, into an unwarrantable complaiſance to the Court ; and, on the other hand, conſider whether they can be ſuppoſed to have that effect upon the conduct of people of probity and property, who are more ſolidly intereſted in the permanent good of their country, than they can be in an uncertain and precarious employment. Seek for, and anſwer in your own mind, all the arguments that can be urged on either ſide, and write them down in an elegant ſtyle. This will prepare you for debating, and give you an habitual eloquence ; for I would not give a farthing for a mere holyday eloquence, diſplayed once or twice in a ſeſſion, in a ſet declamation ; but I want an every-day, ready, and habitual eloquence, to adorn *extempore* and debating

ſpeeches ;

ſpeeches; to make buſineſs not only clear but agreeable, and to pleaſe even thoſe whom you cannot inform, and who do not deſire to be informed. All this you may acquire, and make habitual to you, with as little trouble as it coſt you to dance a minuet as well as you do. You now dance it mechanically, and well, without thinking of it.

I am ſurprized that you found but one letter from me at Manheim, for you ought to have found four or five; there are as many lying for you, at your banker's at Berlin, which I wiſh you had, becauſe I always endeavoured to put ſomething into them, which, I hope, may be of uſe to you.

When we meet at Spa, next July, we muſt have a great many ſerious converſations; in which I will pour out all my experience of the world, and which, I hope, you will truſt to, more than to your own young notions of men and things. You will, in time, diſcover moſt of them to have been erroneous; and, if you follow them long, you will perceive your error too late; but if you will be led by a guide, who, you are ſure, does not mean to miſlead you, you will unite two things, ſeldom united in the ſame perſon; the vivacity and ſpirit of youth, with the caution and experience of age.

Laſt Saturday, Sir Thomas Robinſon, who had been the King's Miniſter at Vienna, was declared Secretary of State for the ſouthern department, Lord Holderneſs having taken the northern. Sir Thomas accepted it unwillingly, and, as I hear, with a promiſe that he ſhall not keep it long. Both his health and ſpirits are bad, two very diſqualifying circumſtances for that employment; yours, I hope, will enable you, ſome time or other, to go through with it. In all events, aim at it, and if you fail, or fall, let it, at leaſt, be ſaid of you, "Magnis tamen excidit auſis." Adieu.

L E T-

LETTER XC.

London, April the 5th, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received, yeſterday, your letter of the 20th March, from Manheim, with the encloſed for Mr. Eliot; it was a very proper one, and I have forwarded it to him by Mr. Harte, who ſets out for Cornwal to-morrow morning.

I am very glad that you uſe yourſelf to tranſlations; and I do not care of what, provided you ſtudy the correctneſs and elegancy of your ſtyle. The Life of Sextus Quintus is the beſt book, of the innumerable books written by Gregorio Leti, whom the Italians, very juſtly, call *Leti caca libro*. But I would rather that you choſe ſome pieces of oratory for your tranſlations; whether ancient or modern, Latin or French; which would give you a more oratorial train of thoughts, and turn of expreſſion. In your letter to me, you make uſe of two words, which, though true and correct Engliſh, are, however, from long diſuſe, become inelegant, and ſeem now to be ſtiff, formal, and, in ſome degree, ſcriptural: the firſt is the word *namely*, which you introduce thus, "You inform me of a very agreeable piece of news," namely, "that my election is ſecured. Inſtead of *namely*, I would always uſe, *which is*, or *that is*, that my election is ſecured. The other word is, *Mine own inclinations*: this is certainly correct, before a ſubſequent word that begins with a vowel; but it is too correct, and is now diſuſed as too formal, notwithſtanding the *hiatus* occaſioned by *my own*. Every language has its peculiarities; they are eſtabliſhed by uſage, and whether right or wrong, they muſt be complied with. I could inſtance many very abſurd ones in different languages;

languages; but ſo authoriſed by the *jus et norma loquendi*, that they muſt be ſubmitted to. *Namely*, and *to wit*, are very good words in themſelves, and contribute to clearneſs, more than the relatives which we now ſubſtitute in their room; but, however, they cannot be uſed, except in a ſermon, or ſome very grave and formal compoſitions. It is with language as with manners; they are both eſtabliſhed by the uſage of people of faſhion; it muſt be imitated, it muſt be complied with. Singularity is only pardonable in old age and retirement; I may now be as ſingular as I pleaſe, but you may not. We will, when we meet, diſcuſs theſe and many other points, provided you will give me attention and credit; without both which it is to no purpoſe to adviſe either you or any body elſe.

I want to know your determination, where you intend to (if I may uſe that expreſſion) *while* away your time, till the laſt week in June, when we are to meet at Spa: I continue rather in the opinion which I mentioned to you formerly, in favour of the Hague; but however I have not the leaſt objection to Dreſden, or to any other place that you may like better. If you prefer the Dutch ſcheme, you take Traves and Coblentz in your way, as alſo Duſſeldorp; all which places I think you have not yet ſeen. At Manheim you may certainly get good letters of recommendation to the Courts of the two Electors of Treves and Cologne, whom you are yet unacquainted with; and I ſhould wiſh you to know them all. For, as I have often told you, *olim hæc meminiſſe juvabit*. There is an utility in having ſeen what other people have ſeen, and there is a juſtifiable pride in having ſeen what others have not ſeen In the former caſe, you are equal to others; in the latter, ſuperior. As your ſtay abroad will not now be very long, pray, while it laſts, ſee every thing,

thing, and every body you can; and see them well, with care and attention. It is not to be conceived of what advantage it is to any body to have seen more things, people, and countries, than other people in general have: it gives them a credit, makes them referred to, and they become the objects of the attention of the company. They are not out in any part of polite conversation; they are acquainted with all the places, customs, courts, and families, that are likely to be mentioned; they are, as Monsieur de Maupertuis justly observes, *de tous les païs, comme les sçavans sont de tous les tems.* You have, fortunately, both those advantages; the only remaining point is *de sçavoir les faire valoir*; for without that, one may as well not have them. Remember, that very true maxim of La Bruyere's, *qu'on ne vaut dans ce monde que ce qu'on veut valoir.* The knowledge of the world will teach you to what degree you ought to shew *ce que vous valez.* One must by no means, on one hand, be indifferent about it; as, on the other, one must not display it with affectation, and in an overbearing manner: but, of the two, it is better to shew too much than too little. Adieu.

LETTER XCI.

Bath, Nov. the 27th, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HEARTILY congratulate you upon the loss of your political maidenhead, of which I have received from others a very good account. I hear, that you were stopped for some time in your career; but recovered breath, and finished it very well. I am not surprised, nor indeed concerned, at your accident; for I remember the dreadful feeling of that situation in myself; and as it must require a most

uncommon

uncommon ſhare of impudence to be unconcerned upon ſuch an occaſion, I am not ſure that I am not rather glad you ſtopped. You muſt therefore now think of hardening yourſelf by degrees, by uſing yourſelf inſenſibly to the ſound of your own voice, and to the act (trifling as it ſeems) of riſing up and ſitting down again. Nothing will contribute ſo much to this as committee work, of elections at night, and of private bills in the morning. There aſking ſhort queſtions, moving for witneſſes to be called in, and all that kind of ſmall ware, will ſoon fit you to ſet up for yourſelf. I am told that you are much mortified at your accident; but without reaſon; pray, let it rather be a ſpur than a curb to you. Perſevere, and, depend upon it, it will do well at laſt. When I ſay perſevere, I do not mean that you ſhould ſpeak every day, nor in every debate. Moreover, I would not adviſe you to ſpeak again upon public matters for ſome time, perhaps a month or two; but I mean, never loſe view of that great object; purſue it with diſcretion, but purſue it always. *Pelotez en attendant partie.* You know I have always told you, that ſpeaking in public was but a knack, which thoſe who apply to the moſt, will ſucceed in the beſt. Two old members, very good judges, have ſent me compliments upon this occaſion; and have aſſured me, that they plainly find *it will do,* though they perceived, from that natural confuſion you were in, that you neither ſaid all, nor perhaps what you intended. Upon the whole, you have ſet out very well, and have ſufficient encouragement to go on. Attend therefore aſſiduouſly, and obſerve carefully all that paſſes in the Houſe; for it is only knowledge and experience that can make a debater. But if you ſtill want comfort, Mrs. ———, I hope, will adminiſter it to you; for, in my opinion, ſhe may, if ſhe will, be very comfortable;

comfortable; and with women, as with ſpeaking in Parliament, perſeverance will moſt certainly prevail, ſooner or later.

What little I have played for here, I have won; but that is very far from the conſiderable ſum which you heard of. I play every evening from ſeven till ten, at a crown whiſt party, merely to ſave my eyes from reading or writing for three hours by candle-light. I propoſe being in town the week after next, and hope to carry back with me much more health than I brought down here. Good night.

Mr. Stanhope being returned to England, and ſeeing his father almoſt every day, is the occaſion of an interruption of two years in their correſpondence.

LETTER XCII.

Bath, Nov. the 15th, 1756.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED yours yeſterday morning, together with the Pruſſian papers, which I have read with great attention. If Courts could bluſh, thoſe of Vienna and Dreſden ought, to have their falſehoods ſo publickly and ſo undeniably expoſed. The former will, I preſume, next year, employ an hundred thouſand men, to anſwer the accuſation; and if the Empreſs of the Two Ruſſias is pleaſed to argue in the ſame cogent manner, their logic will be too ſtrong for all the King of Pruſſia's rhetoric. I well remember the treaty ſo often referred to in thoſe pieces, between the two Empreſſes, in 1746. The King was ſtrongly preſſed by the Empreſs Queen to accede to it. Waſſenaer communicated it to me for that purpoſe. I aſked him if there were no ſecret articles; ſuſpecting that there were ſome, becauſe the

the oſtenſible treaty was a mere harmleſs defenſive one. He aſſured me that there were none. Upon which I told him, that as the King had already defenſive alliances with thoſe two Empreſſes, I did not ſee of what uſe his acceſſion to this treaty, *if merely a defenſive one*, could be, either to himſelf or the other contracting parties; but that, however, if it was only deſired as an indication of the King's good will, I would give him an act, by which his Majeſty ſhould accede to that treaty, as far, but no farther, as at preſent he ſtood engaged to the reſpective Empreſſes, by the defenſive alliances ſubſiſting with each. This offer by no means ſatisfied him, which was a plain proof of the ſecret articles now brought to light, and which the Court of Vienna hoped to draw us into.—I told Waſſenaer ſo, and after that I heard no more of his invitation.

I am ſtill bewildered in the changes at Court, of which I find that all the particulars are not yet fixed. Who would have thought, a year ago, that Mr. Fox, the Chancellor, and the Duke of Newcaſtle, ſhould all three have quitted together; nor can I yet account for it; explain it to me, if you can. I cannot ſee, neither, what the Duke of Devonſhire and Fox, whom I looked upon as intimately united, can have quarrelled about, with relation to the Treaſury; inform me, if you know. I never doubted of the prudent verſatility of your Vicar of Bray; but I am ſurpriſed at Obrien Windham's going out of the Treaſury, where, I ſhould have thought, that the intereſt of his brother-in-law, George Grenville, would have kept him.

Having found myſelf rather worſe, theſe two or three laſt days, I was obliged to take ſome *ipecacuana* laſt night; and, what you will think odd, for a vomit, I brought it up all again in about an hour,

to

to my great ſatisfaction and emolument, which is ſeldom the caſe in reſtitutions.

You did well to go to the Duke of Newcaſtle, who, I ſuppoſe, will have no more levées; however, go from time to time, and leave your name at his door, for you have obligations to him. Adieu.

LETTER XCIII.

Bath, Dec. the 14th, 1756.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WHAT can I ſay to you from this place, where *every day is ſtill but as the firſt*, tho' by no means ſo agreeably paſſed, as Anthony deſcribes his to have been. The ſame nothings ſucceed one another every day, with me, as regularly and uniformly as the hours of the day. You will think this tireſome, and ſo it is; but how can I help it? Cut off from ſociety by my deafneſs, and diſpirited by my ill health, where could I be better? You will ſay, perhaps, where could you be worſe? Only in priſon, or the galleys, I confeſs. However I ſee a period to my ſtay here; and I have fixed in my own mind, a time for my return to London; not invited there by either politics or pleaſures, to both which I am equally a ſtranger, but merely to be at home; which, after all, according to the vulgar ſaying, is home, be it never ſo homely.

The political ſettlement, as it is called, is, I find, by no means ſettled: Mr. Fox, who took this place in his way to his brother's, where he intended to paſs a month, was ſtopped ſhort by an expreſs, which he received, from his connection, to come to town immediately; and accordingly he ſet out from hence very early, two days ago. I had a very long converſation with him, in which he was, ſeemingly

at leaſt, very frank and communicative; but ſtill I own myſelf in the dark. In thoſe matters, as in moſt others, half knowledge (and mine is at moſt that) is more apt to lead one into an error, than to carry one to truth; and our own vanity contributes to the ſeduction. Our conjectures paſs upon us for truths; we will know what we do not know, and often, what we cannot know: ſo mortifying to our pride is the bare ſuſpicion of ignorance!

It has been reported here, that the Empreſs of Ruſſia is dying; this would be a fortunate event indeed for the King of Pruſſia, and neceſſarily produce the neutrality and inaction, at leaſt, of that great power; which would be a heavy weight taken out of the oppoſite ſcale to the King of Pruſſia. The *Auguſtiſſima* muſt, in that caſe, do all herſelf; for, though France will no doubt promiſe largely, it will, I believe, perform but ſcantily; as it deſires no better, than that the different powers of Germany ſhould tear one another to pieces.

I hope you frequent all the Courts; a man ſhould make his face familiar there. Long habit produces favour inſenſibly; and acquaintance often does more than friendſhip, in that climate, where *les beaux ſentimens* are not the natural growth.

Adieu! I am going to the ball to ſave my eyes from reading, and my mind from thinking.

LETTER XCIV.

Bath, January the 12th, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WAITED quietly, to ſee when either your leiſure, or your inclinations, would allow you to honour me with a letter; and at laſt I received one this morning, very near a fortnight after you went from hence. You will ſay, that you had no news

to

to write me; and that probably may be true; but, without news, one has always ſomething to ſay to thoſe with whom one deſires to have any thing to do.

Your obſervation is very juſt with regard to the King of Pruſſia, whom the moſt auguſt Houſe of Auſtria would moſt unqueſtionably have poiſoned a century or two ago. But now that *Terras Aſtræa reliquit*, Kings and Princes die of natural deaths; even war is puſillanimouſly carried on in this degenerate age; quarter is given; towns are taken, and the people ſpared: even in a ſtorm, a woman can hardly hope for the benefit of a rape. Whereas (ſuch was the humanity of former days) priſoners were killed by thouſands in cold blood, and the generous victors ſpared neither man, woman, nor child. Heroic actions of this kind were performed at the taking of Magdebourg. The King of Pruſſia is certainly now in a ſituation that muſt ſoon decide his fate, and make him Cæſar or nothing. Notwithſtanding the march of the Ruſſians, his greateſt danger, in my mind, lies weſtward. I have no great notion of Apraxin's abilities, and I believe, many a Pruſſian Colonel would out-general him. But Brown, Piccolomini, Luccheſe, and many other veteran officers in the Auſtrian troops, are reſpectable enemies.

Mr. Pitt ſeems to me to have almoſt as many enemies to encounter as his Pruſſian Majeſty. The late Miniſtry, and the Duke's party, will, I preſume, unite againſt him and his tory friends: and then quarrel among themſelves again. His beſt, if not his only chance of ſupporting himſelf would be, if he had credit enough in the city, to hinder the advancing of the money to any adminiſtration but his own; and I have met with ſome people here who think that he has.

I have put off my journey from hence for a week, but no longer. I find I ſtill gain ſome ſtrength and ſome fleſh here, and therefore I will not cut, while the run is for me.

By a letter which I received this morning from Lady Allen, I obſerve that you are extremely well with her; and it is well for you to be ſo, for ſhe is an excellent and warm puff.

A propos (an expreſſion which is commonly uſed to introduce whatever is unrelative to it) you ſhould apply to ſome of Lord Holderneſs's people, for the peruſal of Mr. Cope's letters. It will not be refuſed you; and the ſooner you have them the better. I do not mean them as models for your manner of writing, but as outlines of the matter you are to write upon.

If you have not read Hume's Eſſays, read them; they are four very ſmall volumes; I have juſt finiſhed, and am extremely pleaſed with them. He thinks impartially, deep, often new, and, in my mind, commonly juſt. Adieu.

LETTER XCV.

Blackheath, Sept. the 17th, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

LORD Holderneſs has been ſo kind as to communicate to me all the letters which he has received from you hitherto, dated the 15th, 19th, 23d, and 26th of Auguſt; and alſo a draught of that which he wrote to you the 9th inſtant. I am very well pleaſed with all your letters; and, what is better, I can tell you that the King is ſo too; and he ſaid, but three days ago, to Monſieur Munchauſen, *He* (meaning you) *ſets out very well; and I like his letters, provided that, like moſt of my Engliſh Miniſters abroad, he does not grow idle hereafter.* So that

that here is both praiſe to flatter, and a hint to warn you. What Lord Holderneſs recommends to you, being by the King's order, intimates alſo a degree of approbation; for the *blacker ink, and the larger character*, ſhow, that his Majeſty, whoſe eyes are grown weaker, intends to read all your letters himſelf. Therefore, pray do not neglect to get the blackeſt ink you can; and to make your Secretary enlarge his hand; though *d'allieurs* it is a very good one.

Had I been to wiſh an advantageous ſituation for you, and a good *dêbut* in it, I could not have wiſhed you either, better than both have hitherto proved. The reſt will depend entirely upon yourſelf; and I own, I begin to have much better hopes than I had; for I know, by my own experience, that the more one works, the more willing one is to work. We are all, more or leſs, *des animaux d'habitude.* I remember very well, that when I was in buſineſs, I wrote four or five hours together every day, more willingly than I ſhould now half an hour; and this is moſt certain, that when a man has applied himſelf to buſineſs half the day, the other half goes off the more chearfully and agreeably. This I found ſo ſenſibly when I was at the Hague, that I never taſted company ſo well, nor was ſo good company myſelf, as at the ſuppers of my poſt days. I take Hamburgh now, to be *le centre du refuge Allemand.* If you have any Hanover *refugiés* among them, pray take care to be particularly attentive to them. How do you like your houſe? Is it a convenient one? Have the *Caſſerolles* been employed in it yet? You will find *les petits ſoupers fins* leſs expenſive, and turn to better account, than large dinners for great companies.

I hope you have written to the Duke of Newcaſtle; I take it for granted, that you have to all

your brother miniſters of the northern department. For God's ſake be diligent, alert, active, and indefatigable in your buſineſs. You want nothing but labour and induſtry, to be, one day, whatever you pleaſe, in your own way.

We think and talk of nothing here but Breſt, which is univerſally ſuppoſed to be the object of our great expedition. A great and important object it is. I ſuppoſe the affair muſt be *bruſque*, or it will not do. If we ſucceed, it will make France put ſome water in its wine. As for my own private opinion, I own, I rather wiſh than hope ſucceſs. However, ſhould our expedition fail, *Magnis tamen excidit auſis*, and that will be better than our late languid manner of making war.

To mention a perſon to you whom I am very indifferent about, I mean myſelf, I vegetate ſtill juſt as I did when we parted; but I think I begin to be ſenſible of the autumn of the year, as well as of the autumn of my own life. I feel an internal aukwardneſs, which in about three weeks I ſhall carry with me to the Bath, where I hope to get rid of it, as I did laſt year. The beſt cordial I could take, would be to hear, from time to time, of your induſtry and diligence; for in that caſe I ſhould conſequently hear of your ſucceſs. Remember your own motto, *Nullum numen abeſt ſi ſit prudentia*. Nothing is truer. Yours.

LETTER XCVI.

Blackheath, September the 23d, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED but the day before yeſterday your letter of the 3d, from the head-quarters at Selſingen; and by the way, it is but the ſecond that I have received from you ſince your arrival at Hamburgh.

burgh. Whatever was the caufe of your going to the army, I approve of the effect; for I would have you, as much as poffible, fee every thing that is to be feen. That is the true ufeful knowledge, which informs and improves us when we are young, and amufes us and others when we are old, *Olim hæc meminiffe juvabit.* I could wifh that you would (but I know you will not) enter in a book, a fhort note only, of whatever you fee or hear, that is very remarkable; I do not mean a German *album*, ftuffed with people's names, and Latin fentences; but I mean fuch a book as, if you do not keep now, thirty years hence you would give a great deal of money to have kept. *A propos de bottes*, for I am told he always wears his; was his Royal Highnefs very gracious to you, or not? I have my doubts about it. The neutrality, which he has concluded with Maréchal de Richelieu, will prevent that bloody battle which you expected; but what the King of Pruffia will fay to it, is another point. He was our only ally; at prefent, probably we have not one in the world. If the King of Pruffia can get at Monfieur de Soubize's and the Imperial army, before other troops have joined them, I think he will beat them; but what then? He has three hundred thoufand men to encounter afterwards. He muft fubmit; but he may fay with truth, *Si Pergama dextrâ defendi potuiffent.* The late action between the Pruffians and Ruffians has only thinned the human fpecies, without giving either party a victory; which is plain by each party's claiming it. Upon my word, our fpecies will pay very dear for the quarrels and ambition of a few, and thofe by no means the moft valuable part of it. If the many were wifer than they are; the few muft be quieter, and would perhaps be jufter and better than they are.

Hamburgh, I find, ſwarms with *Gräffs*, *Gräffins*, *Fürſts*, and *Fürſtins*, *Hocheits*, and *Durchlaugticheits*. I am glad of it, for you muſt neceſſarily be in the midſt of them; and I am ſtill gladder, that, being in the midſt of them, you muſt neceſſarily be under ſome conſtraint of ceremony; a thing which you do not love, but which is, however, very uſeful.

I deſired you in my laſt, and I repeat it again in this, to give me an account of your private and domeſtic life. How do you paſs your evenings? Have they at Hamburgh, what are called at Paris *des Maiſons*, where one goes without ceremony, ſups or not, as one pleaſes? Are you adopted in any ſociety? Have you any rational brother Miniſters, and which? What ſort of things are your operas? In the tender, I doubt they do not excel; for *mein lieber ſchatz*, and the other tenderneſſes of the Teutonic language, would, in my mind, ſound but indifferently, ſet to ſoft muſic; for the *bravura* parts, I have a very great opinion of them; and *das, der dönner dich erſchläge*, muſt, no doubt, make a tremendouſly fine piece of *recitativo*, when uttered by an angry hero, to the rumble of a whole orcheſtra; including drums, trumpets, and French horns. Tell me your whole allotment of the day, in which I hope four hours, at leaſt, are ſacred to writing; the others cannot be better employed than in liberal pleaſures. In ſhort, give me a full account of yourſelf, in your un-miniſterial character, your *incognito*, without your *fiocchi*. I love to ſee thoſe, in whom I intereſt myſelf, in their undreſs, rather in *gala*. I know them better ſo. I recommend to you, *etiam atque etiam*, method and order in every thing you undertake. Do you obſerve it in your accounts? If you do not, you will be a beggar, though you were to receive the appointments of a Spaniſh Embaſſador extraordinary, which are a thouſand piſtoles a month;

a month; and in your minifterial bufinefs, if you have not regular and ftated hours for fuch and fuch parts of it, you will be in the hurry and confufion of the Duke of N——, doing every thing by halves, and nothing well, nor foon. I fuppofe you have been feafted through the *Corps diplomatique* at Hamburgh, excepting Monfieur Champeaux; with whom, however, I hope you live *poliment et galamment*, at all third places.

Lord Loudon is much blamed here for his *retraite des' dix milles*, for it is faid that he had above that number, and might, confequently, have acted offenfively, inftead of retreating; efpecially, as his retreat was contrary to the unanimous opinion (as it is now faid) of the council of war. In our Miniftry, I fuppofe things go pretty quietly, for the D. of N. has not plagued me thefe two months. When his Royal Highnefs comes over, which, I take it for granted, he will do very foon, the great pufh will, I prefume, be made at his Grace and Mr. Pitt; but without effect, if they agree, as it is vifibly their intereft to do; and in that cafe, their parliamentary ftrength will fupport them againft all attacks. You may remember, I faid at firft, that the popularity would foon be on the fide of thofe who oppofed the popular Militia bill; and now it appears fo with a vengeance, in almoft every county in England, by the tumults and infurrections of the people, who fwear that they will not be inlifted. That filly fcheme muft, therefore, be dropped, as quietly as may be. Now, that I have told you all that I know, and almoft all that I think, I wifh you a good fupper, and a good night.

LETTER XCVII.

Blackheath, September the 30th, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE ſo little to do, that I am ſurpriſed how I can find time to write to you ſo often. Do not ſtare at the ſeeming paradox; for it is an undoubted truth, that the leſs one has to do, the leſs time one finds to do it in. One yawns, one procraſtinates, one can do it when one will; and therefore one ſeldom does it all: whereas thoſe who have a great deal of buſineſs, muſt (to uſe a vulgar expreſſion) buckle to it; and then they always find time enough to do it in. I hope your own experience has, by this time, convinced you of this truth.

I received your laſt, of the 8th. It is now quite over with a very great man, who will ſtill be a very great man, though a very unfortunate one. He has qualities of the mind that put him above the reach of theſe misfortunes; and if reduced, as perhaps he may, to the *marche* of Brandenburgh, he will always find in himſelf the comfort, and with all the world the credit, of a philoſopher, a legiſlator, a patron and a profeſſor of arts and ſciences. He will only loſe the fame of a conqueror: a cruel fame, that ariſes from the deſtruction of the human ſpecies. Could it be any ſatisfaction to him to know, I could tell him, that he is at this time the moſt popular man in this kingdom; the whole nation being enraged at that neutrality which haſtens and completes his ruin. Between you and me, the King was not leſs enraged at it himſelf, when he ſaw the terms of it; and it affected his health more than all that had happened before. Indeed, it ſeems to me a voluntary conceſſion of the very worſt that could have happened, in the worſt event. We now begin to think that our great and ſecret expedition

is

is intended for Martinico and St. Domingo; if that be true, and we ſucceed in the attempt, we ſhall recover, and the French loſe, one of the moſt valuable branches of commerce, I mean ſugar. The French now ſupply all the foreign markets in Europe with that commodity, we only ſupply ourſelves with it. This would make us ſome amends for our ill luck, or ill conduct, in North America; where Lord Loudon, with twelve thouſand men, thought himſelf no match for the French with but ſeven; and Admiral Holbourne, with ſeventeen ſhips of the line, declined attacking the French, becauſe they had eighteen, and a greater weight of *metal*, according to the new ſea-phraſe, which was unknown to Blake. I hear that letters have been ſent to both, with very ſevere reprimands. I am told, and I believe it is true, that we are negotiating with the Corſican, I will not ſay rebels, but aſſertors of their natural rights; to receive them, and whatever form of government they think fit to eſtabliſh, under our protection, upon condition of their delivering up to us Port Ajaccio; which may be made ſo ſtrong and ſo good a one, as to be a full equivalent for the loſs of Port Mahon. This is, in my mind, a very good ſcheme; for though the Corſicans are a parcel of cruel and perfidious raſcals, they will in this caſe be tied down to us by their own intereſt and their own danger; a ſolid ſecurity with knaves, though none with fools. His Royal Highneſs the Duke is hourly expected here: his arrival will make ſome buſtle; for I believe it is certain, that he is reſolved to make a puſh at the Duke of N. Pitt, and Co; but it will be ineffectual, if they continue ſo agree, as, to my *certain knowledge*, they do at preſent. This Parliament is theirs, *cætera quis neſcit*.

Now that I have told you all that I know, or have heared, of public matters, let us talk of private ones,

ones, that more nearly and immediately concern us. Admit me to your fire-ſide, in your little room; and as you would converſe with me there, write to me for the future from thence. Are you completely *nippè* yet? Have you formed what the world calls connections; that is, a certain number of acquaintances, whom, from accident or choice, you frequent more than others? Have you either fine or well-bred women there? *Y a-t-il quelque bon ton?* All fat and fair, I preſume; too proud and too cold to make advances, but at the ſame time, too well-bred, and too warm to reject them, when made by *un honnête homme avec des maniéres.*

Mr. * * is to be married, in about a month, to Miſs * *. I am very glad of it; for, as he will never be a man of the world, but will always lead a domeſtic and retired life, ſhe ſeems to have been made on purpoſe for him. Her natural turn is as grave and domeſtic as his; and ſhe ſeems to have been kept by her aunts *a la glace*, inſtead of being raiſed in a hot-bed, as moſt young ladies are of late. If, three weeks hence, you write him a ſhort compliment of congratulation upon the occaſion, he, his mother, and *tutti quanti*, would be extremely pleaſed with it. Thoſe attentions are always kindly taken, and coſt one nothing but pen, ink, and paper. I conſider them as draughts upon good-breeding, where the exchange is always greatly in favour of the drawer. *A propos* of exchange; I hope you have, with the help of your Secretary, made yourſelf correctly maſter of all that ſort of knowledge---Courſe of Exchange, *Agio, Banco, Reichs-Thalers*, down to *Marien Groſchen.* It is very little trouble to learn it; it is often of great uſe to know it. Good night, and God bleſs you.

LETTER

LETTER XCVIII.

Blackheath, October the 10th, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT is not without ſome difficulty that I ſnatch this moment of leiſure from my extreme idleneſs, to inform you of the preſent lamentable and aſtoniſhing ſtate of affairs here, which you would know but imperfectly from the public papers, and but partially from your private correſpondents. *Or ſus* then—Our invincible Armada, which coſt at leaſt half a million, ſailed, as you know, ſome weeks ago; the object kept an inviolable ſecret: conjectures various, and expectations great. Breſt was perhaps to be taken; but Martinico, and St. Domingo, at leaſt. When lo! the important iſland of Aix was taken without the leaſt reſiſtance, ſeven hundred men made priſoners, and ſome pieces of cannon carried off. From thence we ſailed towards Rochfort, which it ſeems was our main object; and conſequently one ſhould have ſuppoſed that we had pilots on board who knew all the ſoundings and landing-places there and thereabouts; but no; for General M———t aſked the Admiral, if he could land him and the troops near Rochfort? The Admiral ſaid, With great eaſe. To which the General replied, But can you take us on board again? To which the Admiral anſwered, *That*, like all naval operations, will depend upon the wind. If ſo, ſaid the General, I'll e'en go home again. A council of war was immediately called, where it was unanimouſly reſolved, that it was *adviſeable* to return; accordingly they are returned. As the expectations of the whole nation had been raiſed to the higheſt pitch, the univerſal diſappointment and indignation have ariſen in proportion; and I queſtion whether the ferment of men's

men's minds was ever greater. Sufpicions, you may be fure, are various and endlefs; but the moft prevailing one is, that the tail of the Hanover neutrality, like that of a comet, extended itfelf to Rochfort. What encourages this fufpicion is, that a French man of war went unmolefted through our whole fleet, as it lay near Rochfort. Haddock's whole ftory is revived; Michel's reprefentations are combined with other circumftances; and the whole together, makes up a mafs of difcontent, refentment, and even fury, greater than perhaps was ever known in this country before. Thefe are the facts, draw your own conclufions from them: for my part, I am loft in aftonifhment and conjectures, and do not know where to fix. My experience has fhown me, that many things, which feem extremely probable, are not true; fo that I will conclude this article, as Jofephus does almoft every article of his hiftory, with faying, *but of this every man will believe as he thinks proper*. What a difgraceful year will this be in the annals of this country? May its good genius, if ever it appears again, tear out thofe fheets, thus ftained and blotted by our ignominy!

Our domeftic affairs are, as far as I know any thing of them, in the fame fituation as when I wrote to you laft; but they will begin to be in motion upon the approach of the feffion, and upon the return of the Duke; whofe arrival is moft impatiently expected by the mob of London; though not to ftrow flowers in his way.

I leave this place next Saturday, and London the Saturday following, to be the next day at Bath. Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XCI.

London, Oct. the 17th, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR last, of the 30th past, was a very good letter; and I will believe half of what you assure me, that you returned to the Landgrave's civilities. I cannot possibly go farther than half, knowing that you are not lavish of your words, especially in that species of eloquence called the adulatory.—Do not use too much discretion, in profiting of the Landgrave's naturalization of you; but go pretty often and feed with him. Chuse the company of your superiors, whenever you can have it; that is the right and true pride. The mistaken and silly pride is, to *primer* among inferiors.

Hear, O Israel! and wonder. On Sunday morning last, the Duke gave up his commission of Captain General, and his regiment of guards. You will ask me why? I cannot tell you; but I will tell you the causes assigned; which, perhaps, are none of them the true ones. It is said that the King reproached him with having exceeded his powers, in making the Hanover Convention; which his R. H. absolutely denied, and threw up thereupon. This is certain, that he appeared at the drawing-room, at Kensington, last Sunday, after having quitted, and went straight to Windsor; where, his people say, that he intends to reside quietly, and amuse himself as a private man. But I conjecture that matters will soon be made up again, and that he will resume his employments. You will easily imagine what speculations this event has occasioned in the public; I shall neither trouble you, nor myself, with relating them; nor would this sheet of paper, or even a quire more, contain them. Some refine enough, to

suspect

ſuſpect that it is a concerted quarrel, to juſtify *ſomebody to ſomebody*, with regard to the Convention; but I do not believe it.

His R. H's people load the Hanover Miniſters; and more particularly our friend Munchauſen here, with the whole blame; but with what degree of truth I know not. This only is certain, that the whole negotiation of that affair was broached, and carried on, by the Hanover Miniſters, and Monſieur Stemberg, at Vienna, abſolutely unknown to the Engliſh Miniſters, till it was executed. This affair combined (for people will combine it) with the aſtoniſhing return of our great armament, not only *re infecta*, but even *intentatâ*, makes ſuch a jumble of reflections, conjectures and refinements, that one is weary of hearing them. Our Tacituſes, and Machiavels go deep, ſuſpect the worſt, and perhaps, as they often do, overſhoot the mark. For my own part, I fairly confeſs that I am bewildered, and have not certain *poſtulatas* enough, not only to found any opinion, but even to form conjectures upon; and this is the language which I think you ſhould hold to all who ſpeak to you, as to be ſure all will, upon that ſubject. Plead, as you truly may, your own ignorance; and ſay, that it is impoſſible to judge of thoſe nice points, at ſuch a diſtance, and without knowing all circumſtances, which you cannot be ſuppoſed to do. And as to the Duke's reſignation; you ſhould, in my opinion, ſay, that perhaps there might be a little too much vivacity in the caſe; but that, upon the whole, you make no doubt of the thing's being ſoon ſet right again; as, in truth, I dare ſay it will. Upon theſe delicate occaſions you muſt practiſe the miniſterial ſhrugs and *perſiflage*; for ſilent geſticulations, which you would be moſt inclined to, would not be ſufficient; ſomething muſt be ſaid; but that ſomething muſt

amount

amount to nothing. As for inſtance, " Il eſt vrai qu'on s'y perd, mais que voulez vous que je vous diſe,—il y a biendu pour et du contre, un petit Reſident ne voit gueres le fond du ſac.—Il faut attendre" ——Thoſe ſort of expletives are of infinite uſe; and nine people in ten think they mean ſomething. But, to the Landgrave of Heſſe, I think you would do well to ſay, in ſeeming confidence, that you have good reaſon to believe, that the principal objection of his Majeſty to the convention was, that his Highneſs's intereſts, and the affair of his troops, were not ſufficiently conſidered in it. To the Pruſſian Miniſter, aſſert boldly, that you know " de ſcience certaine," that the principal object of his Majeſty's, and his Britiſh Miniſtry's attention, is not only to perform all their preſent engagements with his Maſter, but to take new and ſtronger ones for his ſupport; for this is true——" at leaſt at preſent."

You did very well in inviting Comte Bothmar to dine with you. You ſee how minutely I am informed of your proceedings, though not from yourſelf. Adieu.

I go to Bath next Saturday; but direct your letters, as uſual, to London.

LETTER C.

Bath, Oct. the 26th, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Arrived here ſafe, but far from ſound, laſt Sunday. I have conſequently drank theſe waters but three days, and yet I find myſelf ſomething better for them. The night before I left London, I was for ſome hours at Newcaſtle-houſe; where the letters, which came in that morning, lay upon the table; and his Grace ſingled out yours, with great approbation, and at the ſame time aſſured me of his Majeſty's approbation too.

too. To theſe two approbations, I truly add my own, which, *ſans vanité*, may perhaps be near as good as the other two. In that letter you venture "vos petits raiſonnemens" very properly, and then as properly make an excuſe for doing ſo. Go on ſo with diligence, and you will be, what I began to deſpair of your ever being, *ſomebody*. I am perſuaded, if you would own the truth, that you feel yourſelf now, much better ſatisfied with yourſelf, than you were while you did nothing.

Application to buſineſs, attended with approbation and ſucceſs, flatters and animates the mind; which, in idleneſs and inaction, ſtagnates and putrefies. I would wiſh, that every rational man would, every night when he goes to bed, aſk himſelf this queſtion, "What have I done to day?" Have I done any thing that can be of uſe to myſelf or others? Have I employed my time, or have I ſquandered it? Have I lived out the day, or have I dozed it away in ſloth and lazineſs? A thinking being muſt be pleaſed or confounded, according as he can anſwer himſelf theſe queſtions. I obſerve that you are in the ſecret of what is intended, and what Münchauſen is gone to Stade to prepare. A bold and dangerous experiment, in my mind; and which may probably end in a ſecond volume to the Hiſtory of the Palatinate, in the laſt century. His Serene Highneſs of Brunſwick, has, in my mind, played, a prudent and a ſaving game; and I am apt to believe, that the other Serene Highneſs, at Hamburgh, is more likely to follow his example, than to embark in the great ſcheme.

I ſee no ſigns of the Duke's reſuming his employments; but, on the contrary, I am aſſured, that his Majeſty is coolly determined to do as well as he can without him. The Duke of Devonſhire, and Fox, have worked hard to make up matters in the cloſet, but to no purpoſe. People's ſelf-love is very apt to make

make them think themſelves more neceſſary than they are; and I ſhrewdly ſuſpect, that his Royal Highneſs has been the dupe of that ſentiment, and was taken at his word when he leaſt expected it: like my predeceſſor, Lord Harrington; who, when he went into the cloſet to reſign the ſeals, had them not about him; ſo ſure he thought himſelf of being preſſed to keep them.

The whole talk of London, of this place, and of every place in the whole kingdom, is of our great, expenſive, and yet fruitleſs expedition; I have ſeen an Officer who was there, a very ſenſible and obſerving man; who told me, that, had we attempted Rochfort, the day after we took the iſland of Aix, our ſucceſs had been infallible; but that after we had ſauntered (God knows why) eight or ten days in the iſland, he thinks the attempt would have been impracticable; becauſe the French had in that time got together all the troops in that neighbourhood, to a very conſiderable number. In ſhort, there muſt have been ſome ſecret in that whole affair, that has not yet tranſpired; and I cannot help ſuſpecting that it came from Stade. *We* had not been ſucceſsful there; perhaps *we* were not deſirous, that an expedition, in which *we* had neither been concerned nor conſulted, ſhould prove ſo: M——t was *our* creature; and a word to the wiſe will ſometimes go a great way. M——t is to have a public trial, from which the public expects great diſcoveries— Not I.

Do you viſit Soltikow, the Ruſſian Miniſter, whoſe houſe, I am told, is the great ſcene of pleaſure at Hamburgh? His miſtreſs, I take for granted, is by this time dead, and he wears ſome other body's ſhackles. Her death comes, with regard to the King of Pruſſia, "comme la moutarde aprés diner." I am curious to ſee what tyrant will ſucceed her, not by Divine,

Divine, but by Military right; for, barbarous as they are now, and ſtill more barbarous as they have been formerly, they have had very little regard to the more barbarous notion of divine, indefeaſible, hereditary right.

The Prætorian bands, that is the guards, I preſume, have been engaged in the intereſts of the Imperial Prince; but ſtill, I think, that little John of Archangel will be heared of upon this occaſion, unleſs prevented by a quieting draught of Hemlock or Night-ſhade; for I ſuppoſe they are not arrived to the politer and genteeler poiſons of *Acqua Tufana*,* ſugar-plumbs, *&c.*

Lord Halifax has accepted his old employment, with the honorary addition of the Cabinet Council. And ſo we heartily wiſh you a good night.

LETTER CI.

Bath, Nov. the 4th, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE ſons of Britain, like thoſe of Noah, muſt cover their parent's ſhame as well as they can; for to retrieve its honour is now too late. One would really think that our Miniſters and Generals were all as drunk as the Patriarch was. However, in your ſituation, you muſt not be Cham; but ſpread your cloak over our diſgrace, as far as it will go. M——t calls aloud for a public trial; and in that, and that only, the public agrees with him. There will certainly be one; but of what kind, is not yet fixed. Some are for a Parliamentary inquiry, others for a martial one: neither will, in my opinion, diſcover the true ſecret; for a ſecret there moſt unqueſtionably

* Acqua Tufana, a Neapolitan ſlow poiſon, reſembling clear water, and invented by a woman at Naples, of the name of Tufana.

bly is. Why we ſtaid ſix whole days in the iſland of Aix, mortal cannot imagine; which time the French employed, as it was obvious they would, in aſſembling all their troops in the neighbourhood of Rochfort, and making our attempt then really impracticable. The day after we had taken the iſland of Aix, your friend, Colonel Wolfe, publicly offered to do the buſineſs, with five hundred men and three ſhips only. In all theſe complicated political machines, there are ſo many wheels, within wheels, that it is always difficult, and ſometimes impoſſible, to gueſs which of them gives direction to the whole. Mr. Pitt is convinced that the principal wheel, or, if you will, " the ſpoke in his wheel," came from Stade. This is certain, at leaſt, that M——t was the man of confidence with that perſon. Whatever be the truth of the caſe, there is, to be ſure, hitherto, an *Hiatus valde deflendus*.

The meeting of the Parliament will certainly be very numerous, were it only from curioſity; but the majority on the ſide of the Court will, I dare ſay, be a great one. The people of the late Captain General, however inclined to oppoſe, will be obliged to concur. Their commiſſions, which they have no deſire to loſe, will make them tractable; for thoſe Gentlemen, though all men of honour, are of Soſia's mind; " que le vrai Amphitrion eſt celui ou l'on dine." The Tories, and the City, have engaged to ſupport Pitt; the Whigs, the Duke of Newcaſtle; the independent, and the impartial, as you well know, are not worth mentioning. It is ſaid, that the Duke intends to bring the affair of his Convention into Parliament, for his own juſtification: I can hardly believe it; as I cannot conceive that tranſactions ſo merely Electoral can be proper objects of inquiry or deliberation for a Britiſh Parliament; and therefore, ſhould ſuch a motion be made, I preſume

I preſume it will be immediately quaſhed. By the commiſſion lately given to Sir John Ligonier, of General and Commander in Chief of all his Majeſty's forces in Great Britain, the door ſeems to be not only ſhut, but bolted, againſt his Royal Highneſs's return; and I have *good reaſon* to be convinced, that that breach is irreparable. The reports of changes in the Miniſtry, I am pretty ſure, are idle and groundleſs. The Duke of Newcaſtle and Mr. Pitt really agree very well; not, I preſume, from any ſentimental tenderneſs for each other; but from a ſenſe that it is their mutual intereſt; and, as the late Captain General's party is now out of queſtion, I do not ſee what ſhould produce the leaſt change.

The viſit, lately made to Berlin, was, I dare ſay, neither a friendly nor an inoffenſive one.—— The Auſtrians always leave behind them pretty laſting monuments of their viſits, or rather viſitations; not ſo much I believe, from their thirſt of glory, as from their hunger of prey.

This winter, I take for granted, muſt produce a peace, of ſome kind or other; a bad one for us, no doubt, and yet perhaps better than we ſhould get the year after. I ſuppoſe the King of Pruſſia is negotiating with France, and endeavouring by thoſe means to get out of the ſcrape, with the loſs only of Sileſia, and perhaps Halberſtadt, by way of indemnification to Saxony; and, conſidering all circumſtances, he would be well off upon thoſe terms. But then how is Sweden to be ſatisfied? Will the Ruſſians reſtore Memel? Will France have been at all this expence *gratis?* Muſt there be no acquiſition for them in Flanders? I dare ſay, they have ſtipulated ſomething of that ſort for themſelves, by the additional and ſecret treaty, which I know they made, laſt May, with the Queen of Hungary. Muſt we give up whatever the French pleaſe to deſire, in America, beſides

besides the cession of Minorca in perpetuity? I fear we must, or else raise twelve millions more next year, to as little purpose as we did this, and have consequently a worse peace afterwards. I turn my eyes away, as much as I can, from this miserable prospect; but, as a citizen and member of society, it recurs to my imagination, notwithstanding all my endeavours to banish it from my thoughts. I can do myself nor my country no good; but I feel the wretched situation of both: the state of the latter makes me better bear that of the former; and, when I am called away from my station here, I shall think it rather (as Cicero says of Crassus) "Mors donata quam vita erepta."

I have often desired, but in vain, the favour of being admitted into your private apartment at Hamburgh, and of being informed of your private life there. Your mornings, I hope and believe, are employed in business; but give me an account of the remainder of the day, which I suppose is, and ought to be appropriated to amusements and pleasures. In what houses are you domestic? Who are so in yours? In short, let me in, and do not be denied to me.

Here I am, as usual, seeing few people, and hearing fewer; drinking the waters regularly, to a minute, and am something the better for them. I read a great deal, and vary occasionally my dead company. I converse with grave folios in the morning, while my head is clearest, and my attention strongest; I take up less severe quartos after dinner; and at night I chuse mixed company and the amusing chit-chat of octavos and duodecimos. "Je tire parti de tout ce je que puis;" that is my philosophy; and I mitigate, as much as I can, my physical ills, by diverting my attention to other objects.

Here

Here is a report that Admiral Holbourne's fleet is deſtroyed, in a manner, by a ſtorm; I hope it is not true, in the full extent of the report; but I believe it has ſuffered. This would fill up the meaſure of our misfortunes. Adieu.

LETTER CII.

Bath, Nov. the 20th, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Write to you now, becauſe I love to write to you; and hope that my letters are welcome to you; for otherwiſe I have very little to inform you of. The King of Pruſſia's late victory, you are better informed of than we are here. It has given infinite joy to the unthinking public, who are not aware that it comes too late in the year, and too late in the war, to be attended with any very great conſequences. There are ſix or ſeven thouſand of the human ſpecies leſs than there were a month ago, and that ſeems to me to be all. However, I am glad of it, upon account of the pleaſure and the glory which it gives the King of Pruſſia, to whom I wiſh well as a man, more than as a King. And ſurely he is ſo great a man, that had he lived ſeventeen or eighteen hundred years ago, and his life been tranſmitted to us in a language that we could not very well underſtand, I mean either Greek or Latin, we ſhould have talked of him as we do now of your Alexanders, your Cæſars, and others, with whom I believe we have but a very ſlight acquaintance.—*Au reſte*, I do not ſee that his affairs are much mended by this victory. The ſame combination of the great powers of Europe againſt him ſtill ſubſiſts, and muſt at laſt prevail. I believe the French army is extremely diminiſhed by battles, fatigues, and deſertion; and he will find great difficulties in recruiting

ing it, from his own already exhausted dominions. He must therefore, and to be sure will, negotiate privately with the French, and get better terms that way than he could any other.

The report of the three General Officers, the Duke of Marlborough, Lord George Sackville, and General Waldegrave, was laid before the King last Saturday after their having sat four days upon M——t's affair: nobody yet knows what it is; but it is generally believed, that M——t will be brought to a Court-martial. That you may not mistake this matter, as *most* people here do, I must explain to you, that this examination, before the three above-mentioned General Officers, was by no means a trial; but only a previous inquiry into his conduct, to see whether there was, or was not, cause to bring him to a regular trial before a Court-martial. The case is exactly parallel to that of a grand jury; who, upon a previous and general examination, find, or do not find, a bill to bring the matter before the petty jury; where the fact is finally tried. For my own part, my opinion is fixed, upon that affair: I am convinced that the expedition was to be defeated; and nothing that can appear before a Court-martial, can make me alter that opinion. I have been too long acquainted with human nature, to have great regard for human testimony: and a very great degree of probability, supported by various concurrent circumstances, conspiring in one point, will have much greater weight with me, than human testimony upon oath, or even upon honour; both which I have frequently seen considerably warped by private views.

The Parliament, which now stands prorogued to the first of next month, it is thought, will be put off for some time longer, till we know in what light

to lay before it the ſtate of our alliance with Pruſſia, ſince the concluſion of the Hanover neutrality; which, if it did not quite break it, made at leaſt a great flaw in it.

The birth-day was neither fine nor crowded; and no wonder ſince the King was that day ſeventy-five. The old Court and the young one are much better together, ſince the Duke's retirement; and the King has preſented the Prince of Wales with a ſervice of Plate.

I am ſtill *unwell*, though I drink theſe waters very regularly. I will ſtay here at leaſt ſix weeks longer, where I am much quieter than I ſhould be allowed to be in town. When things are in ſuch a miſerable ſituation as they are at preſent, I deſire neither to be concerned nor conſulted, ſtill leſs quoted. Adieu.

L E T T E R CIII.

Bath, Nov. the 26th, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received, by the laſt mail, your ſhort account of the King of Pruſſia's victory; which victory, contrary to cuſtom, turns out more complete than it was at firſt reported to be. This appears by an intercepted letter from Monſieur de St. Germain to Monſieur d'Affry, at the Hague; in which he tells him, "Cette armée eſt entierement fondue," and lays the blame, very ſtrongly, upon Monſieur de Soubize. But, be it greater, or be it leſs, I am glad of it; becauſe the King of Pruſſia (whom I honour and almoſt adore) I am ſure is. Though *d'ailleurs*, between you and me, *ou eſt ce que cela mene?* To nothing, while that formidable union of the three great powers of Europe, ſubſiſts againſt him. Could that be any way broken, ſomething might be done;

done; without which, nothing can. I take it for granted, that the King of Pruſſia will do all he can to detach France. Why ſhould not we, on our part, try to detach Ruſſia? At leaſt, in our preſent diſtreſs, *omnia tentanda*, and ſometimes a lucky and unexpected hit turns up. This thought came into my head this morning; and I give it to you, not as a very probable ſcheme, but as a poſſible one, and conſequently worth trying——The year of the Ruſſian ſubſidies (nominally paid by the Court of Vienna, but really by France) is near expired. The former probably cannot, and perhaps the latter will not, renew them. The Court of Peterſburgh, is beggarly, profuſe, greedy, and by no means ſcrupulous. Why ſhould not we ſtep in there, and outbid them? If we could, we buy a great army at once; which would give an intire new turn to the affairs of that part of the world, at leaſt. And, if we bid handſomely, I do not believe the *bonne foi* of that Court would ſtand in the way. Both our Court and our Parliament would, I am very ſure, give a very great ſum, and very chearfully, for this purpoſe. In the next place, Why ſhould not you wriggle yourſelf, if poſſible, into ſo great a ſcheme? You are, no doubt, much acquainted with the Ruſſian Reſident Soltikow: Why ſhould you not ſound him, as intirely from yourſelf, upon this ſubject? You may aſk him, What, does your Court intend to go on next year in the pay of France, to deſtroy the liberties of all Europe, and throw univerſal monarchy into the hands of that already great, and always ambitious power. I know you think, or at leaſt call yourſelves, the allies of the Empreſs-Queen; but is it not plain that ſhe will be, in the firſt place, and you in the next, the dupes of France? At this very time you are doing the work of France and Sweden; and that for ſome

miserable subsidies, much inferior to those which I am sure you might have, in a better cause, and more consistent with the true interest of Russia. Though not empowered, I know the manner of thinking of my own Court so well upon this subject, that I will venture to promise you much better terms than those you have now, without the least apprehensions of being disavowed. Should he listen to this, and what more may occur to you to say upon this subject, and ask you, "En écrirai-je a Ma Cour?" answer him "Ecrivez, écrivez Monsieur hardiment. Je prendrai tout cela sur moi." Should this happen, as perhaps, and as I heartily wish it may, then write an exact relation of it to your own Court. Tell them, that you thought the measure of such great importance, that you could not help taking this little step towards bringing it about; but that you mentioned it only as from yourself, and that you have not in the least committed them by it. If Soltikow lends himself in any degree to this, insinuate, that, in the present situation of affairs, and particularly of the King's Electoral dominions, you are very sure that his Majesty would have "une reconnoissance sans bornes" for *all* those, by whose means so desirable a revival of an old and long friendship should be brought about. You will, perhaps, tell me, that, without doubt, Mr. Keith's instructions are to the same effect: but I will answer you, that you can, *if you please*, do it better than Mr. Keith; and, in the next place, that, be all that as it will, it must be very advantageous to you at home, to shew that you have at least a contriving head, and an alertness in business.

I had a letter, by the last post, from the Duke of Newcastle, in which he congratulates me, in his own name, and in Lord Hardwicke's, upon the approbation which your dispatches give, not only to

to them two, but to *others*. This succefs, fo early, fhould encourage your diligence, and rouze your ambition, if you have any; you may go a great way, if you defire it, having fo much time before you.

I fend you here enclofed the copy of the Report of the three General Officers, appointed to examine previoufly into the conduct of General M———t; it is ill written, and ill fpelled; but no matter; you will decypher it. You will obferve, by the tenour of it, that it points ftrongly to a Court-martial; which, no doubt, will foon be held upon him. I prefume there will be no fhooting, in the final fentence; but I do fuppofe that there will be breaking, &c.

I have had fome fevere returns of my old complaint, laft week, and am ftill unwell; I cannot help it.

A friend of yours arrived here three days ago; fhe feems to me to be a ferviceable ftrong-bodied bay mare, with black mane and tail; you eafily guefs who I mean. She is come with mamma, and without *caro fpofo*.

Adieu! my head will not let me go on longer.

LETTER CIV.

Bath, December the 31ft, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 18th, with the enclofed papers. I cannot help obferving; that, till then, you never acknowledged the receipt of any one of my letters.

I can eafily conceive that party-fpirit, among your brother Minifters at Hamburgh, runs as high as you reprefent it, becaufe I can eafily believe the errors of the human mind; but, at the fame time, I

muſt obſerve, that ſuch a ſpirit is the ſpirit of little minds, and ſubaltern miniſters, who think to atone by zeal, for their want of merit and importance, The political differences of the ſeveral Courts. ſhould never influence the perſonal behaviour of their ſeveral Miniſters towards one another. There is a certain *procedé noble et gallant*, which ſhould always be obſerved among the Miniſters, of powers even at war with each other, which will always turn out to the advantage of the ableſt; who will in thoſe converſations find, or make, opportunities of throwing out, or of receiving, uſeful hints. When I was laſt at the Hague, we were at war with both France and Spain; ſo that I could neither viſit, nor be viſited, by the Miniſters of thoſe two Crowns; but we met every day, or dined at third places, where we embraced as perſonal friends, and trifled, at the ſame time, upon our being political enemies; and by this ſort of *badinage*, I diſcovered ſome things which I wanted to know. There is not a more prudent maxim, than to live with one's enemies as if they may one day become one's friends; as it commonly happens, ſooner or later, in the viciſſitudes of political affairs.

To your queſtion, which is a rational and prudent one, Whether I was authorized to give you the hints, concerning Ruſſia, by any people in power here? I will tell you that I was not: but, as I had preſſed them to try what might be done with Ruſſia, and got Mr. Keith to be diſpatched there ſome months ſooner than otherwiſe, I dare ſay, he would, with the proper inſtructions for that purpoſe, I wiſhed, that by the hints I gave you, you might have got the ſtart of him, and the merit, at leaſt, of having *entamé* that matter with Soltikow. What you have to do with him now, when you meet with him at any third place, or at his own houſe

houſe (where you are at liberty to go, while Ruſſia has a Miniſter in London, and we a Miniſter at Peterſburgh) is in my opinion, to ſay to him, in an eaſy chearful manner, *He bien Monſieur je me flatte que nous ſerons bien-tôt amis publics auſſi bien qu'amis perſonels.* To which he will probably aſk, Why, or how? You will reply, Becauſe you know that Mr. Keith is gone to his Court with inſtructions, which you think muſt neceſſarily be agreeable there. And throw out to him, that nothing but a change of their preſent ſyſtem can ſave Livonia to Ruſſia; for that he cannot ſuppoſe, that, when the Swedes ſhall have recovered Pomerania, they will long leave Ruſſia in quiet poſſeſſion of Livonia. If he is ſo much a Frenchman as you ſay, he will make you ſome weak anſwers to this; but as you will have the better of the argument on your ſide, you may remind him of the old and almoſt uninterrupted connection between France and Sweden, the inveterate enemy of Ruſſia. Many other arguments will naturally occur to you in ſuch a converſation, if you have it. In this caſe, there is a piece of miniſterial art, which is ſometimes of uſe; and that is, to ſow jealouſies among one's enemies, by a ſeeming preference ſhown to ſome one of them. Monſieur Hecht's *rêveries* are *rêveries* indeed. How ſhould his maſter have made the *golden arrangements*, which he talks of, and which are to be forged into ſhackles for General Fermor? The Pruſſian finances are not in a condition now to make ſuch expenſive arrangements. But I think you may tell Monſieur Hecht, in confidence, that you hope, the inſtructions with which you know that Mr. Keith is gone to Peterſburgh, may have ſome effect upon the meaſures of that Court.

I would adviſe you to live with that ſame Monſieur Hecht, in all the confidence, familiarity, and

 connection,

connection, which prudence will allow. I mean it with regard to the King of Pruſſia himſelf, by whom I could wiſh you to be known and eſteemed as much as poſſible. It may be of uſe to you ſome day or another. If man, courage, conduct, conſtancy, can get the better of all the difficulties which the King of Pruſſia has to ſtruggle with, he will riſe ſuperior to them. But ſtill, while his alliance ſubſiſts againſt him, I dread *les gros Eſcadrons.* His laſt victory, of the 5th, was certainly the compleateſt that has been heard of theſe many years. I heartily wiſh the Prince of Brunſwick juſt ſuch a one, over Monſieur de Richelieu's army; and that he may take my old acquaintance the Maréchal, and ſend him over here to poliſh and perfume us.

I heartily wiſh you, in the plain home-ſpun ſtyle, a great number of happy new years, well employed, in forming both your mind and your manners, to be uſeful and agreeable to yourſelf, your country, and your friends! That theſe wiſhes are ſincere, your Secretary's brother will, by the time of your receiving this, have remitted you a proof, from Yours.

LETTER CV.

London, February the 8th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED by the ſame poſt your two letters of the 13th and 17th paſt; and yeſterday that of the 27th, with the Ruſſian manifeſto encloſed; in which her Imperial Majeſty of all the Ruſſias has been pleaſed to give every reaſon, except the true one, for the march of her troops againſt the King of Pruſſia. The true one, I take to be, that ſhe has juſt received a very great ſum of money from France, or the Empreſs-Queen, or both, for that purpoſe. *Point d'argent*

point

point Russe is now become a maxim. Whatever may be the motive of their march, the effects must be bad; and, according to my speculations, those troops will replace the French, in Hanover, and Lower Saxony; and the French will go and join the Austrian army. You ask me, if I still despond? Not so much as I did after the battle of Colen: the battles of Rosbach and Lissa were drams to me, and gave me some momentary spirits; but though I do not absolutely despair, I own I greatly distrust. I readily allow the King of Prussia to be *nec pluribus impar*; but still, when the *plures* amount to a certain degree of plurality, courage and abilities must yield at last. Michel here assures me, that he does not mind the Russians; but as I have it from the gentleman's own mouth, I do not believe him. We shall very soon send a squadron to the Baltic, to entertain the Swedes; which, I believe, will put an end to their operations in Pomerania; so that I have no great apprehensions from that quarter; but Russia, I confess, sticks in my stomach.

Every thing goes smoothly in Parliament; the King of Prussia has united all our parties in his support; and the Tories have declared, that they will give Mr. Pitt unlimited credit for this session; there has not been one single division yet upon public points; and I believe will not. Our American expedition is preparing to go soon; the disposition of that affair seems to me a little extraordinary. Abercrombie is to be the sedentary, and not the acting Commander; Amherst, Lord Howe, and Wolfe, are to be the acting, and I hope the active officers. I wish they may agree. Amherst, who is the oldest officer, is under the influence of the same great person, who influenced Mordaunt, so much to the honour and advantage of this country. This is most certain, that we have force enough in America to

eat up the French alive in Canada, Quebec, and Louiſbourg, if we have but ſkill and ſpirit enough to exert it properly; but of that I am modeſt enough to doubt.

When you come to the egotiſm, which I have long deſired you to come to with me, you need make no excuſes for it. The egotiſm is as proper, and as ſatisfactory, to one's friends, as it is impertinent and miſplaced with ſtrangers. I deſire to ſee you in your every-day-clothes, by your fire-ſide, in your pleaſures; in ſhort, in your private life; but I have not yet been able to obtain this. Whenever you condeſcend to do it as you promiſe, ſtick to truth; for I am not ſo uninformed of Hamburgh, as perhaps you may think.

As for myſelf, I am very *unwell*, and very weary of being ſo; and with little hopes, at my age, of ever being otherwiſe. I often wiſh for the end of the wretched remnant of my life; and that wiſh is a rational one; but then the innate principle of ſelf-preſervation, wiſely implanted in our natures, for obvious purpoſes, oppoſes that wiſh; and makes us endeavour to ſpin out our thread as long as we can, however decayed and rotten it may be; and in defiance of common-ſenſe, we ſeek on for that chymic gold, which *beggars us when old.*

Whatever your amuſements, or pleaſures, may be at Hamburgh, I dare ſay you taſte them more ſenſibly than ever you did in your life, now that you have buſineſs enough to whet your appetite to them. Buſineſs, one half of the day, is the beſt preparation for the pleaſures of the other half. I hope, and believe, that it will be with you, as it was with an apothecary, whom I knew, at Twickenham. A conſiderable eſtate fell to him by an unexpected accident; upon which he thought it decent to leave off his buſineſs; accordingly, he generouſly gave up his ſhop and his

ſtock

ſtock to his head man, ſet up his coach, and reſolved to live like a gentleman; but, in leſs than a month, the man, uſed to buſineſs, found, that living like a gentleman was dying of *ennui*; upon which he bought his ſhop and ſtock, reſumed his trade; and lived very happily, after he had ſomething to do. Adieu.

LETTER CVI.

London, Feb. the 24th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received yeſterday your letter of the 2d inſtant, with the encloſed; which I return you, that there may be no chaſm in your papers. I had heard before of Burriſh's death, and had taken ſome ſteps thereupon; but I very ſoon dropped that affair, for ninety-nine good reaſons; the firſt of which was, that nobody is to go in his room, and that, had he lived, he was to have been recalled from Munich. But another reaſon, more flattering for you, was, that you could not be ſpared from Hamburgh. Upon the whole, I am not ſorry for it, as the place where you are now is the great *entrepôt* of buſineſs; and when it ceaſes to be ſo, you will neceſſarily go to ſome of the Courts in the neighbourhood, (Berlin, I hope and believe) which will be a much more deſirable ſituation than to ruſt at Munich, where we can never have any buſineſs beyond a ſubſidy. Go on but, and exert yourſelf where you are, and better things will ſoon follow.

Surely the inaction of our army at Hanover continues too long. We expected wonders from it ſome time ago, and yet nothing is attempted. The French will ſoon receive reinforcements, and then be too ſtrong for us; whereas they are now moſt certainly greatly weakened by deſertion, ſickneſs,

and

and deaths. Does the King of Pruſſia ſend a body of men to our army or not? or has the march of the Ruſſians cut him out work for all his troops? I am afraid it has. If one body of Ruſſians joins the Auſtrian army in Moravia, and another body the Swedes in Pomerania, he will have his hands very full, too full, I fear. The French ſay, they will have an army of 180,000 men in Germany this year; the Empreſs Queen will have 150,000; if the Ruſſians have but 40,000, what can reſiſt ſuch a force? The King of Pruſſia may ſay, indeed, with more juſtice than ever any one perſon could before him, "Moi. Medea ſupereſt."

You promiſed me ſome egotiſm; but I have received none yet. Do you frequent the Landgrave? "Hantez vous les grands de la terre?" What are the connections of the evening? All this, and a great deal more of this kind, let me know in your next.

The Houſe of Commons is ſtill very unanimous: there was a little popular ſquib let off this week, in a motion of Sir John Glyn's, ſeconded by Sir John Philips, for annual Parliaments. It was a very cold ſcent, and put an end to by a diviſion of 190 to 70.

Good night. Work hard, that you may divert yourſelf well.

LETTER CVII.

London, March the 4th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SHOULD have been much more ſurpriſed at the contents of your letter of the 17th paſt, if I had not happened to have ſeen Sir C. W. about three or four hours before I received it. I thought he talked in an extraordinary manner; he engaged that

that the King of Pruſſia ſhould be maſter of Vienna in the month of May; and he told me that you were very much in love with his daughter. Your letter explained all this to me; and next day Lord and Lady E——— gave me innumerable inſtances of his frenzy, which I ſhall not trouble you with. What inflamed it the more (if it did not intirely occaſion it) was a great quantity of cantharides, which, it ſeems, he had taken at Hamburgh, to recommend himſelf, I ſuppoſe, to Mademoiſelle John. He was let blood four times on board the ſhip, and has been let blood four times more ſince his arrival here; but ſtill the inflammation continues very high. He is now under the care of his brothers, who do not let him go abroad. They have written to this ſame Mademoiſelle John, to prevent, if they can, her coming to England, and told her the caſe; which, when ſhe hears, ſhe muſt be as mad as he is, if ſhe takes the journey. By the way, ſhe muſt be *une Dame aventuriere*, to receive a note for 10,000 roubles, from a man whom ſhe had known but three days; to take a contract of marriage, knowing he was married already; and to engage herſelf to follow him to England. I ſuppoſe this is not the firſt adventure of the ſort which ſhe has had.

After the news we received yeſterday, that the French had evacuated Hanover, all but Hamel, we daily expect much better. We purſue them, we cut them off *en détail*, and at laſt we deſtroy their whole army. I wiſh it may happen, and, moreover, I think it not impoſſible.

My head is much out of order, and only allows me to wiſh you good night.

LETTER CVIII.

London, March the 22d, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE now your letter of the 8th lying before me, with the favourable acconnt of our progreſs in Lower Saxony, and reaſonable proſpect of more deciſive ſucceſs. I confeſs I did not expect this, when my friend Munchauſen took his leave of me, to go to Stade, and break the neutrality; I thought it at leaſt a dangerous, but rather a deſperate undertaking; whereas, hitherto, it has proved a very fortunate one. I look upon the French army as *fondue*; and, what with deſertion, deaths, and epidemical diſtempers, I dare ſay, not a third of it will ever return to France. The great object is now, what the Ruſſians can or will do; and whether the King of Pruſſia can hinder their junction with the Auſtrians, by beating either, before they join: I will truſt him for doing all that can be done.

Sir C. W. is ſtill in confinement, and, I fear, will always be ſo, for he ſeems "cum ratione inſanire;" the phyſicians have collected all he has ſaid and done, that indicated an alienation of mind, and have laid it before him in writing; he has anſwered it in writing too, and juſtifies himſelf by the moſt plauſible arguments that can poſſibly be urged. He tells his brother, and the few who are allowed to ſee him, that they are ſuch narrow and contracted minds themſelves, that they take thoſe for mad, who have a gteat and generous way of thinking; as for inſtance, when he determined to ſend his daughter over to you, in a fortnight, to be married, without any previous agreement or ſettlements, it was becauſe he had long known you, and loved you, as a man of ſenſe and honour; and therefore would not treat

treat with you as with an attorney. That as for Madamoiselle John, he knew her merit and her circumstances; and asks, whether it is a sign of madness, to have a due regard for the one, and a just compassion for the other. I will not tire you with enumerating any more instances of the poor man's frenzy; but conclude this subject with pitying him, and poor human nature, which holds its reason by so precarious a tenure. The lady, who you tell me is set out, "en sera pour la peine et les fraix du voyage," for her note is worth no more than her contract. By the way, she must be a kind of *aventuriere*, to engage so easily in such an adventure, with a man whom she had not known above a week, and whose *début* of 10,000 roubles showed him not to be in his right senses.

You will probably have seen General Yorke, by this time, in his way to Berlin or Breslau, or wherever the King of Prussia may be. As he keeps his commission to the States General, I presume he is not to stay long with his Prussian Majesty; but, however, while he is there, take care to write to him very constantly, and to give all the informations you can. His father, Lord Hardwicke, is your great puff; he commends your office letters exceedingly. I would have the Berlin commission your object, in good time: never lose view of it. Do all you can to recommend yourself to the King of Prussia, on your side of the water, and to smooth your way for that commission on this; by the turn which things have taken of late, it must always be the most important of all foreign commissions from hence.

I have no news to send you, as things here are extremely quiet; so good night.

LETTER CIX.

London, April the 25th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM now two letters in your debt, which I think is the firſt time that ever I was ſo, in the long courſe of our correſpondence. But, beſides that my head has been very much out of order of late, writing is by no means that eaſy thing that it was to me formerly. I find by experience, that the mind and the body are more than married, for they are moſt intimately united; and when the one ſuffers, the other ſympathiſes, "non ſum qualis eram." Neither my memory nor my invention are now, what they formerly were. It is in a great meaſure my own fault: I cannot accuſe nature, for I abuſed her; and it is reaſonable I ſhould ſuffer for it.

I do not like the return of the oppreſſion upon your lungs; but the rigour of the cold may probably have brought it upon you, and your lungs not in fault. Take care to live very cool, and let your diet be rather low.

We have had a ſecond winter here, more ſevere than the firſt, at leaſt it ſeemed ſo, from a premature ſummer that we had, for a fortnight in March; which brought every thing forwards, only to be deſtroyed. I have experienced it at Blackheath; where the promiſe of fruit was a moſt flattering one, and all nipped in the bud by froſt and ſnow, in April. I ſhall not have a ſingle peach or apricot.

I have nothing to tell you from hence, concerning public affairs, but what you read as well in the news-papers. This only is extraordinary: that laſt week, in the Houſe of Commons, above ten millions were granted, and the whole Hanover army taken

into

into Britiſh pay, with but one ſingle negative, which was Mr. Viner's.

Mr. Pitt gains ground in the cloſet, and yet does not loſe in the public. That is new.

Monſieur Kniphauſen has dined with me; he is one of the prettieſt fellows I have ſeen; he has, with a great deal of life and fire, "les maniéres d' un honnête homme, et le ton de la parfaitement bonne compagnie. You like him yourſelf; try to be like him: it is in your power.

I hear that Mr. Mitchel is to be recalled, notwithſtanding the King of Pruſſia's inſtances to keep him. But why, is a ſecret that I cannot penetrate.

You will not fail to offer the Landgrave, and the Princeſs of Heſſe (who I find are going home) to be their agent and commiſſioner at Hamburgh.

I cannot comprehend the preſent ſtate of Ruſſia, nor the motions of their armies. They change their Generals once a week; ſometimes they march with rapidity, and now they lie quiet behind the Viſtula. We have a thouſand ſtories here of the interior of that government, none of which I believe. Some ſay, that the Great Duke will be ſet aſide. Woronzoff is ſaid to be entirely a Frenchman, and that Monſieur de l' Hôpital governs both him and the Court. Sir C. W. is ſaid, by his indiſcretions, to have cauſed the diſgrace of Beſtuchef, which ſeems not impoſſible. In ſhort, every thing of every kind is ſaïd, becauſe, I believe, very little is truly known. *A propos* of Sir C. W.; he is out of confinement, and gone to his houſe in the country for the whole ſummer. They ſay he is now very cool and well. I have ſeen his Circe, at her window in Pall-mall; ſhe is painted, powdered, curled, and patched, and looks *l'aventure*. She has been offered, by Sir C. W—'s friends, 500 l. in full of all demands, but will not accept of it. "La comteſſe veut plaider,"

and

and I fancy "faire autre chose si elle peut." Jubeo te bene valere.

LETTER CX.

Blackheath, May the 18th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE your letter of the 9th now before me, and condole with you upon the present solitude and inaction of Hamburgh. You are now shrunk from the dignity and importance of a consummate Minister, to be but, as it were, a common man. But this has, at one time or another, been the case of most great men; who have not always had equal opportunities of exerting their talents. The greatest must submit to the capriciousness of fortune; though they can, better than others, improve the favourable moments. For instance, who could have thought, two years ago, that you would have been the Atlas of the Northern Pole? but the good Genius of the North ordered it so; and now that you have set that part of the globe right, you return to "otium cum dignitate." But, to be serious; now that you cannot have much office business to do, I could tell you what to do, that would employ you, I should think, both usefully and agreeably. I mean, that you should write short memoirs of that busy scene, in which you have been enough concerned, since your arrival at Hamburgh, to be able to put together authentic facts and anecdotes. I do not know whether you will give yourself the trouble to do it or not; but I do know, that if you will, "olim hæc meminisse juvabit." I would have them short, but correct as to facts and dates.

I have told Alt, in the strongest manner, your lamentations for the loss of the House of Cassel, "et il en fera rapport à son Serenissime Maitre."

When

When you are quite idle, (as probably you may be, ſome time this ſummer) why ſhould you not aſk leave to make a tour to Caſſel for a week? which would certainly be granted you from hence, and which would be looked upon as a *bon procédé*, at Caſſel.

The King of Pruſſia is probably, by this time, at the gates of Vienna, making the Queen of Hungary really do, what Monſieur de Belliſle only threatened; ſign a peace upon the ramparts of her capital. If ſhe is obſtinate, and will not, ſhe muſt fly either to Preſburgh or to Inſpruck, and Vienna muſt fall. But I think he will offer her reaſonable conditions enough for herſelf, and I ſuppoſe, that, in that caſe, Caunitz will be reaſonable enough to adviſe her to accept of them. What turn would the war take then? Would the French and Ruſſians carry it on without her? The King of Pruſſia, and the Prince of Brunſwick, would ſoon ſweep them out of Germany. By this time too, I believe, the French are entertained, in America, with the loſs of Cape Breton; and, in conſequence of that, Quebec; for we have a force there equal to both theſe undertakings, and officers there, now, that will execute, what Lord L——— would never ſo much as attempt. His appointments were too conſiderable to let him do any thing, that might poſſibly put an end to the war. Lord Howe, upon ſeeing plainly that he was reſolved to do nothing, had aſked leave to return, as well as Lord Charles Hay.

We have a great expedition preparing, and which will ſoon be ready to ſail from the iſle of Wight; fifteen thouſand good troops, eighty battering cannons, beſides mortars, and every other thing in abundance, fit for either battle or ſiege. Lord Anſon deſired, and is appointed, to command the fleet employed upon this expedition; a proof that it is not

a trifling

a trifling one. Conjectures concerning its deſtination, are infinite; and the moſt ignorant are, as uſual, the boldeſt conjecturers. If I form any conjectures, I keep them to myſelf, not to be diſproved by the event; but, in truth, I form none: I might have known, but would not.

Every thing ſeems to tend to a peace next winter: our ſucceſs in America, which is hardly doubtful, and the King of Pruſſia's in Germany, which is as little ſo, will make France (already ſick of the expence of a war) very tractable for a peace. I heartily wiſh it; for though people's heads are half turned with the King of Pruſſia's ſucceſs, and will be quite turned, if we have any in America, or at ſea: a moderate peace will ſuit us better than this immoderate war of twelve millions a year.

Domeſtic affairs go juſt as they did; the Duke of Newcaſtle and Mr. Pitt jog on like man and wife; that is, ſeldom agreeing, often quarrelling; but by mutual intereſt, upon the whole, not parting. The latter, I am told, gains ground in the cloſet; though he ſtill keeps his ſtrength in the Houſe, and his popularity in the public: or, perhaps, becauſe of that.

Do you hold your reſolution of viſiting your dominions of Bremen and Lubeck this ſummer? If you do, pray take the trouble of informing yourſelf correctly of the ſeveral conſtitutions and cuſtoms of thoſe places, and of the preſent ſtate of the fœderal union of the Hanſeatic towns: it will do you no harm, nor coſt you much trouble; and it is ſo much clear gain on the ſide of uſeful knowledge.

I am now ſettled at Blackheath for the ſummer; where unſeaſonable froſt and ſnow, and hot and parching eaſt winds, have deſtroyed all my fruit, and almoſt my fruit-trees. I vegetate myſelf little better than they do; I crawl about on foot, and on horſeback;

horſeback; read a great deal, and write a little: and am very much yours

LETTER CXI.

Blackheath, May the 30th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE no letter from you to anſwer, ſo this goes to you unprovoked. But *a propos* of letters; you have had great honour done you, in a letter from a fair and royal hand, no leſs than that of her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of Caſſel; ſhe has written your panegyric to her ſiſter, Princeſs Amelia, who ſent me a compliment upon it. This has likewiſe done you no harm with the King, who ſaid gracious things upon that occaſion. I ſuppoſe you had, for her Royal Highneſs, thoſe attentions, which I wiſh to God you would have, in due proportions, for every body. You ſee, by this inſtance, the effects of them; they are always repaid with intereſt. I am more confirmed by this in thinking, that if you can conveniently, you ſhould aſk leave to go for a week to Caſſel, to return your thanks for all favours received.

I cannot expound to myſelf the conduct of the Ruſſians. There muſt be a trick in their not marching with more expedition. They have either had a ſop from the King of Pruſſia, or they want an animating dram from France and Auſtria. The King of Pruſſia's conduct always explains itſelf by the events; and within a very few days, we muſt certainly hear of ſome very great ſtroke from that quarter. I think I never, in my life, remember a period of time ſo big with great events as the preſent. Within two months, the fate of the Houſe of Auſtria will probably be decided: within the ſame ſpace of time, we ſhall certainly hear of the taking

taking of Cape Breton, and of our army's proceeding to Quebec: within a few days, we ſhall know the good or ill ſucceſs of our great expedition; for it is ſailed: and it cannot be long before we ſhall hear ſomething of the Prince of Brunſwick's operations, from whom I alſo expect good things. If all theſe things turn out, as there is good reaſon to believe they will, we may once, in our turn, dictate a reaſonable peace to France, who now pays ſeventy per cent. inſurance upon its trade, and ſeven per cent. inſurance for all the money raiſed for the ſervice of the year.

Comte Bothmar has got the ſmall-pox, and of a bad kind. Kniphauſen diverts himſelf much here; he ſees all places and all people, and is ubiquity itſelf. Mitchel, who was much threatened, ſtays at laſt at Berlin, at the earneſt requeſt of the King of Pruſſia. Lady *** is ſafely delivered of a ſon, to the great joy of that noble family. The expreſſion, of a woman's having brought her huſband a ſon, ſeems to be a proper and cautious one; for it is never ſaid, from whence.

I was going to aſk you how you paſs your time now at Hamburgh, ſince it is no longer the ſeat of ſtrangers and of buſineſs; but I will not; becauſe I know it is to no purpoſe. You have ſworn not to tell me.

Sir William Stanhope told me, that you promiſed to ſend him ſome old Hock from Hamburgh, and ſo you did—not. If you meet with any ſuperlatively good, and not elſe, pray ſend over a *foudre* of it, and write to him. I ſhall have a ſhare in it. But unleſs you find ſome, either at Hamburgh or at Bremen, uncommonly and almoſt miraculouſly good, do not ſend any. *Dixi*. Yours.

LETTER

LETTER. CXII.

Blackheath, June the 13th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE ſecret is out; St. Malo is the devoted place. Our troops began to land at the Bay of Cancale the 5th, without any oppoſition. We have no farther accounts yet, but expect ſome every moment. By the plan of it, which I have ſeen, it is by no means a weak place; and I fear there will be many hats to be diſpoſed of, before it is taken. There are in the port above thirty privateers; about ſixteen of their own, and about as many taken from us.

Now for Africa, where we have had great ſucceſs. The French have been driven out of all their forts and ſettlements upon the gum coaſt, and upon the river Senegal. They had been many years in poſſeſſion of them, and by them annoyed our African trade exceedingly; which, by the way, "tout proportion gardée," is the moſt lucrative trade we have. The preſent booty is likewiſe very conſiderable, in gold duſt, and gum ſeneca; which is a very valuable, by being a very neceſſary commodity, for all our ſtained and printed linens.

Now for America. The leaſt ſanguine people here expect, the latter end of this month or the beginning of the next, to have the account of the taking of Cape Breton, and of all the forts with hard names in North America.

Captain Clive has long ſince ſettled Aſia to our ſatisfaction; ſo that three parts of the world look very favourable for us. Europe, I ſubmit to the care of the King of Pruſſia, and Prince Ferdinand of Brunſwick; and think they will give a good account of it. France is out of luck, and out of courage; and will, I hope, be

be enough out of ſpirits to ſubmit to a reaſonable peace. By reaſonable, I mean what all people call reaſonable in their own caſe; an advantageous one for us.

I have ſet all right with Münchauſen; who would not own that he was at all offended, and ſaid, as you do, that his daughter did not ſtay long enough, nor appear enough at Hamburgh, for you poſſibly to know that ſhe was there. But people are always aſhamed to own the little weakneſſes of ſelf-love, which, however, all people feel more or leſs. The excuſe, I ſaw, pleaſed.

I will ſend you your quadrille-tables by the firſt opportunity, conſigned to the care of Mr. Mathias here. "Felices, fauſtæque ſint." May you win upon them, when you play with men; and when you play with women, either win, or know why you loſe.

Miſs—marries Mr.—, next week. "Who proffers Love, proffers Death," ſays Waller to a dwarf: in my opinion, the concluſion muſt inſtantly choak the little Lady. Admiral * marries Lady ***; there the danger, if danger is, will be on the other ſide. The Lady has wanted a man ſo long, that ſhe now compounds for half a one. Half a loaf——

I have been worſe ſince my laſt letter; but am now, I think, recovering; "tant va la crûche à l'eau;——" and I have been there very often.

Good night. I am faithfully and truly yours.

LETTER CXIII.

Blackheath, June the 27th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU either have received already, or will very ſoon receive, a little caſe from Amſterdam, directed to you at Hamburgh. It is for Princeſs Amelia,

Amelia, the King of Pruſſia's ſiſter, and contains ſome books, which ſhe deſired Sir Charles Hotham to procure her from England, ſo long ago as when he was at Berlin; he ſent for them immediately; but, by I do not know what puzzle, they were recommended to the care of Mr. Selwyn, at Paris, who took ſuch care of them, that he kept them near three years in his warehouſe, and has at laſt ſent them to Amſterdam, from whence they are ſent to you. If the books are good for any thing, they muſt be conſiderably improved, by having ſeen ſo much of the world; but, as I believe they are Engliſh books, perhaps they may, like Engliſh travellers, have ſeen nobody, but the ſeveral bankers to whom they were conſigned; be that as it will, I think you had beſt deliver them to Monſieur Hecht, the Pruſſian Miniſter at Hamburgh, to forward to her Royal Highneſs, with a reſpectful compliment from you, which you will, no doubt, turn in the beſt manner; and, "ſelon le bon ton de le parfaitement bonne compagnie."

You have already ſeen in the papers, all the particulars of our St. Malo's expedition, ſo I ſay no more of that; only that Mr. Pitt's friends exult in the deſtruction of three French ſhips of war, and one hundred and thirty privateers and trading ſhips: and affirm, that it ſtopped the march of threeſcore thouſand men, who were going to join the Comte de Clermont's army. On the other hand, Mr. Fox and Company call it breaking windows with guineas; and apply the fable of the Mountain and the Mouſe. The next object of our fleet was to be the bombarding of Granville, which is the great *entrepôt* of their Newfoundland fiſhery, and will be a conſiderable loſs to them in that branch of their trade. Theſe, you will perhaps ſay, are no great matters, and I ſay ſo too; but, at leaſt, they are ſigns of life, which we had not given for many years before; and will

ſhow the French, by our invading them, that we do not fear their invading us. Were thoſe invaſions, in fiſhing boats from Dunkirk, ſo terrible as they were artfully repreſented to be, the French would have had an opportunity of executing them, while our fleet, and ſuch a conſiderable part of our army, were employed upon their coaſt. " But my Lord Ligonier does not want an army at home.

The Parliament is prorogued by a moſt gracious ſpeech, neither by nor from his Majeſty, who was *too ill* to go to the houſe; the Lords and Gentlemen are, conſequently, moſt of them, gone to their ſeveral Counties, to do (to be ſure) all the good that is recommended to them in the ſpeech. London, I am told, is now very empty, for I cannot ſay ſo from knowledge. I vegetate wholly here. I walk and read a great deal, ride and ſcribble a little, according as my head allows, or my ſpirits prompt; to write any thing tolerable, the mind muſt be in a natural, proper diſpoſition; provocatives, in that caſe, as well as in another, will only produce miſerable, abortive performances.

Now that you have (as I ſuppoſe) full leiſure enough, I wiſh you would give yourſelf the trouble, or rather the pleaſure, to do what I hinted to you ſome time ago; that is, to write ſhort memoirs of thoſe affairs which have either gone through your hands, or that have come to your certain knowledge, from the inglorious battle of Haſtenbeck, to the ſtill more ſcandalous Treaty of Neutrality. Connect, at leaſt, if it be by ever ſo ſhort notes, the pieces and letters which you muſt neceſſarily have in your hands, and throw in the authentic anecdotes that you have probably heard. You will be glad when you have done it now, and the reviving paſt ideas, in ſome order and method, will be an infinite comfort to you hereafter.

hereafter. I have a thouſand times regretted not having done ſo; it is at preſent, too late for me to begin, this is the right time for you, and your life is likely to be a buſy one. Would young men avail themſelves of the advice and experience of their old friends, they would find the utility in their youth, and the comfort of it in their more advanced age; but they ſeldom conſider that, and you, leſs than any body I ever knew. May you ſoon grow wiſer! Adieu.

LETTER CXIV.

Blackheath, June the 30th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THIS letter follows my laſt very cloſe: but I received yours of the 15th in the ſhort interval. You did very well not to buy any Rheniſh, at the exorbitant price you mention, without farther directions; for both my brother and I think the money better than the wine, be the wine ever ſo good. We will content ourſelves with our ſtock in hand of humble Rheniſh, of about three ſhillings a bottle. However, " pour la rareté du fait," I will lay out twelve ducats, for twelve bottles of the wine of 1665, by way of an eventual cordial, if you can obtain a *ſenatus conſultum* for it. I am in no hurry for it, ſo ſend it me only when you can conveniently; well packed up, *s'entend.*

You will, I dare ſay, have leave to go to Caſſel; and if you do go, you will perhaps think it reaſonable, that I, who was the adviſer of the journey, ſhould pay the expence of it. I think ſo too, and therefore, if you go, I will remit the 100l. which you have calculated it at. You will find the Houſe of Caſſel the houſe of gladneſs; for Hanau is already, or muſt be ſoon, delivered of its French gueſts.

 The

The Prince of Brunſwick's victory is, by all the ſkilful, thought a *chef d' œuvre*, worthy of Turenne, Conde, or the moſt illuſtrious human butchers. The French behaved better than at Roſbach, eſpecially the "Carabiniers Royaux," who could not be *entamés*. I wiſh the ſiege of Olmutz well over, and a victory after it; and that, with good news from America, which, I think, there is no reaſon to doubt of, muſt procure us a good peace at the end of the year. The Prince of Pruſſia's death is no public misfortune; there was a jealouſy and alienation between the King and him, which could never have been made up between the poſſeſſor of the crown and the next heir to it. He will make ſomething of his nephew, "s'il eſt du bois dont on en fait." He is young enough to forgive, and to be forgiven, the poſſeſſion and the expectative, at leaſt for ſome years.

Adieu! I am *unwell*, but affectionately yours.

LETTER CXV.

Blackheath, July the 18th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 4th; and my laſt will have informed you that I had received your former, concerning the Rheniſh, about which I gave you inſtructions. If "vinum Moſellanum eſt omni tempore ſanum," as the chapter of Treves aſſerts, what muſt this *vinum Rhenanum* be, from its ſuperior ſtrength and age? It muſt be the univerſal panacea.

Captain Howe is to ſail forthwith ſomewhere or another, with about 8000 land forces on board him; and what is much more, Edward the White Prince. It is yet a ſecret where they are going; but I think it is no ſecret, that what 16,000 men and a great fleet could not do, will not be done by 8000 men,

and a much ſmaller fleet. About 8500 horſe, foot and dragoons, are embarking, at faſt as they can, for Embden, to reinforce Prince Ferdinand's army; late, and few, to be ſure, but ſtill better than never, and none. The operations in Moravia go on ſlowly, and Olmutz ſeems to be a tough piece of work: I own I begin to be in pain for the King of Pruſſia; for the Ruſſians now march in earneſt, and Marecha Daun's army is certainly ſuperior in number to his. God ſent him a good delivery!

You have a Daniſh army now in your neighbourhood, and they ſay a very fine one; I preſume you will go to ſee it, and, if you do, I would adviſe you to go when the Daniſh Monarch comes to review it himſelf; "pour prendre Langue de ce Seigneur." The Rulers of the earth are all worth knowing; they ſuggeſt moral reflections: and the reſpect that one naturally has for God's Vicegerents here on earth, is greatly increaſed by acquaintance with them.

Your card-tables are gone, and they encloſe ſome ſuits of clothes, and ſome of theſe clothes encloſe a letter.

Your friend Lady * * is gone into the country with her Lord, to negociate, coolly and at leiſure, their intended ſeparation. My Lady inſiſts upon my Lord's diſmiſſing the * *, as ruinous to his fortune; my Lord inſiſts, in his turn, upon my Lady's diſmiſſing Lord * *; my Lady replies, that that is unreaſonable, ſince Lord * * creates no expence to the family, but rather the contrary. My Lord confeſſes, that there is ſome weight in this argument; but then pleads ſentiment: my Lady ſays, a fiddleſtick for ſentiment, after having been married ſo long. How this matter will end, is in the womb of time, *nam fuit ante Helenam.*

You did very well to write a congratulatory letter to Prince Ferdinand; ſuch attentions are always right, and always repaid in ſome way or other.

I am glad you have connected your negotiations and anecdotes; and I hope, not with your uſual laconiſm. Adieu! Yours.

LETTER CXVI.

Blackheath, Auguſt the 1ſt, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Think the Court of Caſſel is more likely to make you a ſecond viſit at Hamburgh, than you are to return theirs at Caſſel; and therefore, till that matter is clearer, I ſhall not mention it to Lord Holderneſſe.

By the King of Pruſſia's diſappointment in Moravia, by the approach of the Ruſſians, and the intended march of Monſieur de Soubize to Hanover, the waters ſeem to me to be as much troubled as ever. *Je vois très noir actuellement*; I ſee ſwarms of Auſtrians, French, Imperialiſts, Swedes, and Ruſſians, in all near four hundred thouſand men, ſurrounding the King of Pruſſia and Prince Ferdinand, who have about a third of that number. Hitherto, they have only buzzed, but now I fear they will ſting.

The immediate danger of this country is being drowned; for it has not ceaſed raining theſe three months, and withal is extremely cold. This neither agrees with me in itſelf, nor in its conſequences; for it hinders me from taking my neceſſary exerciſe, and makes me very *unwell*. As my head is always the part offending, and is ſo at preſent, I will not do, like many writers, write without a head; ſo adieu.

LET-

LETTER CXVII.

Blackheath, August the 29th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR Secretary's last letter brought me the good news, that the fever had left you, and I will believe that it has; but a postcript to it, of only two lines, under your own hand, would have convinced me more effectually of your recovery. An intermitting fever, in the intervals of the paroxysms, would surely have allowed you to have written a very few lines with your own hand, to tell me how you were; and till I receive a letter (as short as you please) from yourself, I shall doubt of the exact truth of any other account.

I send you no news, because I have none; Cape Breton, Cherbourg, *&c.* are now old stories; we expect a new one soon from Commodore Howe, but from whence we know not. From Germany we hope for good news; I confess I do not, I only wish it. The King of Prussia is marched to fight the Russians, and I believe will beat them, if they stand; but what then? What shall he do next, with the three hundred and fourscore thousand men, now actually at work upon him? He will do all that man can do, but at last *il faut succomber.*

Remember to think yourself less well than you are, in order to be quite so: be very regular, rather longer than you need; and then there will be no danger of a relapse. God bless you.

LETTER CXVIII.

Blackheath, September the 5th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received with great pleaſure, your letter of the 22d Auguſt; for, by not having a line from you in your Secretary's two letters, I ſuſpected that you were worſe than he cared to tell me; and ſo far I was in the right, that your fever was more malignant than intermitting ones generally are; which ſeldom confine people to their bed, or at moſt only the days of the paroxyſms. Now that, thank God, you are well again, though weak, do not be in too much haſte to be better and ſtronger: leave that to nature, which at your age, will reſtore both your health and ſtrength as ſoon as ſhe ſhould. Live cool for a time, and rather low, inſtead of taking what they call heartening things.

Your manner of making preſents is noble, "et ſent la grandeur d'ame d'un preux Chevalier. You depreciate their value, to prevent any returns; for it is impoſſible that a wine which has counted ſo many Sindicks, that can only be delivered by a *ſenatus conſultum*, and is the *panacea* of the North, ſhould be ſold for a ducat a bottle. The *ſylphium* of the Romans, which was ſtored up in the public magazines, and only diſtributed by order of the magiſtrate, I dare ſay, coſt more; ſo that, I am convinced, your preſent is much more valuable than you would make it.

Here I am interrupted, by receiving your letter of the 25th paſt. I am glad that you are able to undertake your journey to Bremen; the motion, the air, the new ſcene, the every thing, will do you good, provided you manage yourſelf diſcreetly.

Your

Your bill for fifty pounds ſhall certainly be accepted and paid; but, as in conſcience I think fifty pounds are too little, for ſeeing a live Landgrave, and eſpecially at Bremen, which this whole nation knows to be a very dear place, I ſhall, with your leave, add fifty more to them. By the way, when you ſee the Princeſs Royal of Caſſel, be ſure to tell her how ſenſible you are of the favourable and too partial teſtimony, which you know ſhe wrote of you to Princeſs Amelia.

The King of Pruſſia has had the victory, which you, in ſome meaſure, foretold; and as he has taken *la Caiſſe Militaire*, I preſume "Meſſieurs les Ruſſes ſont hors de combat pour cette campagne;" for "point d'argent, point de Suiſſe," is not truer of the laudable Helvetic body, than "point d'argent, point de Ruſſe," is of the ſavages of the Two Ruſſias, not excepting the Autocratice of them both. Serbelloni, I believe, ſtands next in his Pruſſian Majeſty's liſt to be beaten; that is, if he will ſtand; as the Prince de Soubize does in Prince Ferdinand's, upon the ſame condition. If both theſe things happen, which is by no means improbable, we may hope for a tolerable peace this winter; for, *au bout du compte*, the King of Pruſſia cannot hold out another year; and therefore he ſhould make the beſt of theſe favourable events by way of negotiation.

I think I have written a great deal, with an actual giddineſs of head upon me. So adieu.

I am glad you have received my letter of the Ides of July.

LETTER CXIX.

Blackheath, September the 8th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THIS letter ſhall be ſhort, being only an explanatory note upon my laſt; for I am not learned enough, nor yet dull enough, to make my comment much longer than my text. I told you then, in my former letter, that with your leave, (which I will ſuppoſe granted) I would add fifty pounds to your draught for that ſum; now leſt you ſhould miſunderſtand this, and wait for the remittance of that additional fifty from hence, know then my meaning was, that you ſhould likewiſe draw upon me for it when you pleaſe; which, I preſume, will be more convenient to you.

Let the pedants, whoſe buſineſs it is to believe lies, or the poets, whoſe trade it is to invent them, match the King of Pruſſia with a hero, in ancient or modern ſtory, if they can. He diſgraces hiſtory, and makes one give ſome credit to romances. Calprenede's Juba does not now ſeem ſo abſurd as formerly.

I have been extremely ill this whole ſummer; but am now ſomething better: however, I perceive, " que l'eſprit et le corps baiſſent;" the former is the laſt thing that any body will tell me, or own when I tell it them; but I know it is true. Adieu.

LETTER CXX.

Blackheath, September 22d, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have received no letter from you, ſince you left Hamburgh; I preſume that you are perfectly recovered, but it might not have been improper

to

to have told me ſo. I am worſe and worſe, weaker and weaker every day; for which reaſon I ſhall leave this place next Monday, and ſet out for Bath a few days afterwards. I ſhould not take all this trouble merely to prolong the fag-end of a life, from which I can expect no pleaſure, and others no utility; but the cure, or at leaſt the mitigation of thoſe phyſical ills which make that life a load, while it does laſt, is worth any trouble and attention.

We are come off but ſcurvily from our ſecond attempt upon St. Malo; it is our laſt for this ſeaſon; and, in my mind, ſhould be our laſt for ever, unleſs we were to ſend ſo great a ſea and land force, as to give us a moral certainty of taking ſome place of great importance, ſuch as Breſt, Rochefort, or Toulon.

Monſieur Munchauſen embarked yeſterday, as he ſaid, for Prince Ferdinand's army; but as it is not generally thought that his military ſkill can be of any great uſe to that Prince, people conjecture, that his buſineſs muſt be of a very different nature, and ſuſpect ſeparate negotiations, neutralities, and what not. Kniphauſen does not reliſh it in the leaſt, and is by no means ſatisfied with the reaſons that have been given him for it. Before he can arrive there, I reckon that ſomething deciſive will have paſſed in Saxony: if to the diſadvantage of the King of Pruſſia, he is cruſhed; but if, on the contrary, he ſhould get a complete victory (and he does not get half victories) over the Auſtrians, the winter may probably produce him and us a reaſonable peace. I look upon Ruſſia as *hors de combat* for ſome time; France is certainly ſick of the war, under an unambitious King, and an incapable Miniſtry, if there is one at all: and, unaſſiſted by thoſe two powers, the Empreſs Queen had better be quiet. Were any other man in the ſituation of the King of Pruſſia, I

ſhould not heſitate to pronounce him ruined; but he is ſuch a prodigy of a man, that I will only ſay, I fear he will be ruined. It is by this time decided.

Your Caſſel Court at Bremen is, I doubt, not very ſplendid, money muſt be wanting; but, however, I dare ſay, their table is always good, for the Landgrave is a *Gourmand*; and as you are domeſtic there, you may be ſo too, and recruit your loſs of fleſh from your fever; but do not recruit too faſt. Adieu.

LETTER CXXI.

London, September the 26th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Am ſorry to find that you had a return of your fever; but, to ſay the truth, you in ſome meaſure deſerved it, for not carrying Dr. Middleton's bark and preſcription with you. I foreſaw that you would think yourſelf cured too ſoon, and gave you warning of it; but *by-gones* are *by-gones*, as Chartres, when he was dying, ſaid of his ſins: let us look forwards. You did very prudently to return to Hamburgh, to good bark, and, I hope, a good phyſician. Make all ſure there before you ſtir from thence, notwithſtanding the requeſts or commands of all the Princeſſes in Europe; I mean a month at leaſt, taking the bark even to ſupererogation, that is, ſome time longer than Dr. Middleton requires; for, I preſume, you are got over your childiſhneſs about taſtes, and are ſenſible that your health deſerves more attention than your palate. When you ſhall be thus re-eſtabliſhed, I approve of your returning to Bremen; and, indeed, you cannot well avoid it, both with regard to your promiſe, and to the diſtinction with which you have been received by the Caſſel family.

Now

Now to the other part of your letter. Lord Holdernesse has been extremely civil to you, in sending you, all under his own hand, such obliging offers of his service. The hint is plain, that he will (in case you desire it) procure you leave to come home for some time; so that the single question is, Whether you should desire it or not, *now*. It will be two months before you can possibly undertake the journey, whether by sea or by land, either way it would be a troublesome and dangerous one for a *convalescent*, in the rigour of the month of November; you could drink no mineral waters here in that season, nor are any mineral waters proper in your case, being all of them heating, except Seltzer's; then, what would do you more harm than all medicines could do you good, would be the pestilential vapours of the House of Commons, in long and crowded days, of which there will probably be many this session; where your attendance, if here, will necessarily be required. I compare St. Stephen's Chapel, upon those days, to *la Grotta del Cane*.

Whatever may be the fate of the war now, negotiations will certainly be stirring all the winter, and of those, the northern ones, you are sensible, are not the least important: in these, if at Hamburgh, you will probably have your share, and perhaps a meritorious one. Upon the whole, therefore, I would advise you to write a very civil letter to Lord Holdernesse; and to tell him, that, though you cannot hope to be of any use to his Majesty's affairs any where, yet, in the present unsettled state of the North, it is possible that unforeseen accidents may throw it in your way to be of some little service, and that you would not willingly be out of the way of those accidents; but that you shall be most extremely obliged to his Lordship, if he will procure

you his Majeſty's gracious permiſſion, to return for a few months in the ſpring, when probably affairs will be more ſettled one way or another. When things tend nearer to a ſettlement, and that Germany, from the want of money or men, or both, breathes peace more than war, I ſhall ſolicit Burriſh's commiſſion for you, which is one of the moſt agreeable ones in his Majeſty's gift; and I ſhall by no means deſpair of ſucceſs. Now that I have given you my opinion upon this affair, which does not make a difference of above three months, or four at moſt, I would not be underſtood to mean to force your own, if it ſhould happen to be different from mine; but mine, I think, is more both for your health and your intereſt. However, do as you pleaſe; may you in this, and every thing elſe, do for the beſt! ſo God bleſs you.

LETTER CXXII.

Bath, October the 18th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received by the ſame poſt your two letters of the 29th paſt, and of the 3d inſtant. The laſt tells me, that you are perfectly recovered; and your reſolution of going to Bremen in three or four days proves it; for ſurely you would not undertake that journey a ſecond time, and at this ſeaſon of the year, without feeling your health ſolidly reſtored; however, in all events, I hope you have taken a proviſion of good bark with you. I think your attention to her Royal Highneſs may be of uſe to you here; and indeed all attentions, to all ſorts of people, are always repaid in ſome way or other; though real obligations are not. For inſtance; Lord Titchfield, who has been with you at Hamburgh, has written an account to the Duke and Dutcheſs of Portland,

Portland, who are here, of the civilities you have ſhowed him; which he is much pleaſed, and they delighted with. At this rate, if you do not take care, you will get the unmanly reputation of a well-bred man; and your countryman, John Trott, will diſown you.

I have received, and taſted of your preſent; which is a *trés grand vin*, but more cordial to the ſtomach than pleaſant to the palate. I keep it as phyſic, only to take occaſionally, in little diſorders of my ſtomach; and in thoſe caſes, I believe, it is wholſomer than ſtronger cordials.

I have been now here a fortnight; and though I am rather better than when I came, I am ſtill far from well. My head is giddier than becomes a head of my age; and my ſtomach has not recovered its retentive faculty. Leaning forwards, particularly to write, does not at preſent agree with, Yours.

LETTER CXXIII.

Bath, October the 28th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR letter has quieted my alarms; for I find by it, that you are as well recovered as you could be in ſo ſhort a time. It is your buſineſs now, to keep yourſelf well, by ſcrupulouſly following Dr. Middleton's directions. He ſeems to be a rational and knowing man. Soap and ſteel are, unqueſtionably, the proper medicines for your caſe; but, as they are alteratives, you muſt take them for a very long time, ſix months at leaſt; and then drink chalybeate waters. I am fully perſuaded, that this was your original complaint in Carniola; which thoſe ignorant phyſicians called, in their jargon, *Arthritis vaga*, and treated as ſuch. But now, that the

the true cauſe of your illneſs is diſcovered, I flatter myſelf, that with time and patience on your part, you will be radically cured; but, I repeat it again, it muſt be by a long and uninterrupted courſe of thoſe alterative medicines abovementioned. They have no taſte; but if they had a bad one, I will not now ſuppoſe you ſuch a child, as to let the frowardneſs of your palate interfere in the leaſt, with the recovery or enjoyment of health. The latter deſerves the utmoſt attention of the moſt rational man; the former is only the proper object of the care of a dainty, frivolous woman.

The run of luck, which ſome time ago we were in, ſeems now to be turned againſt us. Oberg is completely routed; his Pruſſian Majeſty was ſurprized, (which I am ſurprized at) and had rather the worſt of it. I am in ſome pain for Prince Ferdinand; as I take it for granted, that the detachment from Maréchal de Contade's army, which enabled Prince Soubize to beat Oberg, will immediately return to the grand army, and then it will be infinitely ſuperior. Nor do I ſee where Prince Ferdinand can take his winter-quarters, unleſs he retires to Hanover; and that I do not take to be at preſent the land of Canaan. Our ſecond expedition to St. Malo, I cannot call ſo much an unlucky, as an ill conducted one; as was alſo Abercrombie's affair in America. "Mais il n'y a pas de petite perte qui revient ſouvent;" and all theſe accidents, put together, make a conſiderable ſum total.

I have found ſo little good by theſe waters, that I do not intend to ſtay here above a week longer: and then remove my crazy body to London, which is the moſt convenient place, either to live or die in.

I cannot expect active health any where; you may, with common care and prudence, expect it

every

every where; and God grant that you may have it! Adieu.

LETTER CXXIV.

London, November the 21ſt, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU did well to think of Prince Ferdinand's ribbon, which, I confeſs, I did not; and I am glad to find you thinking ſo far before hand. It would be a pretty commiſſion, and I will *accingere me* to procure it you. The only competition I fear, is that of General Yorke, in caſe Prince Ferdinand ſhould paſs any time with his brother at the Hague, which is not unlikely, ſince he cannot go to Brunſwick to his eldeſt brother, upon account of their ſimulated quarrel.

I fear the piece is at an end with the King of Pruſſia, and he may ſay *ilicet*; I am ſure he may perſonally ſay *plaudite*. Warm work is expected this ſeſſion of Parliament, about continent and no continent: ſome think Mr. Pitt too continent, others too little ſo; but a little time, as the news-papers moſt prudently and truly obſerve, will clear up theſe matters.

The King has been ill; but his illneſs has terminated in a good fit of the gout, with which he is ſtill confined. It was generally thought that he would have died, and for a very good reaſon; for the oldeſt lion in the Tower, much about the King's age, died a fortnight ago. This extravagancy, I can aſſure you, was believed by many above *peuple*. So wild and capricious is the human mind!

Take care of your health, as much as you can; for, *to be, or not to be*, is a queſtion of much leſs importance, in my mind, than to be or not to be well. Adieu.

LET-

LETTER CXXV.

London, December the 15th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT is a great while ſince I heard from you, but I hope that good, not ill health, has been the occaſion of this ſilence; I will ſuppoſe you have been, or are ſtill, at Bremen, and engroſſed by your Heſſian friends.

Prince Ferdinand of Brunſwick is moſt certainly to have the Garter, and I think I have ſecured you the honour of putting it on. When I ſay *ſecured*, I mean it in the ſenſe in which that word ſhould always be underſtood at Courts, and that is *inſecurely*; I have a promiſe, but that is not *caution burgeoiſe*. In all events, do not mention it to any mortal, becauſe there is always a degree of ridicule that attends a diſappointment, though often very unjuſtly, if the expectation was reaſonably grounded; however, it is certainly moſt prudent not to communicate, prematurely, one's hopes or one's fears. I cannot tell you when Prince Ferdinand will have it; though there are ſo many candidates for the other two vacant Garters, that I believe he will have his ſoon, and by himſelf, the others muſt wait till a third, or rather a fourth vacancy. Lord Rockingham and Lord Holderneſſe are ſecure; Lord Temple puſhes ſtrongly, but, I believe, is not ſecure. This commiſſion for dubbing a knight, and ſo diſtinguiſhed a one, will be a very agreeable and creditable one for you "et il faut vous en acquitter galamment." In the days of ancient chivalry, people were very nice, who they would be knighted by; and, if I do not miſtake, Francis the Firſt would only be knighted by the Chevalier Bayard, "qui étoit preux Chevalier et ſans reproche;" and

and no doubt but it will be recorded, "dans les archives de la Maiſon de Brunſwick," that Prince Ferdinand received the honour of knighthood from your hands.

The eſtimates for the expence of the year 1759 are made up; I have ſeen them; and what do you think they amount to? No leſs than twelve millions three hundred thouſand pounds. A moſt incredible ſum, and yet already all ſubſcribed, and even more offered! The unanimity in the Houſe of Commons, in voting ſuch a ſum, and ſuch forces, both by ſea and land, is not leſs aſtoniſhing. This is Mr. Pitt's doing, "and it is marvellous in our eyes."

The King of Pruſſia has nothing more to do this year; and, the next, he muſt begin where he has left off. I wiſh he would employ this winter in concluding a ſeparate peace with the Elector of Saxony; which would give him more elbow-room, to act againſt France and the Queen of Hungary, and put an end at once to the proceedings of the Diet, and the army of the Empire; for then no Eſtate of the Empire would be invaded by a co-Eſtate, and France, the faithful and diſintereſted *garantee* of the treaty of Weſtphalia, would have no pretence to continue its armies there. I ſhould think that his Poliſh Majeſty, and his Governor Comte Brühl, muſt be pretty weary of being fugitives in Poland, where they are hated, and of being ravaged in Saxony. This *rêverie* of mine, I hope, will be tried, and I wiſh it may ſucceed. Good night, and God bleſs you.

LETTER

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARAS

LETTER CXXVI.

London, New-Year's-Day, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MOLTI e felici, and I have done upon that ſubject, one truth being fair, upon the moſt lying day in the whole year.

I have now before me your laſt letter, of the 21ſt December, which I am glad to find is a bill of health; but, however, do not preſume too much upon it, but obey and honour your phyſician, "that thy days may be long in the land."

Since my laſt, I have heard nothing more concerning the Ribband; but I take it for granted, it will be diſpoſed of ſoon. By the way, upon reflection, I am not ſure that any body but a knight can, according to form, be employed to make a knight. I remember, that Sir Clement Cotterel was ſent to Holland, to dubb the late Prince of Orange, only becauſe he was a knight himſelf; and I know that the proxies of knights, who cannot attend their own inſtallations, muſt always be knights. This did not occur to me before, and perhaps will not to the perſon who was to recommend you; I am ſure I will not ſtir it; and I only mention it now, that you may be in all events prepared for the diſappointment, if it ſhould happen.

G** is exceedingly flattered with your account, that three thouſand of his countrymen, all as little as himſelf, ſhould be thought a ſufficient guard upon three-and-twenty thouſand of all the nations in Europe; not that he thinks himſelf, by any means, a little man, for when he would deſcribe a tall, handſome man, he raiſes himſelf up at leaſt half an inch to repreſent him.

The

The private news from Hamburgh is, that his Majeſty's Reſident there is woundily in love with Madame ****; if this be true, God ſend him rather than her, a good *delivery*. She muſt be *étrennée* at this ſeaſon, and therefore I think you ſhould be ſo too; ſo draw upon me, as ſoon as you pleaſe, for one hundred pounds.

Here is nothing new, except the unanimity with which the Parliament gives away a dozen of millions ſterling, and the unanimity of the Public is as great in approving of it, which has ſtifled the uſual political and polemical argumentations.

Cardinal Bernis's diſgrace is as ſudden, and hitherto as little underſtood, as his elevation was. I have ſeen his poems, printed at Paris, not by a friend, I dare ſay, and, to judge by them, I humbly conceive his Eminency is a p——y. I will ſay nothing of that excellent head-piece that made him, and unmade him, in the ſame month, except *O King live for ever*.

Good night to you, whoever you paſs it with.

LETTER CXXVII.

London, February the 2d, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM now (what I have very ſeldom been) two letters in your debt; the reaſon was, that my head, like many other heads, has frequently taken a wrong turn; in which caſe, writing is painful to me, and therefore cannot be very pleaſant to my readers.

I wiſh you would (while you have ſo good an opportunity, as you have, at Hamburgh) make yourſelf perfectly maſter of that dull, but very uſeful knowledge, the courſe of exchange, and the cauſes of its almoſt perpetual variations; the value and

and relation of different coins, the Specie, the Banco, Uſances, Agio, and a thouſand other particulars. You may with eaſe learn, and you will be very glad when you have learned them; for, in your buſineſs, that ſort of knowledge will often prove neceſſary.

I hear nothing more of Prince Ferdinand's Garter: that he will have one is very certain; but when, I believe, is very uncertain; all the other poſtulants wanting to be dubbed at the ſame time, which cannot be, as there is not ribband enough for them.

If the Ruſſians move in time, and in earneſt, there will be an end of our hopes and of our armies in Germany: three ſuch mill-ſtones as Ruſſia, France, and Auſtria, muſt, ſooner or later in the courſe of the year, grind his Pruſſian Majeſty down to a mere *Margrave* of Brandenburgh. But I have always ſome hopes of a change under a *Gunarchy* *; where whim and humour commonly prevail, reaſon very ſeldom, and then only by a lucky miſtake.

I except the incomparable fair one of Hamburgh, that prodigy of beauty, and paragon of good ſenſe, who has enſlaved your mind, and inflamed your heart. If ſhe is as well *étrennée* as you ſay ſhe ſhall, you will be ſoon out of her chains; for I have, by long experience, found women to be like Telephus's ſpear, if one end kills the other cures.

There never was ſo quiet, nor ſo ſilent a Seſſion of Parliament as the preſent: Mr. Pitt declares only what he would have them do, and they do it *nemine contradicente*, Mr. Viner only excepted.

Dutcheſs

* Derived from the Greek Γυνὴ, a woman, and means Female Government.

Dutchefs Hamilton is to be married, to-morrow, to Colonel Campbell, the fon of General Campbell, who will fome day or another be Duke of Argyle, and have the eftate. She refufed the Duke of B——r for him.

Here is a report, but I believe a very groundlefs one, that your old acquaintance, the fair Madame C——e, is run away from her hufband, with a jeweller, that *étrennes* her, and is come over here, but I dare fay it is fome miftake, or perhaps a lie. Adieu! God blefs you.

LETTER CXXVIII.

London, February the 27th, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IN your laft letter of the 7th, you accufe me, moft unjuftly, of being in arrears in my correfpondence; whereas, if our epiftolary accounts were fairly liquidated, I believe you would be brought in confiderably debtor. I do not fee how any of my letters to you can mifcarry, unlefs your office packet mifcarries too, for I always fend them to the office. Moreover, I might have a juftifiable excufe for writing to you feldomer than ufual, for to be fure there never was a period of time, in the middle of a winter, and the Parliament fitting, that fupplied fo little matter for a letter. Near twelve millions have been granted this year, not only *nemine contradicente*, but *nemine quicquid dicente*. The proper officers bring in the eftimates; it is taken for granted that they are neceffary, and frugal; the Members go to dinner, and leave Mr. Weft and Mr. Martin to do the reft.

I prefume you have feen the little poem of the Country Lafs, by Soame Jenyns, for it was in the Chronicle; as was alfo an anfwer to it from the

Monitor.

Monitor. They are neither of them bad performances; the first is the neatest, and the plan of the second has the most invention. I send you none of those *pieces volantes* in my letters, because they are all printed in one or other of the news-papers, particularly the Chronicles; and I suppose that you and others have all those papers amongst you at Hamburgh; in which case it would be only putting you to the unnecessary expence of double postage.

I find you are sanguine about the King of Prussia this year; I allow his army will be what you say; but what will that be *vis a vis* French, Austrians, Imperialists, Swedes, and Russians, who must amount to more than double that number? Were the inequality less, I would allow for the King of Prussia's being so much *ipse agmen* as pretty nearly to balance the account. In war, numbers are generally my omens; and I confess, that in Germany they seem not happy ones this year. In America, I think, we are sure of success, and great success; but how we shall be able to strike a balance, as they call it, between good success there, and ill success upon the continent, so as to come at a peace, is more than I can discover.

Lady Chesterfield makes you her compliments, and thanks you for your offer; but declines troubling you, being discouraged by the ill success of Madame Munchausen's and Miss Chetwynd's commissions, the former for beef, and the latter for gloves; neither of which have yet been executed, to the dissatisfaction of both. Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER CXXIX.

London, March the 16th, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE now your letter of the 20th paſt lying before me, by which you deſpond, in my opinion too ſoon, of dubbing your Prince; for he moſt certainly will have the Garter; and he will as probably have it before the campaign opens, as after. His campaign muſt, I doubt, at beſt, be a defenſive one; and he will ſhow great ſkill in making it ſuch; for, according to my calculation, his enemies will be at leaſt double his number. Their troops, indeed, may perhaps be worſe than his; but then their number will make up that defect, as it will enable them to undertake different operations at the ſame time. I cannot think that the King of Denmark will take a part in the preſent war; which he cannot do without great poſſible danger: and he is well paid by France for his neutrality; is ſafe, let what will turn out; and, in the mean time, carries on his commerce with great advantage and ſecurity: ſo that the conſideration will not retard your viſit to your own country, whenever you have leave to return, and that your own *arrangemens* will allow you. A ſhort abſence animates a tender paſſion, *et l'on ne recule que pour mieux ſauter*, eſpecially in the ſummer months; ſo that I would adviſe you to begin your journey in May, and continue your abſence from the dear object of your vows till after the dog-days, when love is ſaid to be unwholeſome. We have been diſappointed at Martinico; I wiſh we may not be ſo at Guadaloupe, though we are landed there; for many difficulties muſt be got over, before we can be in poſſeſſion of the whole iſland. "A propos de bottes;"

you make uſe of two Spaniſh words, very properly, in your letter; were I you, I would learn the Spaniſh language, if there were a Spaniard at Hamburgh who could teach me; and then you would be maſter of all the European languages that are uſeful; and, in my mind, it is very convenient, if not neceſſary, for a public man to underſtand them all; and not to be obliged to have recourſe to an interpreter, for thoſe papers that chance or buſineſs may throw in his way. I learned Spaniſh when I was older than you; convinced, by experience, that, in every thing poſſible, it was better to truſt to one's ſelf, than to any other body whatſoever. Interpreters, as well as relators, are often unfaithful, and ſtill oftener incorrect, puzzling, and blundering. In ſhort, let it be your maxim, through life, to know all you can know, yourſelf; and never to truſt implicitly to the informations of others. This rule has been of infinite ſervice to me, in the courſe of my life.

I am rather better than I was; which I owe not to my phyſicians, but to an aſs and a cow, who nouriſh me, between them, very plentifully and wholeſomely; in the morning the aſs is my nurſe, at night the cow; and I have juſt now bought a milch goat, which is to graze, and nurſe me at Blackheath. I do not know what may come of this latter, and I am not without apprehenſions that it may make a ſatyr of me; but, ſhould I find that obſcene diſpoſition growing upon me, I will check it in time, for fear of endangering my life and character by rapes. And ſo we heartily bid you farewel.

LETTER

LETTER CXXX.

London, March the 30th, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I DO not like these frequent, however short, returns of your illness; for I doubt they imply either want of skill in your physician, or want of care in his patient. Rhubarb, soap, and chalybeate medicines and waters, are almost always specifics for obstructions of the liver; but then a very exact regimen is necessary, and that for a long continuance. Acids are good for you, but you do not love them; and sweet things are bad for you, and you do love them. There is another thing very bad for you and I fear you love it too much. When I was in Holland, I had a slow fever, that hung upon me a great while; I consulted Boerhaave, who prescribed me what I suppose was proper, for it cured me; but he added, by way of postscript to his prescription, "Venus rarius colatur:" which I observed, and perhaps that made the medicines more effectual.

I doubt we shall be mutually disappointed in our hopes of seeing one another this spring, as I believe you will find, by a letter which you will receive, at the same time with this, from Lord Holdernesse; but as Lord Holdernesse will not tell you all, I will, between you and me, supply that defect. I must do him the justice to say, that he has acted in the most kind and friendly manner possible to us both. When the King read your letter, in which you desired leave to return, for the sake of drinking the Tunbridge waters, he said, If he wants steel waters, those of Pyrmont are better than Tunbridge, and he can have them very fresh at Hamburgh. I would rather he had asked to come last autumn, and had passed the winter here; for, if he returns now, I shall have no-

body in those quarters to inform me of what passes; and yet it will be a very busy and important scene. Lord Holdernesse, who found that it would not be liked, resolved to push it no farther; and replied, he was very sure, that, when you knew his Majesty had the least objection to your return, at this time, you would think of it no longer; and he owned that he (Lord Holdernesse) had given you encouragement for this application, last year, then thinking and hoping that there would be little occasion for your presence at Hamburgh this year. Lord Holdernesse will only tell you, in his letter, that, as he had some reason to believe, his moving this matter would be disagreeable to the King, he resolved, for your sake, not to mention it. You must answer his letter upon that foot singly, and thank him for this mark of his friendship; for he has really acted as your friend. I make no doubt of your having willing leave to return in autumn, for the whole winter. In the mean time, make the best of your *séjour* where you are; drink the Pyrmont waters, and no wine but Rhenish, which, in your case, is the only proper one for you.

Next week, Mr. Harte will send you his Gustavus Adolphus, in two quartos; it will contain many new particulars of the life of that real hero, as he has had abundant and authentic materials which have never yet appeared. It will, upon the whole, be a curious and valuable history; though, between you and me, I could have wished that he had been more correct and elegant in his style. You will find it dedicated to one of your acquaintance, who was forced to prune the luxuriant praises bestowed upon him, and yet has left enough of all conscience to satisfy a reasonable man. Harte has been very much out of order, these last three or four months, but is not the less intent upon sowing his Lucerne, of which he had six

ſix crops laſt year, to his infinite joy, and, as he ſays, profit. As a gardener, I ſhall probably have as much joy, though not quite ſo much profit, by thirty or forty ſhillings; for there is the greateſt promiſe of fruit this year, at Blackheath, that ever I ſaw in my life. Vertumnus and Pomona have been very propitious to me; as for Priapus, that tremendous garden God, as I no longer invoke him, I cannot expect his protection from the birds and the thieves.

Adieu! I will conclude like a pedant, "Levius fit patientiâ quicquid corrigere eſt nefas.

LETTER CXXXI.

London, April the 16th, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WITH humble ſubmiſſion to you, I ſtill ſay that if Prince Ferdinand can make a defenſive campaign this year, he will have done a great deal, conſidering the great inequality of numbers. The little advantages, of taking a regiment or two, priſoners, or cutting another to pieces, are but trifling articles in the great account; they are only the pence, the pounds are yet to come; and I take it for granted, that neither the French, nor the Court of Vienna, will have *le démenti* of their main object, which is unqueſtionably Hanover; for that is the *ſumma ſummarum*; and they will certainly take care to draw a force together for this purpoſe, too great for any that Prince Ferdinand has, or can have, to oppoſe them. In ſhort, mark the end on't, "j'en augure mal." If France, Auſtria, the Empire, Ruſſia and Sweden, are not, at long run, too hard for the two Electors of Hanover and Brandenburgh, there muſt be ſome inviſible power, ſome tutelar Deities, that miraculouſly interpoſe in favour of the latter.

You encourage me to accept all the powers that goats, aſſes, and bulls, can give me, by engaging for my not making an ill uſe of them; but I own, I cannot help diſtruſting myſelf a little, or rather human nature; for it is an old and very true obſervation, that there are miſers of money, but none of power; and the non-uſe of the one, and the abuſe of the other, increaſe in proportion to their quantity.

I am very ſorry to tell you, that Harte's Guſtavus Adolphus does not take at all, and conſequently ſells very little: it is certainly informing, and full of good matter; but it is as certain too, that the ſtyle is execrable: where the devil he picked it up, I cannot conceive, for it is a bad ſtyle, of a new and ſingular kind; it is full of Latiniſms, Galiciſms, Germaniſms, and all *iſms* but Angliciſms; in ſome places pompous, in others vulgar and low. Surely, before the end of the world, people, and you in particular, will diſcover, that the *manner*, in every thing, is at leaſt as important as the matter; and that the latter never can pleaſe, without a good degree of elegancy in the former. This holds true in every thing in life: in writing, converſing, buſineſs, the help of the Graces is abſolutely neceſſary; and whoever vainly thinks himſelf above them, will find he is miſtaken, when it will be too late to court them, for they will not come to ſtrangers of an advanced age. There is an Hiſtory lately come out, of the Reign of Mary Queen of Scots, and her ſon (no matter by whom) King James, written by one Robertſon, a Scotchman, which for clearneſs, purity, and dignity of ſtyle, I will not ſcruple to compare with the beſt hiſtorians extant, not excepting Davila, Guicciardini, and perhaps Livy. Its ſucceſs has conſequently been great, and a ſecond edition is already publiſhed, and bought up. I take it for granted-

ed,

ed, that it is to be had, or at leaſt borrowed, at Hamburgh, or I would ſend it you.

I hope you drink the Pyrmont waters every morning. The health of the mind depends ſo much upon the health of the body, that the latter deſerves the utmoſt attention, independently of the ſenſes. God ſend you a very great ſhare of both! Adieu.

LETTER CXXXII.

London, April the 27, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE received your two letters of the 10th and 13th, by the laſt mail; and I will begin my anſwer to them, by obſerving to you, that a wiſe man, without being a Stoic, conſiders, in all misfortunes that befal him, their beſt as well as their worſt ſide; and every thing has a better and a worſe ſide. I have ſtrictly obſerved that rule for many years, and have found by experience, that ſome comfort is to be extracted, under moſt moral ills, by conſidering them in every light, inſtead of dwelling, as people are too apt to do, upon the gloomy ſide of the object. Thank God, the diſappointment that you ſo pathetically groan under, is not a calamity which admits of no conſolation. Let us ſimplify it, and ſee what it amounts to. You were pleaſed with the expectation of coming here next month, to ſee thoſe who would have been pleaſed with ſeeing you. That, from very natural cauſes, cannot be; and you muſt paſs this ſummer at Hamburgh, and next winter in England, inſtead of paſſing this ſummer in England, and next winter at Hamburgh. Now, eſtimating things fairly, is not the change rather to your advantage? Is not the ſummer more eligible, both for health and pleaſure, than the winter, in that northern, frozen zone? and

will not the winter, in England, ſupply you with more pleaſures than the ſummer, in an empty capital, could have done? So far then it appears, that you are rather a gainer by your misfortune.

The *tour* too, which you propoſe making to Lubeck, Altena, &c. will both amuſe and inform you; for, at your age, one cannot ſee too many different places and people; ſince, at the age you are now of, I take it for granted that you will not ſee them ſuperficially, as you did when you firſt went abroad.

This whole matter then, ſummed up, amounts to no more than this—that you will be here next winter, inſtead of this ſummer. Do not think that all I have ſaid is the conſolation only of an old philoſophical fellow, almoſt inſenſible of pleaſure or pain, offered to a young fellow, who has quick ſenſations of both. No, it is the rational philoſophy, taught me by experience and knowledge of the world, and which I have practiſed above thirty years. I always made the beſt of the beſt, and never made bad worſe, by fretting; this enabled me to go through the various ſcenes of life, in which I have been an actor, with more pleaſure and leſs pain than moſt people. You will ſay, perhaps, one cannot change one's nature; and that, if a perſon is born of a very ſenſible gloomy temper, and apt to ſee things in the worſt light, they cannot help it, nor new make themſelves. I will admit it, to a certain degree, and but to a certain degree; for though we cannot totally change our nature, we may, in a great meaſure, correct it, by reflection and philoſophy; and ſome philoſophy is a very neceſſary companion in this world, where, even to the moſt fortunate, the chances are greatly againſt happineſs.

I am not old enough, nor tenacious enough, to pretend not to underſtand the main purport of your laſt

laſt letter; and, to ſhow you that I do, you may draw upon me for two hundred pounds, which, I hope, will more than clear you.

Good night, "æquam memento rebus in arduis ſervare mentem;" be neither tranſported nor depreſſed by the accidents of life.

LETTER CXXXIII.

Blackheath, May the 16th, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR Secretary's laſt letter, of the 4th, which I received yeſterday, has quieted my fears a good deal, but has not entirely diſſipated them. *Your fever ſtill continues*, he ſays, *though in a leſs degree.* Is it a continued fever, or an intermitting one? If the former, no wonder that you are weak, and that your head achs. If the latter, why has not the bark, in ſubſtance and large doſes, been adminiſtered? for, if it had, it muſt have ſtopped it by this time. Next poſt, I hope, will ſet me quite at eaſe. Surely you have not been ſo regular as you ought, either in your medicines, or in your general regimen, otherwiſe this fever would not have returned; for the Doctor calls it *your fever returned*, as if you had an excluſive patent for it. You have now had illneſſes enough, to know the value of health, and to make you implicitly follow the preſcriptions of your phyſician, in medicines, and the rules of your own common ſenſe in diet; in which, I can aſſure you, from my own experience, that quantity is often worſe than quality; and I would rather eat half a pound of bacon at a meal, than two pounds of any the moſt wholeſome food.

I have been ſettled here near a week, to my great ſatisfaction, *c'eſt ma place*, and I know it, which is not given to every body. Cut off from ſocial life by

by my deafnefs, as well as other phyfical ills, and being at beft but the ghoft of my former felf, I walk here in filence and folitude, as becomes a ghoft, with this only difference, that I walk by day, whereas, you know, to be fure, that other ghofts appear by night. My health, however, is better than it was laft year, thanks to my almoft total milk diet. This enables me to vary my folitary amufements, and alternately to fcribble as well as read, which I could not do laft year. Thus I faunter away the remainder, be it more or lefs, of an agitated and active life, now reduced (and I am not fure that I am a lofer by the change) to fo quiet and ferene a one, that it may properly be called, ftill life.

The French whifper in confidence, in order that it may be the more known and the more credited, that they intend to invade us this year, in no lefs than three places; that is, England, Scotland, and Ireland. Some of our great men, like the devils, believe and tremble; others, and one little one, whom I know, laugh at it; and, in general, it feems to be but a poor inftead of a formidable fcare-crow. While *fomebody* was at the head of a moderate army, and wanted (I know why) to be at the head of a great one, intended invafions were made an article of political faith; and the belief of them was required, as in the Church the belief of fome abfurdities, and even impoffibilities, is required, upon pain of herefy, excommunication, and confequently damnation, if they tend to the power and intereft of the Heads of the Church. But now, hat there is a general toleration, and that the beft Subjects, as well as the beft Chriftians, may believe what their reafon and their confciences fuggeft, it is generally and rationally fuppofed, the French will threaten and not ftrike, fince we are fo well pre-

pared,

pared, both by armies and fleets, to receive, and, I may add, to deſtroy them. Adieu! God bleſs you.

LETTER CXXXIV.

Blackheath, July the 15th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR letter of the 5th, which I received yeſterday, gave me great ſatisfaction, being all in your own hand; though it contains great, and I fear juſt complaints of your ill ſtate of health. You do very well to change the air; and I hope that change will do well by you. I would therefore have you write, after the 20th of Auguſt, to Lord Holderneſſe, to beg of him to obtain his Majeſty's leave for you to return to England for *two or three months*, upon account of your health. Two or three months is an indefinite time, which may afterwards be inſenſibly ſtretched to what length one pleaſes; leave that to me. In the mean time you may be taking your meaſures, with the beſt œconomy.

The day before yeſterday, an expreſs arrived from Guadaloupe, which brought an account of our being in poſſeſſion of the whole iſland. And I make no manner of doubt, but that, in about two months, we ſhall have as good news from Crown-point, Quebec, &c. Our affairs in Germany, I fear, will not be equally proſperous; for I have little hopes for the King of Pruſſia or Prince Ferdinand. God bleſs you.

LETTER CXXXV.

Blackheath, June the 25th, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE two laſt mails have brought me no letter from you or your Secretary; I will take this ſilence as a ſign that you are better; but however, if you thought that I cared to know, you ſhould have cared to have written. Here the weather has been very fine for a fortnight together; a longer term than in this climate we are uſed to hold fine weather by. I hope it is ſo too at Hamburgh, or at leaſt at the *villa* to which you are gone; but pray do not let it be your *villa vicioſa*, as thoſe retirements are often called, and too often prove; though (by the way) the original name was villa *vezzoſa*, and by wags miſcalled *vicioſa*.

I have a moſt gloomy proſpect of affairs in Germany; the French are already in poſſeſſion of Caſſel, and of the learned part of Hanover, that is Gottingen; where I preſume they will not ſtop "pour l'amour des Belles Lettres," but rather go on to the Capital, and ſtudy them upon the coin. My old acquaintance, Monſieur de Richelieu, made a great progreſs there in metallic learning and inſcriptions. If Prince Ferdinand ventures a battle to prevent it, I dread the conſequences; the odds are too great againſt him. The King of Pruſſia is ſtill in a worſe ſituation; for he has the Hydra to encounter: and though he may cut off a head or two, there will be ſtill enough left to devour him at laſt. I have, as you know, long foretold the now approaching cataſtrophe; but I was Caſſandra. Our affairs in the new world have a much more pleaſing aſpect; Guadaloupe is a great acquiſition, and Quebec, which I make no doubt of, will ſtill be a greater. But,

But, muſt all theſe advantages, purchaſed at the price of ſo much Engliſh blood and treaſure, be at laſt ſacrificed as a peace-offering? God knows what conſequences ſuch a meaſure may produce; the germe of diſcontent is already great, upon the bare ſuppoſition of the caſe; but, ſhould it be realiſed, it will grow to a harveſt of diſaffection.

You are now, to be ſure, taking the previous neceſſary meaſures for your return here in the autumn; and I think you may diſband your whole family, excepting your ſecretary, your butler, who takes care of your plate, wine, &c. one, or at moſt two, maid-ſervants, and your valet de chambre, and one footman, whom you will bring over with you. But give no mortal, either there or here, reaſon to think that you are not to return to Hamburgh again. If you are aſked about it, ſay, like Lockhart, that you are *le ſerviteur des événemens*; for your preſent appointments will do you no hurt here, till you have ſome better deſtination. At that ſeaſon of the year, I believe, it will be better for you to come by ſea than by land; but that you will be beſt able to judge of from the then circumſtances of your part of the world.

Your old friend Stevens is dead, of the conſumption that has long been undermining him. God bleſs you, and ſend you health!

LETTER CXXXVI.

London, February the 26th, 1761.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM very glad to hear that your election is finally ſettled, and, to ſay the truth, not ſorry that Mr. ** has been compelled to do, *de mauvaiſe grace*, that which he might have done at firſt in a friendly and handſome manner. However, take no notice

notice of what is paſt, and live with him as you uſed to do before; for, in the intercourſe of the world, it is often neceſſary to ſeem ignorant of what one knows, and to have forgotten what one remembers.

I have juſt now finiſhed Coleman's play, and like it very well; it is well conducted, and the characters are well preſerved. I own, I expected from the author more dialogue wit; but, as I know that he is a moſt ſcrupulous claſſic, I believe he did not dare to put in half ſo much wit as he could have done, becauſe Terence has not a ſingle grain; and it would have been *crimen læſæ antiquitatis.* God bleſs you!

LETTER CXXXVII.

Bath, November the 21ſt, 1761.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 19th. If I find any alterations by drinking theſe waters, now ſix days, it is rather for the better; but, in ſix days more, I think I ſhall find, with more certainty, what humour they are in with me; if kind, I will profit of, but not abuſe their kindneſs; all things have their bounds, "quos ultra citrave nequit conſiſtere rectum;" and I will endeavour to nick that point.

The Queen's jointure is larger than, from *ſome reaſons*, I expected it would be, though not greater than the very laſt precedent authorized. The caſe of the late Lord Wilmington was, I fancy, remembered.

I have now good reaſon to believe, that Spain will declare war to us; that is, that it will very ſoon, if it has not already, avowedly aſſiſt France, in caſe the war continues. This will be a great

triumph

triumph to Mr. Pitt, and fully juſtify his plan of beginning with Spain firſt, and having the firſt blow, which is often half the battle.

Here is a great deal of company, and what is commonly called good company, that is, great quality. I trouble them very little, except at the pump, where my buſineſs calls me; for, what is company to a deaf man, or a deaf man to company?

Lady Brown, whom I have ſeen, and who, by the way, has got the gout in her eye, inquired very tenderly after you. And ſo I elegantly reſt,

Yours till death.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

Bath, December the 6th, 1761.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE been in your debt ſome time, which, you know, I am not very apt to be; but it was really for want of ſpecie to pay. The preſent ſtate of my invention does not enable me to coin; and you would have had as little pleaſure in reading, as I ſhould have in writing *le coglionerie* of this place; beſides, that I am very little mingled in them. I do not know whether I ſhall be able to follow your advice, and cut a winner: for, at preſent, I have neither won nor loſt a ſingle ſhilling. I will play on this week only; and if I have a good run, I will carry it off with me; if a bad one, the loſs can hardly amount to any thing conſiderable in ſeven days, for I hope to ſee you in town to-morrow ſevennight.

I had a diſmal letter from Harte laſt week; he tells me that he is at nurſe with a ſiſter in Berkſhire; that he has got a confirmed jaundice, beſides twenty other diſtempers. The true cauſe of theſe complaints I take to be, the ſame that ſo greatly diſordered,

diſordered, and had nearly deſtroyed, the moſt auguſt Houſe of Auſtria, about one hundred and thirty years ago; I mean Guſtavus Adolphus; who neither anſwered his expectations in point of profit, nor reputation, and that merely by his own fault, in not writing it in the vulgar tongue; for, as to facts, I will maintain, that it is one of the beſt hiſtories extant.

Au revoir, as Sir Fopling ſays, and God bleſs you.

LETTER CXXXIX.

Bath, November the 2d, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Arrived here, as I propoſed, laſt Sunday; but as ill as I feared I ſhould be, when I ſaw you. Head, ſtomach, and limbs, all out of order.

I have yet ſeen nobody but Villettes, who is ſettled here for good, as it is called. What conſequences has the Duke of Devonſhire's reſignation had? He has conſiderable connections, and relations; but whether any of them are reſigned enough to reſign with him, is another matter. There will be, to be ſure, as many, and as abſurd reports, as there are in the law-books; I do not deſire to know either; but inform me of what facts come to your knowledge, and of ſuch reports only as you believe are grounded. And ſo God bleſs you!

LETTER

LETTER CXL.

Bath, November the 13th, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have received your letter, and believe that your Preliminaries are very near the mark; and, upon that ſuppoſition, I think we have a tolerable good bargain with Spain; at leaſt, full as good as I expected, and almoſt as good as I wiſhed, though I do not believe that we have got *all* Florida; but if we have St. Auguſtin, as I ſuppoſe, that, by the figure of *pars pro toto*, will be called all Florida. We have by no means made ſo good a bargain with France; for, in truth, what do we get by it, except Canada, with a very proper boundary of the river Miſſiſippi, and that is all? As for the reſtrictions upon the French fiſhery in Newfoundland, they are very well *per la predica*, and for the Commiſſary whom we ſhall employ; for he will have a good ſalary from hence, to ſee that thoſe reſtrictions are complied with; and the French will double that ſalary, that he may allow them all to be broken through. It is plain to me, that the French fiſhery will be exactly what it was before the war.

The three Leeward iſlands, which the French yield to us, are not, all together, worth half ſo much as that of St. Lucia, which we give up to them. Senegal is not worth one quarter of Goree. The reſtrictions of the French, in the Eaſt Indies, are as abſurd and impracticable as thoſe of Newfoundland; and you will live to ſee the French trade to the Eaſt Indies, juſt as they did before the war. But, after all I have ſaid, the articles are as good as I expected with France, when I conſidered that no one ſingle perſon, who carried on this negotiation on our parts,

parts, was ever concerned or consulted in any negotiation before. Upon the whole, then, the acquisition of Canada, has cost us fourscore millions sterling. I am convinced we might have kept Guadaloupe, if our negotiators had known how to have gone about it.

His most faithful Majesty of Portugal is the best off of any body in this transaction, for he saves his kingdom by it, and has not laid out one Moidore in defence of it. Spain, thank God, in some measure, "paie les pots cassez;" for, besides St. Augustin, Logwood, &c. it has lost at least four millions sterling, in money, ships, &c.

Harte is here, who tells me he has been at this place these three years, excepting some few excursions to this sister; he looks ill, and laments that he has frequent fits of the yellow jaundice. He complains of his not having heard from you these four years; you should write to him. These waters have done me a great deal of good, though I drink but two thirds of a pint in the whole day, which is less than the soberest of my countrymen drink of claret at every meal.

I should naturally think, as you do, that this session will be a stormy one, that is, if Mr. Pitt takes an active part; but if he is pleased, as the Ministers say, there is no other Eolus to blow a storm. The Dukes of Cumberland, Newcastle, and Devonshire, have no better troops to attack with, than the militia; but Pitt alone is *ipse agmen*. God bless you!

LET-

LETTER CXLI.

Bath, November the 27th, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received your letter this morning, and return you the ball *a la volée*. The King's ſpeech is a very prudent one, and, as I ſuppoſe that the Addreſſes, in anſwer to it, were, as uſual, in almoſt the ſame words: my Lord Mayor might very well call them innocent. As his Majeſty expatiates ſo much on the great *atchievements* of the war, I cannot help hoping that, when the Preliminaries ſhall be laid before Parliament *in due time*, which, I ſuppoſe, means after the reſpective ratifications of all the contracting parties, that ſome untalked-of and unexpected advantage will break out in our treaty with France; St. Lucia, at leaſt. I ſee, in the news-papers, an article which I by no means like, in our treaty with Spain; which is, that we ſhall be at liberty to cut logwood in the Bay of Campeachy, *but paying for it*. Who does not ſee that this condition may, and probably will, amount to a prohibition, by the price which the Spaniards may ſet it at? It was our undoubted right, and confirmed to us by former treaties, before the war, to cut logwood *gratis*; but this new ſtipulation (if true) gives us a privilege, ſomething like a reprieve to a criminal, with a *non obſtante* to be hanged.

I now drink ſo little water, that it can neither do me good nor hurt; but, as I bathe but twice a week, that operation, which does my rheumatic carcaſe good, will keep me here ſome time longer than you had allowed.

Harte is going to publiſh a new edition of his Guſtavus, in octavo; which, he tells me, he has altered, and which, I could tell him, he ſhould tranſlate

tranſlate into Engliſh, or it will not ſell better than the former; for, while the world endures, ſtyle and manner will be regarded, at leaſt as much as matter. And ſo, "Dieu vous aïe dans ſa ſainte garde."

LETTER CXLII.

Bath, December the 4th, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received your letter this morning, with the encloſed Preliminaries, which we have had here theſe three days; and I return them, ſince you intend to keep them, which is more than I believe the French will. I am very glad to find that the French are to reſtore all the conqueſts they made upon us in the Eaſt-Indies during this war; and I cannot doubt but they will likewiſe reſtore to us all the cod that they ſhall take, within leſs than three leagues of our coaſts in North-America, (a diſtance eaſily meaſured, eſpecially at ſea) according to the ſpirit, though not the letter of the treaty. I am informed, that the ſtrong oppoſition to the Peace will be in the Houſe of Lords, though I cannot well conceive it; nor can I make out above ſix or ſeven, who will be againſt it upon a diviſion, unleſs (which I cannot ſuppoſe) ſome of the Biſhops ſhould vote on the ſide of their Maker. God bleſs you!

LETTER

LETTER CXLIII.

Bath, December the 13th, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YEsterday I received your letter, which gave me a very clear account of the debate of your House. It is impossible for a human creature to speak well for three hours and an half; I question even if Belial, who, according to Milton, was the orator of the fallen angels, ever spoke so long at a time.

There must have been a trick in Charles Townshend's speaking for the Preliminaries; for he is infinitely above having an opinion. Lord Egremont must be ill, or have thoughts of going into some other place; perhaps into Lord Granville's, who they say is dying: when he dies, the ablest head in England dies too, take it for all in all.

I shall be in town, barring accidents, this day se'ennight, by dinner-time; when I have ordered a *Haricot*, to which you will be very welcome, about four o'clock. "En attendant Dieu vous aïe dans sa sainte garde."

LETTER CXLIV.

Blackheath, June the 14th, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received, by the last mail, your letter of the 4th, from the Hague; so far so good. You arrived *sonica* at the Hague, for our Embassador's entertainment; I find he has been very civil to you. You are in the right to stop, for two or three days, at Hanau, and make your court to the Lady of that place.

place. * Your Excellency makes a figure already in the news-papers; and let them, and others, Excellency you as much as they pleaſe, but pray ſuffer not your own ſervants to do it.

Nothing new of any kind has happened here ſince you went; ſo I will wiſh you a good night, and hope that God will bleſs you.

LETTER CXLV.

Blackheath, July the 14th, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter from Ratiſbon, where I am glad that you are arrived ſafe. You are, I find, over head and ears engaged in ceremony and *étiquette*. You muſt not yield in any thing eſſential, where your public character may ſuffer; but I adviſe you, at the ſame time, to diſtinguiſh carefully what may and what may not affect it, and to deſpiſe ſome German *minuties*; ſuch as one ſtep lower or higher, upon the ſtairs, a bow more or leſs, and ſuch ſort of trifles.

By what I ſee in Creſſener's letter to you, the cheapneſs of wine compenſates the quantity, as the cheapneſs of ſervants compenſates the number that you muſt make uſe of.

Write to your mother often, if it be but three words, to prove your exiſtence; for when ſhe does not hear from you, ſhe knows to a demonſtration, that you are dead, if not buried.

The encloſed is a letter of the utmoſt conſequence, which I was deſired to forward, with care and ſpeed to the moſt ſerene *Louis*.

My head is not well to-day. So God bleſs you!

LET-

* Her Royal Highneſs Princeſs Mary of England, Landgravine of Heſſe.

LETTER CXLVI.

Blackheath, August the 1ſt, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Hope that by this time you are pretry well ſettled at Ratiſbon, at leaſt as to the important points of the ceremonial; ſo that you may know to preciſion, to whom you muſt give, and from whom you muſt require, the *ſeine Excellence*. Thoſe formalities are, no doubt, ridiculous enough in themſelves; but yet they are neceſſary for manners, and ſometimes for buſineſs; and both would ſuffer by laying them quite aſide.

I have lately had an attack of a new complaint, which I have long ſuſpected that I had in my body, in *actu primo*, as the pedants call it, but which I never felt in *actu ſecundo*, till laſt week, and that is a fit of the ſtone or gravel. It was, thank God, but a ſlight one; but it was "dans toutes les formes;" for it was preceded by a pain in my loins; which I at firſt took for ſome remains of my rheumatiſm; but was ſoon convinced of my miſtake, by making water much blacker than coffee, with a prodigious ſediment of gravel. I am now perfectly eaſy again, and have no more indications of this dreadful complaint.

God keep you from that and deafneſs; other complaints are the common, and almoſt the inevitable lot of human nature, but admit of ſome mitigation. God bleſs you!

LET-

LETTER CXLVII.

Blackheath, August the 22d, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU will, by this post, hear from others, that Lord Egremont died two days ago of an apoplexy; which, from his figure, and the constant plethora he lived in, was reasonably to be expected. You will ask me, who is to be Secretary in his room; to which I answer, that I do not know. I should guess Lord Sandwich, to be succeeded in the Admiralty by Charles Townshend; unless the Duke of Bedford, who seems to have taken to himself the department of Europe, should have a mind to it. This event may perhaps produce others; but, till this happened, every thing was in a state of inaction, and absolutely nothing was done. Before the next session, this chaos must necessarily take some form, either by a new jumble of its own atoms, or by mixing them with the more efficient ones of the opposition.

I see by the news-papers, as well as by your letter, that the difficulties still subsist about your ceremonial at Ratisbon; should they, from pride and folly, prove insuperable, and obstruct your real business, there is one expedient, which may perhaps remove difficulties, and which I have often known practised; but which I believe our people here know nothing of: it is, to have the character of *Minister*, only, in your ostensible title, and that of Envoy Extraordinary in your pocket, to produce occasionally, especially if you should be sent to any of the Electors in your neighbourhood: or else, in any transactions that you may have, in which your title of Envoy Extraordinary may create great difficulties, to have a reversal given you, declaring, that the temporary suspension of that character, " ne donnera

nera pas la moindre atteinte ni à vos droits ni à vos pretenſions." As for the reſt, divert yourſelf as well as you can, and eat and drink as little as you can: and ſo God bleſs you!

LETTER CXLVIII.

Blackheath, September the 1ſt, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

GREAT news. The King ſent for Mr. Pitt, laſt Saturday, and the conference laſted a full hour: on the Monday following, another conference, which laſted much longer; and yeſterday a third, longer than either. You take for granted, that the treaty was concluded and ratified; no ſuch matter, for this laſt conference broke it intirely off; and Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple went yeſterday evening to their reſpective country-houſes. Would you know what it broke off upon, you muſt aſk the news-mongers, and the coffee-houſes; who, I dare ſay, know it all very minutely; but I, who am not apt to know any thing that I do not know, honeſtly and humbly confeſs, that I cannot tell you; probably one party aſked too much, and the other would grant too little. However, the King's dignity was not, in my mind, much conſulted, by their making him ſole Plenipotentiary of a treaty, which they were not, in all events, determined to conclude. It ought ſurely to have been begun by ſome inferior agent, and his Majeſty ſhould only have appeared in rejecting or ratifying it. Lewis the XIVth never ſat down before a town in perſon, that was not ſure to be taken.

However, "ce qui eſt différé n'eſt pas perdu;" for this matter muſt be taken up again, and concluded before the meeting of the Parliament, and probably upon more diſadvantageous terms to the preſent Miniſters, who have tacitly admitted, by this

 late

late negotiation, what their enemies have loudly proclaimed, that they are not able to carry on affairs: ſo much *de re politica.*

I have at laſt done the beſt office that can be done, to moſt married people; that is, I have fixed the ſeparation between my brother and his wife; and the definitive Treaty of peace will be proclaimed in about a fortnight; for the only ſolid and laſting peace, between a man and his wife, is doubtleſs, a ſeparation. God bleſs you!

LETTER CXLIX.

Blackheath, September the 30th, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU will have known, long before this, from the office, that the departments are not caſt as you wiſhed; for Lord Halifax, as ſenior, had, of courſe, his choice, and choſe the Southern, upon account of the Colonies. The Miniſtry, ſuch as it is, is now ſettled *en attendant mieux*; but, in my opinion, cannot, as they are, meet the Parliament.

The only, and all the efficient people they have, are in the Houſe of Lords; for ſince Mr. Pitt has firmly engaged Charles Townſhend to him, there is not a man, of the Court ſide, in the Houſe of Commons, who has either abilities or words enough to call a coach. Lord B*** is certainly playing "un deſſous de cartes," and I ſuſpect that it is with Mr. Pitt; but what that *deſſous* is, I do not know, though all the coffee-houſes do moſt exactly.

The preſent inaction, I believe, gives you leiſure enough for *ennui*, but it gives you time enough too for better things; I mean, reading uſeful books; and, what is ſtill more uſeful, converſing with yourſelf ſome part of every day. Lord Shafteſbury recommends ſelf-converſation to all authors; and I would

would recommend it to all men; they would be the better for it. Some people have not time, and fewer have inclination, to enter into that conversation; nay, very many dread it, and fly to the most trifling dissipations, in order to avoid it; but if a man would allot half an hour every night, for this self-conversation, and recapitulate with himself whatever he has done, right or wrong, in the course of the day, he would be both the better and the wiser for it. My deafness gives me more than sufficient time for self conversation; and I have found great advantages from it. My brother, and Lady Stanhope, are at last finally parted. I was the negotiator between them; and had so much trouble in it, that I would much rather negotiate the most difficult point of the *jus publicum Sacri Romani Imperii*," with the whole Diet of Ratisbon, than negotiate any point with any woman. If my brother had had some of those self-conversations, which I recommend, he would not, I believe, at past sixty, with a crazy, battered constitution, and deaf into the bargain, have married a young girl, just turned of twenty, full of health, and consequently of desires. But who takes warning by the fate of others? This, perhaps, proceeds from a negligence of self-conversation. God bless you!

LETTER CL.

Blackheath, October 17th, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE last mail brought me your letter of the 2d instant, as the former had brought me that of the 25th past. I did suppose that you would be sent for over, for the first day of the session; as I never knew a stricter muster, and no furlows allowed. I am very sorry for it, for the reasons you hint at; but, however, you did very prudently, in

 doing

doing *de bonne grace*, what you could not help doing: and let that be your rule in every thing, for the reſt of your life. Avoid diſagreeable things, as much as, by dexterity, you can: but when they are unavoidable, do them with ſeeming willingneſs and alacrity. Though this journey is ill-timed for you in many reſpects, yet in point of *finances*, you will be a gainer by it upon the whole; for, depend upon it, they will keep you here till the very laſt day of the ſeſſion; and I ſuppoſe you have ſold your horſes, and diſmiſſed ſome of your ſervants. Though they ſeem to apprehend the firſt day of the ſeſſion ſo much, in my opinion, their danger will be much greater in the courſe of it.

When you are at Paris, you will of courſe wait upon Lord Hertford, and deſire him to preſent you to the King; at the ſame time make my compliments to him, and thank him for the very obliging meſſage he left at my houſe in town; and tell him, that, had I received it in time from thence, I would have come to town on purpoſe to have returned it in perſon. If there are any new little books at Paris, pray bring them me. I have already Voltaire's *Zelis dans le Bain*, his *Droit du Seigneur*, and *Olympie*. Do not forget to call once at Madame Monconſeil's, and as often as you pleaſe at Madame du Pin's. *Au revoir*.

LETTER CLI.

Bath, November the 24th, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Arrived here, as you ſuppoſe in your letter, laſt Sunday; but after the worſt day's journey I ever had in my life: it ſnowed and froze that whole morning, and in the evening it rained and thawed, which made the roads ſo ſlippery, that I was ſix hours

hours coming poſt from the Devizes, which is but eighteen miles from hence; ſo that, but for the name of coming poſt, I might as well have walked on foot. I have not yet quite got over my laſt violent attack, and am weak and flimzy.

I have now drank the waters but three days; ſo that, without a miracle, I cannot yet expect much alteration, and I do not in the leaſt expect a miracle. If they proved "les eaux de Jouvence" to me, that would be a miracle indeed; but, as the late Pope Lambertini ſaid, "Frà noi, gli miracoli ſono paſſati già un pezzo.

I have ſeen Harte, who inquired much after you: he is dejected and diſpirited, and thinks himſelf much worſe than he is, though he has really a tendency to the jaundice. I have ſeen nobody elſe, nor do I know who here is to be ſeen; for I have not yet exhibited myſelf to public view, except at the pump, which, at the time I go to it, is the moſt private place in Bath.

After all the fears and hopes, occaſioned ſeverally by the meeting of the Parliament, in my opinion, it will prove a very eaſy ſeſſion. Mr. Wilkes is univerſally given up; and if the Miniſters themſelves do not wantonly raiſe difficulties, I think they will meet with none. A majority of two hundred is a great anodyne. Adieu! God bleſs you.

LETTER CLII.

Bath, December the 3d, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

LAST poſt brought me your letter of the 29th paſt. I ſuppoſe C— T—— let off his ſpeech upon the Princeſs's portion, chiefly to ſhow that he was of the Oppoſition; for otherwiſe, the point was not debatable, unleſs as to the *quantum*, againſt which

which ſomething might be ſaid; for the late Princeſs of Orange (who was the eldeſt daughter of a King) had no more, and her two ſiſters but half, if I am not miſtaken.

It is a great mercy that Mr. Wilkes, the intrepid defender of our rights and liberties, is out of danger, and may live to fight and write again in ſupport of them; and it is no leſs a mercy, that God hath raiſed up the Earl of S—— to vindicate and promote true religion and morality. Theſe two bleſſings will juſtly make an epocha in the annals of this country.

I have delivered your meſſage to Harte, who waits with impatience for your letter. He is very happy now in having free acceſs to all Lord Craven's papers, which, he ſays, give him great lights into the *bellum tricennale*; the old Lord Craven having been the profeſſed and valourous knight errant, and perhaps ſomething more, to the Queen of Bohemia; at leaſt, like Sir Peter Pride, he had the honour of ſpending great part of his eſtate in her Royal cauſe.

I am by no means right yet; I am very weak and flimzy ſtill; but the Doctor aſſures me, that ſtrength and ſpirits will return; if they do, *lucro apponam*, I will make the beſt of them; if they do not, I will not make their want ſtill worſe, by grieving and regretting them. I have lived long enough, and obſerved enough, to eſtimate moſt things at their intrinſic, and not their imaginary value; and at ſeventy, I find nothing much worth either deſiring or fearing. But theſe reflections, which ſuit with ſeventy, would be greatly premature at two-and-thirty. So make the beſt of your time, enjoy the preſent hour; but *memor ultimæ*. God bleſs you!

LET-

LETTER CLIII.

Bath, December the 18th, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received your letter this morning, in which you reproach me with not having written to you this week. The reaſon was, that I did not know what to write. There is that ſameneſs in my life here, that " every day is ſtill but as the firſt." I ſee very few people; and, in the literal ſenſe of the word, I hear nothing.

Mr. L— and Mr. C— I hold to be two very ingenious men; and your image of the two men ruined, one by loſing his law-ſuit, and the other by carrying it, is a very juſt one. To be ſure they felt in themſelves uncommon talents for buſineſs and ſpeaking, which were to reimburſe them.

Harte has a great poetical work to publiſh, before it be long; he has ſhown me ſome parts of it. He had intitled it Emblems; but I perſuaded him to alter that name, for two reaſons: the firſt was, becauſe they were not emblems, but fables: the ſecond was, that, if they had been emblems, Quarles had degraded and vilified that name, to ſuch a degree, that it is impoſſible to make uſe of it after him; ſo they are to be called fables, though moral tales would, in my mind, be the propereſt name. If you aſk me what I think of thoſe I have ſeen, I muſt ſay that " ſunt plura bona, quædam mediocria, et quædam"—

Your report of future changes, I cannot think is wholly groundleſs: for it ſtill runs ſtrongly in my head, that the mine, we talked of, will be ſprung, at, or before the end of the ſeſſion.

I have got a little more ſtrength, but not quite the ſtrength of Hercules; ſo that I will not under-

take, like him, fifty deflorations in one night; for I really believe that I could not compaſs them. So good night, and God bleſs you!

LETTER CLIV.

Bath, December the 24th, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Confeſs I was a good deal ſurpriſed at your preſſing me ſo ſtrongly to influence parſon Roſenhagen, when you well know the reſolution I had made ſeveral years ago, and which I have ſcrupulouſly obſerved ever ſince, not to concern myſelf, directly or indirectly, in any party political conteſt whatſoever. Let parties go to loggerheads, as much and as long as they pleaſe; I will neither endeavour to part them, nor take the part of either; for I know them all too well. But you ſay, that Lord Sandwich has been remarkably civil and kind to you. I am very glad of it; and he can by no means impute to you my obſtinacy, folly, or philoſophy; call it what you pleaſe: you may with great truth aſſure him, that you did all you could to obey his commands.

I am ſorry to find that you are out of order, but I hope it is only a cold; ſhould it be any thing more, pray conſult Dr. Maty, who did you ſo much good in your laſt illneſs, when the great medicinal Mattadores did you rather harm. I have found a Monſieur *Diafoirus* here, Dr. Moiſy, who has really done me a great deal of good; and I am ſure I wanted it a great deal, when I came here firſt. I have recovered ſome ſtrength, and a little more will give me as much as I can make uſe of.

Lady Brown, whom I ſaw yeſterday, makes you many compliments: and I wiſh you a merry Chriſtmas, and a good night. Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER CLV.

Bath, December the 31ſt, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

GREVENKOP wrote me word, by the laſt poſt, that you were laid up with the gout; but I much queſtion it; that is, whether it is the gout or not. Your laſt illneſs, before you went abroad, was pronounced the gout, by the ſkilful; and proved at laſt a mere rheumatiſm. Take care that the ſame miſtake is not made this year; and that, by giving you ſtrong and hot medicines to throw out the gout, they do not inflame the rheumatiſm, if it be one.

Mr. Wilkes has imitated ſome of the great men of antiquity, by going into voluntary exile: it was his only way of defeating both his creditors and his proſecutors. Whatever his friends, if he has any, give out of his returning ſoon, I will anſwer for it, that it will be a long time before that *ſoon* comes.

I have been much out of order theſe four days, of a violent cold; which I do not know how I got, and which obliged me to ſuſpend drinking the waters: but is now ſo much better, that I propoſe reſuming them for this week, and paying my court to you in town on Monday or Tueſday ſevennight; but this is *ſub ſpe rati* only. God bleſs you!

LETTER CLVI.

Blackheath, July the 20th, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have this moment received your letter of the 3d, from Prague, but I never received that which you mention from Ratiſbon; this made me think you in ſuch rapid motion, that I did not know where to take aim. I now ſuppoſe that you are arrived, though not yet ſettled, at Dreſden; your audiences and formalities are, to be ſure, over, and that is great eaſe of mind to you.

I have no political events to acquaint you with; the ſummer is not the ſeaſon for them, they ripen only in winter; great ones are expected immediately before the meeting of Parliament, but that, you know, is always the language of fears and hopes. However, I rather believe that there will be ſomething patched up between the *ins* and the *outs*.

The whole ſubject of converſation, at preſent, is the Death and Will of Lord Bath: he has left above twelve hundred thouſand pounds in land and money, four hundred thouſand pounds in caſh, ſtocks, and mortgages; his own eſtate, in land, was improved to fifteen thouſand pounds a year, and the Bradford eſtate, which he **, is as much; both which, at only five-and-twenty years purchaſe, amount to eight hundred thouſand pounds; and all this he has left to his brother, General Pulteney, and in his own diſpoſal, though he never loved him. The legacies he has left are trifling, for, in truth, he cared for nobody: the words *give* and *bequeath* were too ſhocking to him to repeat, and ſo he left all, in one word, to his brother. The public,

public, which was long the dupe of his ſimulation and diſſimulation, begins to explain upon him: and draws ſuch a picture of him as I gave you long ago.

Your late Secretary has been with me three or four times; he wants ſomething or other, and it ſeems all one to him what, whether civil or military, in plain Engliſh, he wants bread. He has knocked at the doors of ſome of the Miniſters, but to no purpoſe. I wiſh with all my heart that I could help him: I told him fairly that I could not, but adviſed him to find ſome channel to Lord B***, which, though a Scotchman, he told me he could not. He brought a packet of letters from the office to you, which I made him ſeal up; and I keep it for you, as I ſuppoſe it makes up the ſeries of your Ratiſbon letters.

As for me, I am juſt what I was when you left me, that is, nobody. Old age ſteals upon me inſenſibly. I grow weak and decrepit; but do not ſuffer, and ſo I am content.

Forbes brought me four books of yours, two of which were Bielefeldt's letters; in which, to my knowledge, there are many notorious lies.

Make my compliments to Comte Einſiedel, whom I love and honour much; and ſo good night to *ſeine Excellence.*

Now our correſpondence may be more regular, and I expect a letter from you every fortnight. I will be regular on my part: but write oftener to your mother, if it be but three lines.

LETTER CLVII.

Blackheath, July the 27th, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received, two days ago, your letter of the 11th, from Drefden, where I am very glad that you are fafely arrived at laft. The prices of the neceffaries of life are monftrous there; and I do not conceive how the poor natives fubfift at all, after having been fo long and fo often plundered by their own as well as by other Sovereigns.

As for procuring you either the title or the appointments of Plenipotentiary, I could as foon procure them from the Turkifh as from the Englifh Miniftry; and, in truth, I believe they have it not to give.

Now to come to your Civil Lift, if one may compare fmall things with great. I think I have found out a better refrefhment for it than you propofe; for to-morrow, I fhall fend to your cafhier, Larpent, five hundred pounds at once, for your ufe, which, I prefume, is better than by quarterly payments, and I am very apt to think, that, next Midfummer day, he will have the fame fum, and for the fame ufe, configned to him.

It is reported here, and I believe not without fome foundation, that the Queen of Hungary has acceded to the Family Compact between France and Spain; if fo, I am fure it behoves us to form in time a counter alliance, of at leaft equal ftrength; which I could eafily point out, but which, I fear, is not thought of here.

The rage of marrying is very prevalent; fo that there will be probably a great crop of cuckolds next winter, who are at prefent only *cocus en herbe.*

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It will contribute to population, and ſo far muſt be allowed to be a public benefit. Lord G—, Mr. B—, and Mr. D——, are, in this reſpect, very meritorious; for they have all married handſome women, without one ſhilling fortune. Lord —— muſt indeed take ſome pains to arrive at that dignity; but I dare ſay he will bring it about, by the help of ſome young Scotch or Iriſh officer. Good night, and bleſs you!

LETTER CLVIII.

Blackheath, September the 3d, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have received your letter of the 13th paſt. I ſee that your complete arrangement approaches, and you need not be in a hurry to give entertainments, ſince ſo few others do.

Comte Flemming is the man in the world beſt calculated to retrieve the Saxon finances, which have been all this century ſquandered and laviſhed with the moſt abſurd profuſion: he has certainly abilities, and, I believe, integrity; I dare anſwer for him, that the gentleneſs and flexibility of his temper will not prevail with him to yield to the importunities of craving and petulant applications. I ſee in him another Sully; and therefore I wiſh he were at the head of our finances.

France and Spain both inſult us, and we take it too tamely: for this is, in my opinion, the time for us to talk high to them. France, I am perſuaded, will not quarrel with us, till it has got a navy at leaſt equal to ours, which cannot be theſe three or four years, at ſooneſt; and then, indeed, I believe, we ſhall hear of ſomething or other: therefore, this is the moment for us to ſpeak loud,

and

and we ſhall be feared, if we do not ſhow that we fear.

Here is no domeſtic news of changes and chances in the political world, which, like oyſters, are only in ſeaſon in the R months, when the Parliament ſits. I think there will be ſome then, but of what kind, God knows.

I have received a book for you, and one for myſelf, from Harte. It is upon Agriculture, and will ſurprize you, as, I confeſs, it did me. This work is not only in Engliſh, but good and elegant Engliſh; he has even ſcattered graces upon his ſubject; and, in proſe, has come very near Virgil's Georgics in verſe. I have written to him, to congratulate his happy transformation. As ſoon as I can find an opportunity, I will ſend you your copy. You (though no Agricola) will read it with pleaſure.

I know Mackenzie, whom you mention. *C'eſt un delié, ſed cave.*

Make mine and Lady Cheſterfield's compliments to Comte et Comteſſe Flemming: and ſo, *Dieu vous aïe en ſa ſainte garde.*

LETTER CLIX.

Blackheath, September the 14th, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 30th paſt, by which I find that you had not then got mine, which I ſent you the day after I had received your former; you have had no great loſs of it, for, as I told you in my laſt, this inactive ſeaſon of the year ſupplies no materials for a letter; the winter may, and probably will, produce an abundant crop, but of what grain, I neither know, gueſs,

guefs, nor care. I take it for granted, that Lord B*** *furnagera encore*, but by the affiftance of what bladders or cork-waiftcoats, God only knows. The death of poor Mr. Legge, the epileptic fits of the Duke of Devonfhire, for which he is gone to Aix-la-Chapelle, and the advanced age of the Duke of Newcaftle, feem to facilitate an accommodation, if Mr. Pitt and Lord Bute are inclined to it.

You afk me what I think of the death of poor Iwan, and of the perfon who ordered it. You may remember that I often faid, fhe would murder or marry him, or probably both; fhe has chofen the fafeft alternative; and has now completed her character of *femme forte*, above fcruples and hefitation. If Machiavel were alive, fhe would probably be his Heroine, as Cefar Borgia was his Hero. Women are all fo far Machiavelians, that they are never either good or bad by halves; their paffions are too ftrong, and their reafon too weak, to do any thing with moderation. She will, perhaps, meet, before it is long, with fome Scythian as free from prejudices as herfelf. If there is one Oliver Cromwell in the three regiments of guards, he will probably, for the fake of his dear country, depofe and murder her: for that is one and the same thing in Ruffia.

You feem now to be fettled, and *bien nippé* at Drefden. Four fedentary footmen, and one running one, *font Equipage lefte*. The German ones will give you, *feine Excellence*; and the French ones, if you have any, *Monfeigneur*.

My own health varies, as ufual, but never deviates into good. God blefs you, and fend you better!

LETTER

LETTER CLX.

Blackheath, October the 4th, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have now your laſt letter, of the 16th paſt, lying before me; and I gave your encloſed to Grevenkop, which has put him into a violent buſtle to execute your commiſſions, as well and as cheap as poſſible. I refer him to his own letter. He tells you true, as to Comteſſe Coſel's diamonds, which certainly nobody will buy here unſight unſeen, as they call it; ſo many *minuties* concurring, to encreaſe or leſſen the value of a diamond. Your Cheſhire cheeſe, your Burton ale and beer, I charge myſelf with, and they ſhall be ſent you as ſoon as poſſible. Upon this occaſion I will give you a piece of advice, which, by experience, I know to be uſeful. In all commiſſions, whether from men or women, *point de galanterie*, bring them in your account, and be paid to the uttermoſt farthing; but if you would ſhow them *une galanterie*, let your preſent be of ſomething that is not in your commiſſion, otherwiſe you will be the *Commiſſionaire banal*, of all the women of Saxony. *A propos*; Who is your Comteſſe de Coſel? Is ſhe daughter, or grand daughter, of the famous Madame de Coſel, in King Auguſtus's time? Is ſhe young or old, ugly or handſome?

I do not wonder that people are wonderfully ſurprized at our tameneſs and forbearance, with regard to France and Spain. Spain, indeed, has lately agreed to our cutting logwood, according to the treaty, and ſent ſtrict orders to their Governor to allow it; but you will obſerve too, that there is not one word of reparation for the loſſes we lately

ſuſtained

ſuſtained there. But France is not even ſo tractable; it will pay but half the money due, upon a liquidated account, for the maintenance of their priſoners. Our requeſt, to have Comte d'Eſtaing recalled and cenſured, they have abſolutely rejected, though, by the laws of war, he might be hanged for having twice broke his parole. This does not do France honour; however, I think we ſhall be quiet, and that at the only time, perhaps this century, when we might, with ſafety, be otherwiſe; but this is nothing new, nor the firſt time, by many, when national honour and intereſt have been ſacrificed to private. It has always been ſo: and one may ſay, upon this occaſion, what Horace ſays upon another, *Nam fuit ante Helenam.*

I have ſeen *les Contes de Guillaume Vadé*, and like moſt of them ſo little, that I can hardly think them Voltaire's, but rather the ſcraps that have fallen from his table, and been worked up by inferior workmen, under his name. I have not ſeen the other book you mention, the *Dictionaire Partatif.* It is not yet come over.

I ſhall next week go take my winter-quarters in London, the weather here being very cold and damp, and not proper for an old, ſhattered, and cold carcaſe, like mine. In November I will go to the Bath, to careen myſelf for the winter, and to ſhift the ſcene. Good night.

LETTER CLXI.

London, October the 19th, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY morning Mr. ** came to me, from Lord Halifax, to aſk me whether I thought you would approve of vacating your ſeat in

in Parliament, during the remainder of it, upon a valuable conſideration, meaning *money*. My anſwer was, that I really did not know your diſpoſition upon that ſubject; but that I knew you would be very willing, in general, to accommodate them, as far as lay in your power. That your Election, to my knowledge, had coſt you two thouſand pounds; that this Parliament had not ſate above half its time; and that, for my part, I approved of the meaſure well enough, provided you had an equitable equivalent. I take it for granted, that you will have a letter from ———, by this poſt, to that effect, ſo that you muſt conſider what you will do. What I adviſe, is this; give them a good deal of *Galbanum* in the firſt part of your letter. *Le Galbanum ne coute rien*; and then ſay, that you are willing to do as they pleaſe; but that you hope an equitable conſideration will be had to the two thouſand pounds, which your ſeat coſt you in the preſent Parliament, of which not above half the term is expired. Moreover, that you take the liberty to remind them, that your being ſent for from Ratiſbon, laſt ſeſſion, when you were juſt ſettled there, put you to the expence of three or four hundred pounds, for which you were allowed nothing; and that, therefore, you hope they will not think one thouſand pounds too much, conſidering all theſe circumſtances; but that, in all events, you will do whatever they deſire. Upon the whole, I think this propoſal advantageous to you; as you probably will not make uſe of your ſeat this Parliament; and further, as it will ſecure you from another unpaid journey from Dreſden, in caſe they meet, or fear to meet, with difficulties in any enſuing ſeſſion of the preſent Parliament. Whatever one muſt do, one ſhould do *de bonne grace*. *Dixi*. God bleſs you.

LETTER

LETTER CLXII.

Bath, November the 10th, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Am much concerned at the account you gave me of yourſelf, in your laſt letter. There is to be ſure, at ſuch a town as Dreſden, at leaſt ſome one very ſkilful phyſician; whom I hope you have conſulted; and I would have you acquaint him with all your ſeveral attacks of this nature, from your great one at Laubach, to your late one at Dreſden: tell him too, that, in your laſt illneſs in England, the phyſicians miſtook your caſe, and treated it as the gout, till Maty came, who treated it as a rheumatiſm, and cured you. In my own opinion, you have never had the gout, but always the rheumatiſm; which, to my knowledge, is as painful as the gout can poſſibly be, and ſhould be treated in a quite different way; that is, by cooling medicines and regimen, inſtead of thoſe inflammatory cordials which they always adminiſter, where they ſuppoſe the gout, to keep it, as they ſay, out of the ſtomach.

I have been here now juſt a week; but have hitherto drank ſo little of the water, that I can neither ſpeak well nor ill of it. The number of people in this place is infinite; but very few whom I know. Harte ſeems ſettled here for life. He is not well, that is certain; but not ſo ill neither as he thinks himſelf, or at leaſt would be thought.

I long for your anſwer to my laſt letter, containing a certain propoſal, which by this time, I ſuppoſe, has been made you, and which, in the main I approve of your accepting.

God bleſs you, my dear friend, and ſend you better health! Adieu.

LETTER CLXIII.

London, February the 26th, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR laſt letter, of the 5th, gave me as much pleaſure as your former had given me uneaſineſs; and Larpent's acknowledgment of his negligence frees you from thoſe ſuſpicions, which I own I did entertain, and which I believe every one would, in the ſame concurrence of circumſtances, have entertained. So much for that.

You may depend upon what I promiſed you, before Midſummer next, at fartheſt, and *at leaſt.*

All I can ſay of the affair between you, of the *Corps Diplomatique*, and the Saxon Miniſters, is, "que voila bien du bruit pour une ommelette au "lard." It will moſt certainly be ſoon made up; and in that negotiation ſhow yourſelf as moderate and healing as your inſtructions from hence will allow, eſpecially to Comte Flemming. The King of Pruſſia, I believe, has a mind to inſult him perſonally, as an old enemy, or elſe to quarrel with Saxony, that dares not quarrel with him; but ſome of the *Corps Diplomatique* here, aſſure me, it is only a pretence to recall his Envoy, and to ſend, when matters ſhall be made up, a little Secretary there, *à moins de fraix*, as he does now to Paris and London.

Comte Brühl is much in faſhion here; I like him mightily; he has very much *le ton de la bonne compagnie.* Poor Schrader died laſt Saturday, without the leaſt pain or ſickneſs. God bleſs you!

LETTER CLXIV.

London, April the 22d, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE day before yesterday I received your letter of the 3d instant. I find that your important affair of the Ceremonial is adjusted at last, as I foresaw it would be. Such *minuties* are often laid hold on as a pretence, for Powers who have a mind to quarrel; but are never tenaciously insisted upon, where there is neither interest nor inclination to break. Comte Flemming, though a hot, is a wise man; and I was sure would not break, both with England and Hanover, upon so trifling a point, especially during a minority. *A propos* of a minority; the King is to come to the House to-morrow, to recommend a bill to settle a Regency, in case of his demise while his successor is a minor. Upon the King's late illness, which was no trifling one, the whole nation cried out aloud for such a bill, for reasons which will readily occur to you, who know situations, persons, and characters, here. I do not know the particulars of this intended bill; but I wish it may be copied exactly from that which was passed in the late King's time, when the present King was a minor. I am sure there cannot be a better.

You inquire about Monsieur de Guerchy's affair; and I will give you as succinct an account as I can, of so extraordinary and perplexed a transaction; but without giving you my own opinion of it, by the common post. You know what passed at first between Mr. de Guerchy and Monsieur D'Eon, in which, both our Ministers and Monsieur

ſieur de Guerchy, from utter inexperience in buſineſs, puzzled themſelves into diſagreeable difficulties. About three or four months ago, Monſieur du Vergy publiſhed, in a *brochure*, a parcel of letters, from himſelf to the Duc de Choiſeul; in which he poſitively aſſerts, that Monſieur de Guerchy prevailed with him (Vergy) to come over into England to aſſaſſinate D'Eon; the words are, as well as I remember, " que ce n'etoit pas pour ſe " ſervir de ſa plume, mais de ſon Epée, qu'on le " demandoit en Angleterre." This accuſation of aſſaſſination, you may imagine, ſhocked Monſieur du Guerchy, who complained bitterly to our Miniſters; and they both puzzled on for ſome time, without doing any thing, becauſe they did not know what to do. At laſt du Vergy, about two months ago, applied himſelf to the Grand Jury of Middleſex, and made oath, that Mr. de Guerchy had hired him (du Vergy) to aſſaſſinate D'Eon. Upon this depoſition, the Grand Jury found a bill of intended murder againſt Monſieur de Guerchy; which bill, however, never came to the Petty Jury. The King granted a *noli proſequi* in favour of Monſieur de Guerchy; and the Attorney General is actually proſecuting du Vergy. Whether the King can grant a *noli proſequi* in a criminal caſe, and whether *le Droit des gens* extends to criminal caſes, are two points which employ our domeſtic politicians, and the whole *Corps Diplomatique*. *Enfin*, to uſe a very coarſe and vulgar ſaying, *il y'a de la merde au bour du bâton, quelque part*.

I ſee and hear theſe ſtorms from ſhore, *ſuave mari magno, &c.* I enjoy my own ſecurity and tranquillity, together with better health than I had reaſon to expect, at my age, and with my conſtitution: however, I feel a gradual decay, though a gentle one; and I think that I ſhall not tumble, but ſlide gently to the bottom of the hill of life.

When

When that will be, I neither know nor care, for I am very weary. God blefs you!

Mallet died, two days ago, of a diarrhœa, which he had carried with him to France, and brought back again hither.

LETTER CLXV.

Blackheath, July the 2d, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have this moment received your letter of the 22d paft; and I delayed anfwering your former, in daily, or rather hourly expectation of informing you of the birth of a new Miniftry; but in vain; for, after a thoufand conferences, all things remain ftill in the ftate which I defcribed to you in my laft. Lord S. has, I believe, given you a pretty true account of the prefent ftate of things; but my Lord is much miftaken, I am perfuaded, when he fays, that *the King has thought proper to re-eftablifh his old fervants in the management of his affairs*; for he fhows them all the public diflike poffible; and, at his levee, hardly fpeaks to any of them; but fpeaks by the hour to any body elfe. Conferences, in the mean time, go on, of which it is eafy to guefs the main fubject, but impoffible, for me at leaft, to know the particulars; but this I will venture to prophefy, that the whole will foon center in Mr. Pitt.

You feem not to know the character of the Queen; here it is—She is a good woman, a good wife, a tender mother; and an unmeddling Queen. The King loves her as a woman; but, I verily believe, has never yet fpoke one word to her about bufinefs. I have now told you all that I know of thefe affairs; which, I believe, is as much as any body elfe knows, who is not in the fecret. In the mean

mean time, you easily guess, that surmises, conjectures, and reports, are infinite; and if, as they say, truth is but one, one million, at least, of these reports must be false; for they differ exceedingly.

You have lost an honest servant, by the death of poor *Louis*; I would advise you to take a clever young Saxon in his room, of whose character you may get authentic testimonies; instead of sending for one to France, whose character you can only know from far.

When I hear more, I will write more; till when, God bless you!

LETTER CLXVI.

Blackheath, July the 15th, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Told you in my last, that you should hear from me again, as soon as I had any thing more to write; and now I have too much to write, therefore will refer you to the Gazette, and the office letters, for all that has been done; and advise you to suspend your opinion, as I do, about all that is to be done. Many more changes are talked of; but so idly, and variously, that I give credit to none of them. There has been pretty clean sweeping already; and I do not remember, in my time, to have seen so much at once, as an entire new Board of Treasury, and two new Secretaries of State, *cum multis aliis, &c.*

Here is a new political arch almost built, but of materials of so different a nature, and without a key stone, that it does not, in my opinion, indicate either strength or duration. It will certainly require repairs, and a key-stone, next winter; and that

that key-ſtone will and muſt neceſſarily be Mr. Pitt. It is true, he might have been that key-ſtone now; and would have accepted it, but not without Lord Temple's conſent; and Lord Temple poſitively refuſed. There was evidently ſome trick in this, but what, is paſt my conjecturing. *Davus ſum non Oedipus.*

There is a manifeſt interregnum in the Treaſury; for I do ſuppoſe that Lord Rockingham and Mr. Dowdeſwell will not think proper to be very active. General Conway, who is your Secretary, has certainly parts, at leaſt equal to his buſineſs, which I dare ſay he will apply to. The ſame may be ſaid, I believe, of the Duke of Grafton; and indeed there is no magic requiſite for the executive part of thoſe employments. The miniſterial part is another thing; they muſt ſcramble with their fellow-ſervants, for power and favour, as well as they can. Foreign affairs are not ſo much as mentioned, and, I verily believe, not thought of. But, ſurely, ſome counterbalance wonld be neceſſary to the Family Compact; and, if not ſoon contracted, will be too late. God bleſs you!

LETTER CLXVII.

Blackheath, Auguſt the 17th, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU are now two letters in my debt; and I fear the gout has been the cauſe of your contracting that debt. When you are not able to write yourſelf, let your Secretary ſend me two or three lines, to acquaint me how you are.

You have now ſeen, by the London Gazette, what changes have really been made at Court; but, at the ſame time, I believe you have ſeen that there

muſt be more, before a Miniſtry can be ſettled; what thoſe will be, God knows; were I to conjecture, I ſhould ſay, that the whole will center, before it is long, in Mr. Pitt and C°, the preſent being an heterogeneous jumble of youth and caducity, which cannot be efficient.

Charles Townſhend calls the preſent, a Luteſtring Miniſtry; fit only for the ſummer. The next ſeſſion will be not only a warm, but a violent one, as you will eaſily judge, if you look over the names of the *ins* and of the *outs*.

I feel this beginning of the autumn, which is already very cold: the leaves are withered, fall apace, and ſeem to intimate that I muſt follow them; which I ſhall do without reluctance, being extremely weary of this ſilly world. God bleſs you, both in it and after it!

LETTER CLXVIII.

Blackheath, Auguſt the 25th, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received but four days ago your letter of the 2d inſtant. I find by it that you are well, for you are in good ſpirits. Your notion of the new birth, or regeneration of the Miniſtry, is a very juſt one; and that they have not yet the true ſeal of the covenant, is, I dare ſay, very true; at leaſt, it is not in the poſſeſſion of either of the Secretaries of State, who have only the King's ſeal; nor do I believe (whatever his Grace may imagine) that it is even in the poſſeſſion of the Lord Privy Seal. I own I am loſt, in the preſent ſituation of affairs; different conjectures preſent themſelves to my mind, but none that it can reſt upon. The next ſeſſion muſt certainly clear up matters a good deal; for I believe it

it will be the warmeſt and moſt acrimonius one that has been known, ſince that of the Exciſe. The late Miniſtry, *the preſent Oppoſition*, are determined to attack Lord B——publickly in Parliament, and reduce the late Oppoſition, *the preſent Miniſtry*, to protect him publickly, in conſequence of their ſuppoſed treaty with him. *En attendant mieux*, the paper war is carried on with much fury and ſcurrility on all ſides to the great entertainment of ſuch lazy and impartial people as myſelf. I do not know whether you have the Daily Advertiſer and the Public Advertiſer; in which all the political letters are inſerted, and ſome very well written ones on both ſides; but I know that they amuſe me, *tant bien que mal*, for an hour or two every morning. Lord T—— is the ſuppoſed author of the pamphlet you mention; but I think it is above him. Perhaps his brother C——T——, who is by no means ſatisfied with the preſent arrangement, may have aſſiſted him privately. As to this latter, there was a good ridiculous paragraph in the news-papers, two or three days ago: *We hear, that the Right Honourable Mr. C—— T—— is indiſpoſed, at his houſe in Oxfordſhire, of a pain in his ſide; but it is not ſaid in which ſide.*

I do not find that the Duke of York has yet viſited you; if he ſhould, it may be expenſive, *mais trouvera moien*. As for the Lady, if you ſhould be very ſharp ſet for ſome Engliſh fleſh, ſhe has it amply in her power, to ſupply you, if ſhe pleaſes. Prince Henry of Pruſſia. God bleſs you!

LETTER CLXIX.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR great character of Prince Henry, which I take to be a very juſt one, lowers the

King of Pruſſia's a great deal; and probably that is the cauſe of their being ſo ill together. But the King of Pruſſia, with his good parts, ſhould reflect upon that trite and true maxim, *qui indivet minor*, or Mr. de la Rocafoucaut's *que l'envie eſt la plus baſſe de toutes les paſſions, puisqu'on avoue bien des crimes, mais que perſonne n'avoue l'envie.* I thank God, I never was ſenſible of that dark and vile paſſion, except, that formerly I have ſometimes envied a ſucceſsful rival with a fine woman. But now that cauſe is ceaſed, and conſequently the effects.

What ſhall I, or rather what can I tell you of the political world here? The late Miniſters accuſe the preſent with having done nothing; the preſent accuſe the late ones with having done much worſe than nothing. Their writers abuſe one another moſt ſcurrilouſly, but ſometimes with wit. I look upon this to be *peloter en attendant partie*, till battle begins in St. Stephen's Chapel. How that will end, I proteſt I cannot conjecture; any farther than this, that, if Mr. Pitt does not come in to the aſſiſtance of the preſent Miniſters, they will have much to do to ſtand their ground. C—— T—— will play booty; and who elſe have they? No body but C—; who has only good ſenſe, but not the neceſſary talents nor experience, *Ære ciere viros martemque accendere cantu.* I never remember, in all my time, to have ſeen ſo problematical a ſtate of affairs; and a man would be much puzzled which ſide to bet on.

Your gueſt, Miſs C——, is another problem which I cannot ſolve. She no more wanted the waters of Carlſbadt, than you did. Is it to ſhow the Duke of K——, that he cannot live without her? A dangerous experiment! which may poſſibly convince him that he can. There is a trick, no doubt, in it; but what, I neither know nor care; you did

did very well to ſhow her civilities, *cela ne gâte jamais rien.* I will go to my waters, that is, the Bath waters, in three weeks or a month, more for the ſake of bathing than of drinking. The hot bath always promotes my perſpiration, which is ſluggiſh, and ſupples my ſtiff rheumatic limbs. *D'ailleurs*, I am, at preſent, as well, and better, than I could reaſonably expect to be, *anno ſeptuageſimo primo.* May you be ſo as long, *y mas.* God bleſs you!

LETTER CLXX.

London, October the 25th, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received your letter of the 10th *ſonica*; for I ſet out for Bath to-morrow morning. If the uſe of thoſe waters does me no good, the ſhifting the ſcene for ſome time will at leaſt amuſe me a little; and with my infirmities, *il faut faire de tout bois fléche.* Some variety is as neceſſary for the mind, as ſome medicines are for the body.

Here is a total ſtagnation of politics, which I ſuppoſe, will continue till the Parliament ſits to do buſineſs, and that will not be till about the middle of January; for the meeting on the 17th of December is only for the ſake of ſome new writs. The late Miniſters threaten the preſent ones; but the latter do not ſeem in the leaſt afraid of the former; and for a very good reaſon, which is, that they have the diſtribution of the loaves and fiſhes. I believe it is very certain that Mr. Pitt will never come into this or any other Adminiſtration; he is abſolutely a cripple all the year; and in violent pain at leaſt half of it. Such phyſical ills are great checks to two of the ſtrongeſt paſſions, to which hu-

 man

man nature is liable, love and ambition. Though I cannot perſuade myſelf that the preſent Miniſtry can be long lived, I can as little imagine, who or what can ſucceed them, *telle eſt la diſette de ſujets Papables*. The Duke of —— ſwears, that he will have Lord—— perſonally attacked in both Houſes; but I do not ſee how, without endangering himſelf at the ſame time.

Miſs C—— is arrived here, and her Duke is fonder of her than ever. It was a dangerous experiment that ſhe tried, in leaving him ſo long; but it ſeems ſhe knew her man.

I pity you, for the inundation of your good countrymen, which overwhelms you; *je ſçai ce qu'en vaut l'aune* It is, beſides, expenſive; but, as I look upon the expence to be the leaſt evil of the two, I will ſee if a New-year's gift will not make it up.

As I am now upon the wing, I will only add, God bleſs you!

LETTER CLXXI.

Bath, November the 28th, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have this moment received your letter of the 10th. I have now been here a month, bathing and drinking the waters, for complaints much of the ſame kind as yours; I mean pains in my legs, hips, and arms; whether gouty or rheumatic, God knows; but, I believe, both, that fight without a deciſion in favour of either, and have abſolutely reduced me to the miſerable ſituation of the Sphynx's riddle, to walk upon three legs; that is, with the aſſiſtance of my ſtick, to walk, or rather hobble, very indifferently. I wiſh it were a declared gout, which

which is the diſtemper of a gentleman; whereas the rheumatiſm is the diſtemper of a hackney-coachman or chairman, who are obliged to be out in all weathers and at all hours.

I think you will do very right to aſk leave, and I dare ſay you will eaſily get it, to go to the baths in Suabia; that is, ſuppoſing that you have conſulted ſome ſkilful phyſician, if ſuch a one there be, either at Dreſden or at Leipſic, about the nature of your diſtemper, and the nature of thoſe baths; but *ſuos quiſque patimur manes*. We have but a bad bargain, God knows, of this life, and patience is the only way not to make bad worſe. Mr. Pitt keeps his bed here, with a very real gout, and not a political one, as is often ſuſpected.

Here has been a congreſs of moſt of the *ex Miniſtres*. If they have raiſed a battery, as I ſuppoſe they have, it is a maſked one, for nothing has tranſpired; only they confeſs, that they intend a moſt vigorous attack. *D'ailleurs*, there ſeems to be a total ſuſpenſion of all buſineſs, till the meeting of the Parliament, and then *Signa canant*.

I am very glad that, at this time, you are out of it; and for reaſons that I need not mention: you would certainly have been ſent for over, and, as before, not paid for your journey.

Poor Harte is very ill, and condemned to the Hot-well at Briſtol. He is a better poet than philoſopher; for all this illneſs and melancholy proceeds originally from the ill ſucceſs of his Guſtavus Adolphus. He is grown extremely devout, which I am very glad of, becauſe that is always a comfort to the afflicted.

I cannot preſent Mr. Larpent with my New-year's gift, till I come to town, which will be before Chriſtmas, at fartheſt; till when, God bleſs you! Adieu.

LETTER CLXXII.

London, December the 27th, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Arrived here from Bath laſt Monday, rather, but not much, better than when I went there. My rheumatic pains, in my legs and hips, plague me ſtill; and I muſt never expect to be quite free from them.

You have, to be ſure, had from the office an account of what the Parliament did, or rather did not do, the day of their meeting: and the ſame point will be the great object of their next meeting; I mean, the affair of our American Colonies, relatively to the late impoſed Stamp-duty; which our coloniſts abſolutely refuſe to pay. The Adminiſtration are for ſome indulgence and forbearance to thoſe froward children of their mother country: the Oppoſition are for taking vigorous, as they call them, but I call them violent meaſures, not leſs than *les dragonades*; and to have the tax collected by the troops we have there. For my part, I never ſaw a froward child mended by whipping; and I would not have the mother country become a ſtep-mother. Our trade to America brings in, *communibus annis*, two millions a year; and the Stamp-duty is eſtimated at but one hundred thouſand pounds a year; which I would, by no means, bring into the ſtock of the Exchequer, at the loſs, or even the riſk, of a million a year to the national ſtock.

I do not tell you of the Garter given away yeſterday, becauſe the news-papers will; but I muſt obſerve, that the Prince of Brunſwick's ribband is a mark of great diſtinction to that family; which, I believe, is the firſt (except our own Royal Family) that

that has ever had two blue ribbands at a time; but it muſt be owned they deſerve them.

One hears of nothing now, in town, but the ſeparation of men and their wives. Will Finch the ex-vice-chamberlain, Lord Warwick, and your friend Lord Bolingbroke. I wonder at none of them for parting; but I wonder at many for ſtill living together; for in this country, it is certain, that marriage is not well underſtood.

I have this day ſent Mr. Larpent two hundred pounds for your Chriſtmas-box, which I ſuppoſe he will inform you of by this poſt. Make this Chriſtmas as merry a one as you can; for "pour le peu de bon tems qui nous reſte, rien n'eſt ſi funeſte qu'un noir chagrin" for the new years; God ſend you many, and happy ones! Adieu.

LETTER CLXXIII.

London, February the 11th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received, two days ago, your letter of the 25th paſt; and your former, which you mention in it, but ten days ago; this may eaſily be accounted for from the badneſs of the weather, and conſequently of the roads. I hardly remember ſo ſevere a winter; it has occaſioned many illneſſes here. I am ſure it pinched my crazy carcaſe ſo much, that, about three weeks ago, I was obliged to be let blood twice in four days; which I found afterwards was very neceſſary, by the relief it gave to my head, and to the rheumatic pains in my limbs; and from the execrable kind of blood which I loſt.

Perhaps you expect from me a particular account of the preſent ſtate of affairs here; but, if you do, you will be diſappointed; for no man living (and I ſtill leſs than any one) knows what it is: it varies,

not only daily, but hourly. Moſt people think, and I amongſt the reſt, that the date of the preſent Miniſters is pretty near out; but how ſoon we are to have a new ſtyle, God knows. This, however, is certain, that the Miniſters had a conteſted election in the Houſe of Commons, and got it but by eleven votes; too ſmall a majority to carry any thing: the next day they loſt a queſtion in the Houſe of Lords, by three. The queſtion in the Houſe of Lords was, to enforce the execution of the Stamp-act in the Colonies *vi et armis*. What concluſions you will draw from theſe premiſes, I do not know; but I proteſt I draw none; but only ſtare at the preſent undecypherable ſtate of affairs, which, in fifty years experience, I have never ſeen any thing like. The Stamp-act has proved a moſt pernicious meaſure; for, whether it is repealed or not, which is ſtill very doubtful, it has given ſuch terror to the Americans, that our trade with them will not be, for ſome years, what it uſed to be; and great numbers of our manufacturers at home will be turned a ſtarving, for want of that employment, which our very profitable trade to America found them; and hunger is always the cauſe of tumults and ſedition.

As you have eſcaped a fit of the gout in this ſevere cold weather, it is to be hoped you may be intirely free from it, till next winter at leaſt.

P. S. Lord ——, having parted with his wife, now keeps another w—e, at a great expence. I fear he is totally undone.

LET-

LETTER CLXXIV.

London, March the 17th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU wrong me, in thinking me in your debt; for I never receive a letter of yours, but I anſwer it by the next poſt, or the next but one, at fartheſt: but I can eaſily conceive that my two laſt letters to you may have been drowned, or frozen, in their way; for portents, and prodigies of froſt, ſnow, and inundations, have been ſo frequent this winter that they have almoſt loſt their names.

You tell me that you are going to the baths of *Baden*; but that puzzles me a little, ſo I recommend this letter to the care of Mr. Larpent, to forward to you; for Baden I take to be the general German word for baths, and the particular ones are diſtinguiſhed by ſome epithet, as Weiſsbaden, Carlſbaden, &c. I hope they are not cold baths, which I have a very ill opinion of, in all arthritic or rheumatic caſes; and your caſe I take to be a compound of both, but rather more of the latter.

You will probably wonder that I tell you nothing of public matters; upon which I ſhall be as ſecret as Hotſpur's gentle Kate, who would not tell what ſhe did not know; but, what is ſingular, nobody ſeems to know any more of them than I do. People gape, ſtare, conjecture, and refine. Changes of the Miniſtry, or in the Miniſtry, at leaſt, are daily reported and foretold; but of what kind, God only knows. It is alſo very doubtful whether Mr. Pitt will come into the Adminiſtration or not; the two preſent Secretaries are extremely deſirous that he ſhould; but the others think of the horſe that called the man to its aſſiſtance. I will ſay nothing to you about American affairs,

affairs, becauſe I have not pens, ink, or paper enough to give you an intelligible account of them. They have been the ſubjects of warm and acrimonious debates, both in the Lords and Commons, and in all companies.

The repeal of the Stamp-act is at laſt carried through. I am glad of it, and gave my proxy for it; becauſe I ſaw many more inconveniencies from the enforcing, than from the repealing it.

Colonel Browne was with me the other day, and aſſured me that he left you very well. He ſaid that he ſaw me at Spa; but I did not remember him; though I remember his two brothers, the Colonel and the raviſher, very well. Your Saxon Colonel has the brogue exceedingly. Preſent my reſpects to Count Flemming; I am very ſorry for the Counteſs's illneſs; ſhe was a moſt well-bred woman.

You would hardly think that I gave a dinner to the Prince of Brunſwick, your old acquaintance. I am glad it is over; but I could not avoid it. *Il m'avoit accablé de politeſſes.* God bleſs you!

LETTER CLXXV.

Blackheath, June the 15th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received yeſterday, your letter of the 30th paſt. I waited with impatience for it, not having received one from you of ſix weeks; nor your mother neither, who began to be very ſure that you were dead, if not buried. You ſhould write to her once a week, or at leaſt once a fortnight; for women make no allowance for either buſineſs or lazineſs; whereas I can, by experi-

ence,

ence, make allowances for both: however, I wish you would generally write to me once a fortnight.

Last week I paid my Midsummer-offering, of five hundred pounds, to Mr. Larpent, for your use, as I suppose he has informed you. I am punctual, you must allow.

What account shall I give you of Ministerial affairs here? I protest I do not know: your own description of them is as exact a one as any I, who am upon the place, can give you. It is a total dislocation and *d'rangement*; consequently, a total inefficiency. When the Duke of Grafton quitted the seals, he gave that very reason for it, in a speech in the house of Lords: he declared, "that "he had no objection to the persons or to the "measures of the present Ministers; but that he "thought they wanted strength and efficiency to "carry on proper measures with success; and that "he knew but one man" (meaning, as you will easily suppose, Mr. Pitt) "who could give them "that strength and solidity; that, under this per-"son, he should be willing to serve in any capacity, not only as a General Officer, but as a pio-"neer; and would take up a spade and a mat-"tock." When he quitted the seals, they were offered first to Lord Egmont, then to Lord Hardwicke; who both declined them, probably for the same reasons that made the Duke of Grafton resign them: but, after going a begging for some time, the Duke of ——begged them, and has them *faute de mieux*. Lord Mountstuart was never thought of for Vienna, where Lord Stormont returns in three months: the former is going to be married to one of the Miss Windsors, a great fortune. To tell you the speculations, the reasonings, and the conjectures, either of the uninformed,

or

or even of the beſt-informed public, upon the preſent wonderful ſituation of affairs, would take up much more time and paper than either you or I can afford, though we have neither of us a great deal of buſineſs at preſent.

I am in as good health as I could reaſonably expect, at my age, and with my ſhattered carcaſe; that is, from the waiſt upwards: but downwards it is not the ſame; for my limbs retain that ſtiffneſs and debility of my long rheumatiſm, I cannot walk half an hour at a time. As the autumn, and ſtill more as the winter approaches, take care to keep yourſelf very warm, eſpecially your legs and feet.

Lady Cheſterfield ſends you her compliments, and triumphs in the ſucceſs of her plaiſter. God bleſs you!

LETTER CLXXVI.

Blackheath, July the 11th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND;

YOU are a happy mortal, to have your time thus employed between the Great and the Fair; I hope you do the honours of your country to the latter. The Emperor, by your account, ſeems to be very well for an Emperor; who, by being above the other Monarchs in Europe, may juſtly be ſuppoſed to have had a proportionably worſe education. I find, by your account of him, that he has been trained up to homicide, the only ſcience in which Princes are ever inſtructed; and with good reaſon, as their greatneſs and glory ſingly depend upon the numbers of their fellow-creatures, which their ambition exterminates. If a Sovereign ſhould, by great accident, deviate into moderation,

moderation, juſtice, and clemency, what a contemptible figure would he make in the catalogue of Princes! I have always owned a great regard for King Log. From the interview at Torgaw, between the two Monarchs, they will be either a great deal better, or worſe together; but I think rather the latter; for our nameſake, Philip de Comines, obſerves, that he never knew any good come from *l'abouchement des Rois*. The King of Pruſſia will exert all his perſpicacity, to analyſe his imperial Majeſty; and I would bet upon the one head of his Black Eagle, againſt the two heads of the Auſtrian Eagle; though two heads are ſaid, proverbially, to be better than one. I wiſh I had the direction of both the Monarchs, and they ſhould, together with ſome of their Allies, take Lorraine and Alſace from France. You will call me l'Abbe de St. Pierre; but I only ſay what I wiſh; whereas he thought every thing that he wiſhed, practicable.

Now to come home. Here are great buſtles at Court, and a great change of perſons is certainly very near. You will aſk me, perhaps, who is to be out, and who is to be in? To which I anſwer, I do not know. My conjecture is, that, be the new ſettlement what it will, Mr. Pitt will be at the head of it. If he is, I preſume "qu'il aura mis de l'Eau dans ſon Vin par rapport a Mylord B——" when that ſhall come to be known, as known it certainly will ſoon be, he may bid adieu to his popularity. A Miniſter, as Miniſter, is very apt to be the object of diſlike; and a favourite, as favourite, ſtill more ſo. If any event of this kind happens, which (if it happens at all) I conjecture will be ſome time next week, you ſhall hear farther from me.

I will

I will follow your advice, and be as well as I can next winter, though I know I ſhall never be free from my flying rheumatic pains, as long as I live; but whether that will be more or leſs, is extremely indifferent to me: in either caſe, God bleſs you!

LETTER CLXXVII.

Blackheath, Auguſt the 1ſt, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE curtain was at laſt drawn up, the day before yeſterday, and diſcovered the new actors, together with ſome of the old ones. I do not name them to you, becauſe to-morrow's Gazette will do it full as well as I could. Mr. Pitt, who had *carte blanche* given him, named every one of them: but what would you think he named himſelf for? Lord Privy Seal; and (what will aſtoniſh you, as it does every mortal here) Earl of Chatham. The joke here is, that he has had *a fall up ſtairs*, and has done himſelf ſo much hurt, that he will never be able to ſtand upon his legs again. Every body is puzzled how to account for this ſtep; though it would not be the firſt time, that great abilities have been duped by low cunning. But, be it what it will, he is now, certainly, only Earl of Chatham; and no longer Mr. Pitt, in any reſpect whatever. Such an event, I believe, was never read nor heard of. To withdraw, in the fulneſs of his power, and in the utmoſt gratification of his ambition, from the Houſe of Commons, (which procured him his power, and which could alone inſure it to him) and to go into that Hoſpital of Incurables, the Houſe of Lords, is a meaſure ſo unaccountable, that nothing but proof poſitive could have made me believe it; but true it is. Hans Stanley is to go Embaſſador to Ruſſia; and

and my nephew, Ellis, to Spain, decorated with the red ribband. Lord Shelburne is your Secretary of State, which I ſuppoſe he has notified to you this poſt, by a circular letter. Charles Townſhend has now the ſole management of the Houſe of Commons; but how long he will be content to be only Lord Chatham's vicegerent there, is a queſtion which I will not pretend to decide. There is one very bad ſign for Lord Chatham, in his new dignity; which is, that all his enemies, without exception, rejoice at it; and all his friends are ſtupified and dumb-founded. If I miſtake not much, he will, in the courſe of a year, enjoy perfect *otium cum dignitate.* Enough of politics.

Is the fair, or at leaſt the fat, Miſs C—— with you ſtill? It muſt be confeſt that ſhe knows the arts of Courts; to be ſo received at Dreſden, and ſo connived at in Leiceſter-fields.

There never was ſo wet a ſummer as this has been, in the memory of man; we have not had one ſingle day, ſince March, without ſome rain; but moſt days a great deal. I hope that does not affect your health, as great cold does; for, with all theſe inundations, it has not been cold. God bleſs you!

LETTER CLXXVIII.

Blackheath, Auguſt the 14th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received yeſterday your letter of the 30th paſt; and I find by it, that it croſſed mine upon the road, where they had no time to take notice of one another.

The news-papers have informed you, before now, of the changes actually made; more will probably follow, but what, I am ſure, I cannot tell you; and, I believe,

I believe, nobody can, not even thoſe who are to make them: they will, I ſuppoſe, be occaſional, as people behave themſelves. The cauſes and conſequences of Mr. Pitt's quarrel now appear in print, in a pamphlet publiſhed by Lord T——; and in a refutation of it, not by Mr. Pitt himſelf, I believe, but by ſome friend of his, and under his ſanction. The former is very ſcurrilous and ſcandalous, and betrays private converſation. My Lord ſays, that in his laſt conference, he thought he had as good a right to nominate the new Miniſtry as Mr. Pitt, and conſequently named Lord G—, Lord L——, &c. for Cabinet Council employments; which Mr. Pitt not conſenting to, Lord T—— broke up the conference, and, in his wrath, went to Stowe; where, I preſume, he may remain undiſturbed a great while, ſince Mr. Pitt will neither be willing, nor able, to ſend for him again. The pamphlet, on the part of Mr. Pitt, gives an account of his whole political life; and, in that reſpect, is tedious, to thoſe who were acquainted with it before; but, at the latter end, there is an article that expreſſes ſuch ſupreme contempt of Lord T——, and in ſo pretty a manner, that I ſuſpect it to be Mr. Pitt's own: you ſhall judge yourſelf, for I here tranſcribe the article. ——" But this I will be bold to ſay, that had he " (Lord T——) not faſtened himſelf into Mr. " Pitt's train, and acquired thereby ſuch an intereſt " in that great man, he might have crept out of life " with as little notice as he crept in; and gone off " with no other degree of credit, than that of add" ing a ſingle unit to the bills of mortality." —I wiſh I could ſend you all the pamphlets and half ſheets that ſwarm here upon this occaſion; but that is impoſſible; for every week would make a ſhip's cargo. It is certain that Mr. Pitt has, by his dignity of Earl, loſt the greateſt part of his popularity, eſpecially

especially in the city; and I believe the Opposition will be very strong, and perhaps prevail, next session, in the House of Commons; there being now nobody there, who can have the authority, and ascendant over them, that Pitt had.

People tell me here, as young Harvey told you at Dresden, that I look very well; but those are words of course, which every one says to every body. So far is true, that I am better than, at my age, and with my broken constitution, I could have expected to be. God bless you!

LETTER CLXXIX.

Blackheath, September the 12th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have this moment received your letter of the 27th past. I was in hopes that your course of waters this year, at Baden, would have given you a longer reprieve from your painful complaint. If I do not mistake, you carried over with you some of Dr. Monsey's powders; Have you taken any of them, and have they done you any good? I know they did me a great deal. I, who pretend to some skill in physic, advise a cool regimen, and cooling medicines.

I do not wonder, that you do wonder at Lord C——'s conduct. If he was not outwitted into his Peerage by Lord B——, his accepting it is utterly inexplicable. The instruments he has chosen for the great offices, I believe, will never fit the same case. It was cruel to put such a boy as Lord G—, over the head of old Ligonier; and if I had been the former, I would have refused that commission, during the life of that honest and brave old General. All this to quiet the Duke of R——to a resignation, and to make Lord B—— Lieutenant of Ireland, where,

where, I will venture to prophesy, that he will not do. Ligonier was much pressed to give up his regiment of guards, but would by no means do it; and declared, that the King might break him, if he pleased, but that he would certainly not break himself.

I have no political events to inform you of; they will not be ripe till the meeting of the Parliament. Immediately upon the receipt of this letter, write me one, to acquaint me how you are.

God bless you; and, particularly, may he send you health, for that is the greatest blessing!

LETTER CLXXX.

Blackheath, September the 30th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received, yesterday, with great pleasure, your letter of the 18th, by which I consider this last ugly bout as over; and, to prevent its return, I greatly approve of your plan for the South of France, where I recommend for your principal residence, Pezenas, Toulouse, or Bourdeaux; but do not be persuaded to go to Aix en Provence, which, by experience, I know to be, at once, the hottest and the coldest place in the world, from the ardour of the Provençal Sun, and the sharpness of the Alpine winds. I also earnestly recommend to you, for your complaint upon your breast, to take, twice a day, asses or (what is better) mare's milk, and that for these six months at least. Mingle turnips, as much as you can, with your diet.

I have written, as you desired, to Mr. Secretary Conway; but I will answer for it, that there will be no difficulty to obtain the leave you ask.

There is now no new event in the political world, since my last; so God bless you!

LETTER

LETTER CLXXXI.

London, Oct. the 29th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE laſt mail brought me your letter of the 17th. I am glad to hear that your breaſt is ſo much better. You will find both aſſes and mares milk enough in the South of France, where it was much drank when I was there. Guy Patin recommends to a patient, to have no Doctor but a Horſe; and no Apothecary but an Aſs. As for your pains and weakneſs in your limbs, "je vous en offre autant;" I have never been free from them ſince my laſt rheumatiſm. I uſe my legs as much as I can, and you ſhould do ſo too, for diſuſe makes them worſe. I cannot now uſe them long at a time, becauſe of the weakneſs of old-age; but I contrive to get, by different ſnatches, at leaſt two hours walking every day, either in my garden or within doors, as the weather permits. I ſet out to-morrow for Bath, in hopes of half repairs, for Medea's kettle could not give me whole ones; the timbers of my wretched veſſel are too much decayed to be fitted out again for uſe. I ſhall ſee poor Harte there, who, I am told, is in a miſerable way, between ſome real and ſome imaginary diſtempers.

I ſend you no political news, for one reaſon among others, which is, that I know none. Great expectations are raiſed of this ſeſſion, which meets the 11th of next month; but of what kind nobody knows, and conſequently every body conjectures variouſly. Lord Chatham comes to town to-morrow, from Bath, where he has been to refit himſelf for the winter campaign: he has hitherto but an indifferent ſet of *Aides de Camp*; and where he will find better, I do not know. Charles Townſhend and he are already upon ill

ill terms. *Enfin je n'y vois goute*; and ſo God bleſs you!

LETTER CLXXXII.

Bath, November the 15th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have this moment received your letter of the 5th inſtant, from Baſle. I am very glad to find that your breaſt is relieved, though, perhaps, at the expence of your legs: for, if the humour be either gouty or rheumatic, it had better be in your legs than any where elſe. I have conſulted Moiſey, the great phyſician of this place, upon it; who ſays, that at this diſtance he dares not preſcribe any thing, as there may be ſuch different cauſes for your complaint, which muſt be well weighed by a phyſician upon the ſpot: that is, in ſhort, that he knows nothing of the matter. I will therefore tell you my own caſe, in 1732, which may be ſomething parallel to yours. I had that year been dangerouſly ill of a fever, in Holland; and when I was recovered of it, the febrific humour fell into my legs, and ſwelled them to that degree, and chiefly in the evening, that it was as painful to me, as it was ſhocking to others. I came to England with them in this condition; and conſulted Mead, Broxholme, and Arbuthnot, who none of them did me the leaſt good; but, on the contrary, increaſed the ſwelling, by applying poultices and emollients. In this condition I remained near ſix months, till, finding that the doctors could do me no good, I reſolved to conſult Palmer, the moſt eminent ſurgeon of St. Thomas's Hoſpital. He immediately told me, that the phyſicians had purſued a very wrong method, as the ſwelling of my

my legs proceeded only from a relaxation and weaknefs of the cutaneous veffels; and he muft apply ftrengtheners inftead of emollients. Accordingly he ordered me to put my legs, up to the knees, every morning, in brine from the falters, as hot as I could bear it: the brine muft have had meat falted in it. I did fo; and after having thus pickled my legs for about three weeks, the complaint abfolutely ceafed, and I have never had the leaft fwelling in them fince. After what I have faid, I muft caution you not to ufe the fame remedy rafhly, and without the moft fkilful advice you can find, where you are; for if your fwelling proceeds from a gouty, or rheumatic humour, there may be great danger in applying fo powerful an aftringent, and perhaps *repellent*, as brine. So go *piano*, and not without the beft advice, upon a view of the parts.

I fhall direct all my letters to you *Chez Monfieur Sarrazin*, who by his trade is, I fuppofe, *fedentaire* at Bafle, while it is not fure that you will be at any one place, in the South of France. Do you know that he is a defcendant of the French poet, Sarrazin?

Poor Harte, whom I frequently go to fee here, out of compaffion, is in a moft miferable way; he has had a ftroke of the palfy, which has deprived him of the ufe of his right leg, affected his fpeech a good deal, and perhaps his head a little. Such are the intermediate tributes that we are forced to pay, in fome fhape or other, to our wretched nature, till we pay the laft great one of all. May you pay this very late, and as few intermediate tributes as poffible; and fo *jubeo te bene valere*. God blefs you!

LETTER

LETTER CLXXXIII.

Bath, December the 9th, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received, two days ago, your letter of the 26th past. I am very glad that you begin to feel the good effects of the climate where you are; I know it saved my life, in 1741, when both the skilful and the unskilful gave me over. In that ramble I stayed three or four days at Nimes, where there are more remains of Antiquity, I believe, than in any town in Europe, Italy excepted. What is falsely called *la maison quarrée*, is, in my mind, the finest piece of architecture that I ever saw; and the Amphitheatre the clumsiest and the ugliest: if it were in England, every body would swear it had been built by Sir John Vanbrugh.

This place is now, just what you have seen it formerly; here is a great crowd of trifling and unknown people, whom I seldom frequent, in the public rooms; so that I pass my time *très uniment*, in taking the air in my post-chaise every morning, and in reading of evenings. And *à propos* of the latter, I shall point out a book, which, I believe, will give you some pleasure; at least it gave me a great deal: I never read it before. It is *Réflexions sur la Poesie et la Peinture, par l'Abbe de Bos*, in two octavo volumes; and is, I suppose, to be had at every great town *in* France. The criticisms and the reflections are just and lively.

It may be you expect some political news from me; but I can tell you, that you will have none; for no mortal can comprehend the present state of affairs. Eight or nine people, of some consequence, have resigned their employments; upon which

which Lord C—— made overtures to the Duke of B—— and his people; but they could by no means agree, and his Grace went, the next day, full of wrath, to Wooburne: ſo that negotiation is entirely at an end. People wait to ſee who Lord C— will take in, for ſome he muſt have; even he cannot be alone, *contra Mundum*. Such a ſtate of affairs, to be ſure, was never ſeen before, in this or in any other country. When this Miniſtry ſhall be ſettled, it will be the ſixth Miniſtry in ſix years time.

Poor Harte is here, and in a moſt miſerable condition; thoſe who wiſh him the beſt, as I do, muſt wiſh him dead. God bleſs you!

LETTER CLXXXIV.

London, February the 13th, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT is ſo long ſince I have had a letter from you, that I am alarmed about your health; and fear that the ſouthern parts of France have not done ſo well by you, as they did by me in the year 1741, whan they ſnatched me from the jaws of death. Let me know, upon the receipt of this letter, how you are, and where you are.

I have no news to ſend you from hence; for every thing ſeems ſuſpended, both in the Court and in the Parliament, till Lord Chatham's return from the Bath, where he has been laid up this month, by a ſevere fit of the gout; and, at preſent, he has the ſole apparent power. In what little buſineſs has hitherto been done in the Houſe of Commons, Charles Townſhend has given him-

ſelf more Miniſterial airs than Lord Chatham will, I believe, approve of. However, ſince Lord Chatham has thought fit to withdraw himſelf from that Houſe, he cannot well do without Charles's abilities to manage it as his Deputy.

I do not ſend you an account of weddings, births, and burials, as I take it for granted that you know them all from the Engliſh printed papers; ſome of which, I preſume are ſent after you. Your old acquaintance, Lord Eſſex, is to be married this week to Harriet Bladen, who has £.20,000 down, beſides the reaſonable expectation of as much at the death of her father. My kinſman, Lord Strathmore, is to be married, in a fortnight, to Miſs Bowes, the greateſt heireſs, perhaps, in Europe; in ſhort the matrimonial phrenzy ſeems to rage at preſent, and is epidemical. The men marry for money, and I believe you gueſs what the women marry for. God bleſs you, and ſend you health!

LETTER CLXXXV.

London, March the 3d, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received two letters at once from you, both dated Montpellier; one of the 29th of laſt December, and the other, the 12th of February: but I cannot conceive what became of my letters to you; for I aſſure you that I anſwered all yours, the next poſt after I received them; and about ten days ago, I wrote you a volunteer, becauſe you had been ſo long ſilent; and I was afraid that you were not well; but your letter of the 12th February has removed all my fears

fears upon that ſcore. The ſame climate that has reſtored your health ſo far, will, probably, in a little more time, reſtore your ſtrength too; though you muſt not expect it to be quite what it was before your late painful complaints. At leaſt I find, that, ſince my late great rheumatiſm, I cannot walk above half an hour at a time, which I do not place ſingly to the account of my years, but chiefly to the great ſhock given then to my limbs. *D'ailleurs* I am pretty well, for my age, and ſhattered conſtitution.

As I told you in my laſt, I muſt tell you again in this, that I have no news to ſend. Lord Chatham, at laſt, came to town yeſterday, full of gout, and is not able to ſtir hand or foot. During his abſence, Charles Townſhend has talked of him and at him, in ſuch a manner, that henceforwards they muſt be either much worſe or much better together than ever they were in their lives. On Friday laſt, Mr. Dowdeſwell and Mr. Grenville moved to have one ſhilling in the pound of the land-tax taken off; which was oppoſed by the Court; but the Court loſt it by eighteen. The Oppoſition triumph much upon this victory; though, I think, without reaſon; for it is plain that all the landed gentlemen bribed themſelves with this ſhilling in the pound.

The Duke of Buccleugh is very ſoon to be married to Lady Betty Montague, Lord Eſſex was married, yeſterday, to Harriet Bladen; and Lord Strathmore, laſt week, to Miſs Bowes; both couples went directly from the church to conſummation in the country, from an unneſſary fear that they ſhould not be tired of each other, if they ſtayed in town. And now *dixi*; God bleſs you!

You are in the right to go to ſee the Aſſembly of the States of Languedoc, though they are but

the ſhadow of the original *Etats*, while there was ſome liberty ſubſiſting in France.

LETTER CLXXXVI.

London, April the 6th, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter from Nimes, by which I find that ſeveral of our letters have reciprocally miſcarried. This may probably have the ſame fate; however, if it reaches Monſieur Sarrazin, I preſume, he will know where to take his aim at you: for I find you are in motion, and with a Polarity to Dreſden. I am very glad to find, by it, that your Meridional journey has perfectly recovered you, as to your general ſtate of health; for as to your legs and thighs, you muſt never expect that they will be reſtored to their original ſtrength and activity, after ſo many rheumatic attacks as you have had. I know that my limbs, beſides the natural debility of old age, have never recovered the ſevere attack of rheumatiſm that plagued me five or ſix years ago. I cannot now walk above half an hour at a time, and even that in a hobbling kind of way.

I can give you no account of our political world, which is in a ſituation that I never ſaw in my whole life. Lord Chatham has been ſo ill, theſe laſt two months, that he has not been able (ſome ſay not willing) to do or hear of any buſineſs: and for his *ſous Miniſtres*, they either cannot, or dare not, do any, without his directions; ſo that every thing is now at a ſtand. This ſituation, I think, cannot laſt much longer; and if Lord Chatham ſhould either quit his poſt, or the world, neither of which

which is very improbable, I conjecture, that what is called the Rockingham Connection, stands the fairest for the Ministry. But this is merely my conjecture; for I have neither *data* nor *postulata* enough to reason upon.

When you get to Dresden, which I hope you will not do till next month, our correspondence will be more regular. God bless you!

LETTER CLXXXVII.

London, May the 5th, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

BY your letter of the 25th past, from Basle, I presume this will find you at Dresden, and accordingly I direct to you there. When you write me word that you are at Dresden, I will return you an answer, with something better than the answer itself. If you complain of the weather, north of Besançon, what would you say to the weather that we have had here, for these last two months, uninterruptedly? Snow often, north-east wind constantly, and extreme cold. I write this by the side of a good fire; and at this moment it snows very hard. All my promised fruit at Blackheath is quite destroyed; and, what is worse, many of my trees.

I cannot help thinking, that the King of Poland, the Empress of Russia, and the King of Prussia, "s'entendent comme Lurrons en foire," though the former must not appear in it, upon account of the stupidity, ignorance, and bigotry of his Poles. I have a great opinion of the cogency of the controversial arguments of the Russian troops, in favour of the Diffidents: I am sure, I wish them success; for I would have all intoleration intolerated in its turn. We shall soon see more clearly into this matter; for

I do not think that the Autocratrice of all the Ruſſias will be trifled with by the Sarmatians.

What do you think of the late extraordinary event in Spain? Could you ever have imagined that thoſe ignorant Goths would have dared to baniſh the Jeſuits? There muſt have been ſome very grave and important reaſons for ſo extraordinary a meaſure: but what they were, I do not pretend to gueſs; and, perhaps, I ſhall never know, though all the coffee-houſes here do.

Things are here in exactly the ſame ſituation, in which they were when I wrote to you laſt. Lord Chatham is ſtill ill, and only goes abroad for an hour in a day, to take the air, in his coach. The King has, to my certain knowledge, ſent him repeated meſſages, deſiring him not to be concerned at his confinement, for that he is reſolved to ſupport him *pour et contre tous.* God bleſs you!

LETTER CLXXXVIII.

London, June the 1ſt, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received yeſterday your letter of the 20th paſt, from Dreſden, where I am glad to find that you are arrived ſafe and ſound. This has been every where an *annus mirabilis* for bad weather; and it continues here ſtill. Every body has fires, and their winter-clothes, as at Chriſtmas. The town is extremely ſickly; and ſudden deaths have been very frequent.

I do not know what to ſay to you upon public matters; things remain *in ſtatu quo*, and nothing is done. Great changes are talked of, and, I believe, will happen ſoon, perhaps next week; but who is to be changed, for who, I do not know, though every body elſe does. I am apt to think that it will be

be a Mosaic Ministry, made up *de pieces rapportées* from different connections.

Last Friday I sent your subsidy to Mr. Larpent, who, I suppose, has given you notice of it. I believe it will come very seasonably, as all places, both foreign and domestic, are so far in arrears. They talk of paying you all up to Christmas. The King's inferior servants are almost starving.

I suppose you have already heard, at Dresden, that Count Brühl is either actually married, or very soon to be so, to Lady Egremont. She has, together with her salary as Lady of the Bedchamber, £. 2,500 a year; besides ten thousand pounds in money left her, at her own disposal, by Lord Egremont. All this will sound great *en écus d' Allemagne*. I am glad of it; for he is a very pretty man. God bless you!

I easily conceive why Orloff influences the Empress of all the Russias; but I cannot see why the King of Prussia should be influenced by that motive.

LETTER CLXXXIX.

Blackheath, July the 2d, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THough I have had no letter from you since my last, and though I have no political news to inform you of, I write this to acquaint you with a piece of Greenwich news, which I believe you will be very glad of; I am sure I am. Know then, that your friend Miss ** was happily married, three days ago, to Mr. ***, an Irish gentleman, and a Member of that Parliament, with an estate of above two thousand pounds a year. He settles upon her £. 600 jointure, and, in case they have no children, £. 1,500. He happened to be by chance in her

 company

company one day here, and was at once ſhot dead by her charms; but, as dead men ſometimes walk, he walked to her the next morning, and tendered her his perſon and his fortune; both which, taking the one with the other, ſhe very prudently accepted; for his perſon is ſixty years old.

Miniſterial affairs are ſtill in the ſame ridiculous and doubtful ſituation as when I wrote to you laſt. Lord Chatham will neither hear of, nor do any buſineſs, but lives at Hampſtead, and rides about the heath; his gout is ſaid to be fallen upon his nerves. Your Provincial Secretary, Conway, quits this week, and returns to the army, which he languiſhed for. Two Lords are talked of to ſucceed him; Lord Egmont, and Lord Hillſborough: I rather hope the latter. Lord Northington certainly quits this week; but nobody gueſſes who is to ſucceed him, as Preſident. A thouſand other changes are talked of, which I neither believe nor reject.

Poor Harte is in a moſt miſerable condition: he has loſt one ſide of himſelf, and in a great meaſure his ſpeech; notwithſtanding which, he is going to publiſh his *divine poems*, as he calls them. I am ſorry for it, as he had not time to correct them, before this ſtroke, nor abilities to do it ſince. God bleſs you!

LETTER CXC.

Blackheath, July the 9th, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have received yours of the 21ſt paſt, with the encloſed propoſal from the French *refugiés*, for I ſubſcription towards building them *un Temple.* I have ſhown it to the very few people I ſee, but without the leaſt ſucceſs. They told me (and with too much truth) that while ſuch numbers of poor were

were literally ſtarving here, from the dearneſs of all proviſions, they could not think of ſending their money into another country, for a building which they reckoned uſeleſs. In truth, I never knew ſuch miſery as is here now; and it affects both the hearts and the purſes of thoſe who have either; for my own part, I never gave to a building in my life; which I reckon is only giving to maſons and carpenters, and the treaſurer of the undertaking.

Contrary to the expectations of all mankind here, every thing ſtill continues in *ſtatu quo*. General Conway has been deſired by the King to keep the ſeals till he has found a ſucceſſor for him, and the Lord Preſident the ſame. Lord Chatham is relapſed, and worſe than ever; he ſees no body, and no body ſees him: it is ſaid, that a bungling Phyſician has checked his gout, and thrown it upon his nerves; which is the worſt diſtemper that a Miniſter or a Lover can have, as it debilitates the mind of the former, and the body of the latter. Here is at preſent an interregnum. We muſt ſoon ſee what order will be produced from this chaos.

The Electorate, I believe, will find the want of Comte Flemming; for he certainly had abilities; and was as ſturdy and inexorable as a Miniſter at the head of the finances ought always to be. When you ſee Comteſſe Flemming, which I ſuppoſe cannot be of ſome time, pray make her Lady Cheſterfield's and my compliments of condolence.

You ſay that Dreſden is very ſickly; I am ſure London is at leaſt as ſickly now, for there reigns an epidemical diſtemper called by the genteel name of *l'influenza*. It is a little fever, which ſcarcely any body dies of; and it generally goes off with a little looſeneſs. I have eſcaped it, I believe, by being here. God keep you from all diſtempers, and bleſs you!

LETTER CXCI.

London, October the 30th, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have now left Blackheath, till the next summer, if I live till then; and am just able to write, which is all I can say, for I am extremely weak, and have, in a great measure, lost the use of my legs; I hope they will recover both flesh and strength, for at present they have neither. I go to the Bath next week, in hopes of half repairs at most, for those waters, I am sure, will not prove Medea's kettle, nor *les eaux de Jouvence* to me; however, I shall do as good Courtiers do, and get what I can, if I cannot get what I will. I send you no politics, for here are neither politics nor Ministers; Lord Chatham is quiet at Pynsent, in Somersetshire, and his former subalterns do nothing, so that nothing is done. Whatever places or preferments are disposed of, come evidently from Lord ——, who affects to be invisible; and who, like a woodcock, thinks, that if his head is but hid, he is not seen at all.

General Pulteney is at last dead, last week, worth above thirteen hundred thousand pounds. He has left all his landed estate, which is eight-and-twenty thousand pounds a year, including the Bradford estate, which his brother had ———— from that ancient family, to a cousin-german. He has left two hundred thousand pounds, in the funds, to Lord Darlington, who was his next nearest relation; and, at least, twenty thousand pounds in various legacies. If riches alone could make people happy, the last two proprietors of this immense wealth ought to have been so, but they never were.

God bless you, and send you good health, which is better than all the riches of the world!

LETTER

LETTER CXCII.

London, November the 3d, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR last letter brought me but a scurvy account of your health. For the head-achs you complain of, I will venture to prescribe a remedy, which, by experience, I found a specific, when I was extremely plagued with them. It is, either to chew ten grains of rhubarb every night going to bed; or, what I think rather better, to take, immediately before dinner, a couple of rhubarb pills, of five grains each; by which means it mixes with the aliments, and will, by degrees, keep your body gently open. I do it to this day, and find great good by it. As you seem to dread the approach of a German winter, I would advise you to write to General Conway, for leave of absence for the three rigorous winter months, which I dare say will not be refused. If you chuse a worse climate, you may come to London; but if you chuse a better and a warmer, you may go to Nice en Provence, where Sir William Stanhope is gone to pass his winter, who, I am sure, will be extremely glad of your company there.

I go to the Bath next Saturday. *Utinam ne frustrà.* God bless you!

LETTER CXCIII.

Bath, December the 19th, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 29th past, and am very glad to find that you are well enough to think, that you may perhaps stand the winter at Dresden; but if you do, pray take care to

to keep both your body and your limbs exceedingly warm.

As to my own health, it is, in general, as good as I could expect it, at my age; I have a good ſtomach, a good digeſtion, and ſleep well; but find that I ſhall never recover the free uſe of my legs, which are now full as weak as when I firſt came hither.

You aſk me queſtions, concerning Lord C——, which neither I, nor, I believe, any body but himſelf can anſwer; however, I will tell you all that I do know, and all that I gueſs concerning him. This time twelvemonth he was here, and in good health and ſpirits, except, now and then, ſome little twinges of the gout. We ſaw one another four or five times at our reſpective houſes; but, for theſe laſt eight months, he has been abſolutely inviſible to his moſt intimate friends, *les ſous Miniſtres*: he would receive no letters, nor ſo much as open any packet about buſineſs.

His phyſician Dr. ———, as I am told, had, very ignorantly, checked a coming fit of the gout, and ſcattered it about his body; and it fell particularly upon his nerves, ſo that he continues exceedingly vapouriſh; and would neither ſee nor ſpeak to any body, while he was here. I ſent him my compliments, and aſked leave to wait upon him; but he ſent me word, that he was too ill to ſee any body whatſoever. I met him frequently taking the air in his poſt-chaiſe, and he looked very well. He ſet out from hence, for London, laſt Tueſday; but what to do, whether to reſume, or finally to reſign Adminiſtration, God knows; conjectures are various. In one of our converſations here, this time twelvemonth, I deſired him to ſecure you a ſeat in the new Parliament; he aſſured me that he would; and, I am convinced, very ſincerely; he ſaid even that he would

would make it his own affair; and desired that I would give myself no more trouble about it. Since that I have heard no more of it; which made me look out for some venal borough: and I spoke to a borough-jobber, and offered five-and-twenty hundred pounds for a secure seat in Parliament; but he laughed at my offer, and said, That there was no such thing as a borough to be had now; for that the rich East and West Indians had secured them all, at the rate of three thousand pounds at least; but many at four thousand; and two or three, that he knew, at five thousand. This, I confess, has vexed me a good deal; and made me the more impatient to know whether Lord C—— had done any thing in it; which I shall know when I go to town, as I propose to do in about a fortnight; and, as soon as I know it, you shall. To tell you truly what I think—I doubt, from all this *nervous disorder*, that Lord C— is *hors de combat*, as a Minister; but do not even hint this to any body. God bless you!

LETTER CXCIV.

Bath, December the 27th, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

En nova progenies.

THE outlines of a new Ministry are now declared; but they are not yet quite filled up: it was formed by the Duke of Bedford. Lord Gower is made President of the Council, Lord Sandwich Post-master, Lord Hillsborough Secretary of State, for America only, Mr. Rigby Vice treasurer of Ireland. General Conway is to keep the seals a fortnight longer, and to surrender them to Lord Weymouth. It is very uncertain whether the Duke of Grafton is to continue at the head of the Treasury or not; but, in my private opinion, George Grenville will very soon be there. Lord Chatham seems to be out of the question,

on, and is at his repurchaſed houſe at Hayes, where he will not ſee a mortal. It is yet uncertain whether Lord Shelburn is to keep his place; if not, Lord Sandwich, they ſay, is to ſucceed him. All the Rockingham people are abſolutely excluded. Many more changes muſt neceſſarily be; but no more are yet declared. It ſeems to be a reſolution taken by ſomebody, that Miniſtries are to be annual.

Sir George Macartney is, next week, to be married to Lady Jane Stuart, Lord Bute's ſecond daughter.

I never knew it ſo cold in my life as it is now, and with a very deep ſnow; which, if it continues, I may be ſnow-bound here, for God knows how long, though I propoſed leaving this place the latter end of the week.

Poor Harte is very ill here; he mentions you often, and with great affection. God bleſs you!

When I know more, you ſhall.

LETTER CXCV.

London, March the 12th, 1768.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE day after I received your letter, of the 21ſt paſt, I wrote to Lord Weymouth, as you deſired; and I ſend you his anſwer encloſed: from which (though I have not heard from him ſince) I take it for granted, and ſo may you, that his ſilence ſignifies his Majeſty's conſent to your requeſt. Your complicated complaints give me great uneaſineſs, and the more, as I am convinced that the Montpellier phyſicians have miſtaken a material part of your caſe; as indeed all the phyſicians here did, except Dr. Maty. In my opinion, you have no gout, but a very ſcorbutic and rheumatic habit of body, which ſhould be treated in a very different manner from the gout;

gout; and, as I pretend to be a very good quack, at least, I would prescribe to you a strict milk-diet, with the seeds, such as rice, sago, barley, millet, &c. for the three summer months at least, and without ever tasting wine. If climate signifies any thing (in which, by the way, I have very little faith) you are in my mind, in the finest climate in the world; neither too hot nor too cold, and always clear: you are with the gayest people living; be gay with them, and do not wear out your eyes with reading at home. *L'ennui* is the English distemper; and a very bad one it is, as I find by every day's experience; for my deafness deprives me of the only rational pleasure that I can have at my age, which is society; so that I read my eyes out every day, that I may not hang myself.

You will not be in this Parliament, at least not at the beginning of it. I relied too much upon Lord C——'s promise, above a year ago, at Bath. He desired that I would leave it to him; that he would make it his own affair, and give it in charge to the Duke of G——, whose province it was to make the parliamentary arrangement. This I depended upon, and I think with reason; but, since that, Lord C—— has seen nor spoke to nobody, and has been in the oddest way in the world. I sent to the D—— of G——, to know if L—— C—— had either spoken or sent to him about it; but he assured me that he had done neither: that all was full, or rather running over, at present; but that, if he could crowd you in upon a vacancy, he would do it with great pleasure. I am extremely sorry for this accident; for I am of a very different opinion from you, about being in Parliament, as no man can be of consequence, in this country, who is not in it; and, though one may not speak like a Lord Mansfield, or a Lord Chatham, one may make a very

very good figure in a ſecond rank. "Locus eſt et "pluribus umbris." I do not pretend to give you any account of the preſent ſtate of this country, or Miniſtry, not knowing nor gueſſing it myſelf.

God bleſs you, and ſend you health, which is the firſt and greateſt of all bleſſings!

LETTER CXCVI.

London, April the 12th, 1768.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received, yeſterday, your letter of the 1ſt; in which you do not mention the ſtate of your health, which I deſire you will do for the future.

I believe you have gueſſed the true reaſon of Mr. Keith's miſſion; but, by a whiſper that I have ſince heard, Keith is rather inclined to go to Turin, as "Charge d' Affaires. I forgot to tell you, in my laſt, that I was moſt poſitively aſſured, that the inſtant you return to Dreſden, Keith ſhould decamp. I am perſuaded that they will keep their words with me, as there is no one reaſon in the world why they ſhould not. I will ſend your annual to Mr. Larpent, in a fortnight, and pay the forty ſhillings a day quarterly, if there ſhould be occaſion; for, in my own private opinion, there will be no "Charge d' Affairs" ſent. I agree with you, that "point d' Argent point d' Allemand," as was uſed to be ſaid, and not without more reaſon, of the Swiſs; but, as we have neither the inclination nor (I fear) the power to give ſubſidies, the Court of Vienna can give good things that coſt them nothing, as Archbiſhoprics, Biſhoprics, beſides corrupting their miniſters and favourites with places.

Elections, here, have been carried to a degree of frenzy hitherto unheard of; that for the town of Northampton has coſt the contending parties at leaſt

least thirty thousand pounds a side, and ——— has sold his borough of ——, to two Members, for nine thousand pounds. As soon as Wilkes had lost his election for the City, he set up for the County of Middlesex, and carried it hollow, as the jockeys say. Here were great mobs and riots upon that occasion, and most of the windows in town broke, that had no lights "for Wilkes and Liberty," who were thought to be inseparable. He will appear, the 20th of this month, in the Court of King's Bench, to receive his sentence; and then great riots are again expected, and probably will happen. God bless you!

LETTER CXCVII.

Bath, October the 17th, 1768.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR two last letters, to myself and Grevenkop, have alarmed me extremely; but I comfort myself a little, by hoping, that you, like all people who suffer, think yourself worse than they are. A dropsy never comes so suddenly; and I flatter myself, that it is only that gouty or rheumatic humour, which has plagued you so long, that has occasioned the temporary swelling of your legs. Above forty years ago, after a violent fever, my legs swelled as much as you describe yours to be; I immediately thought that I had a dropsy, but the Faculty assured me, that my complaint was only the effect of my fever, and would soon be cured; and they said true. Pray let your amanuensis, whoever he may be, write an account regularly, once a week, either to Grevenkop or myself, for that is the same thing, of the state of your health.

I sent you, in four successive letters, as much of the Dutchess of Somerset's snuff as a letter could well

well convey to you. Have you received all or any of them? and have they done you any good? Though, in your present condition, you cannot go into company, I hope you have some acquaintances that come and sit with you; for if originally it was not good for man to be alone, it is much worse for a sick man to be so; he thinks too much of his distemper, and magnifies it. Some men of learning amongst the Ecclesiastics, I dare say, would be glad to sit with you; and you could give them as good as they brought.

Poor Harte, who is here still, is in a most miserable condition; he has entirely lost the use of his left side, and can hardly speak intelligibly. I was with him yesterday. He inquired after you with great affection, and was in the utmost concern when I showed him your letter.

My own health is as it has been ever since I was here last year. I am, neither well nor ill, but *unwell*. I have, in a manner, lost the use of my legs; for though I can make a shift to crawl upon even ground for a quarter of an hour, I cannot go up or down stairs, unless supported by a servant.

God bless, and grant you a speedy recovery!

[Here end the letters of Mr. Stanhope, as he died the 16th of November following.]

LETTER CXCVIII.

To Mrs. Stanhope, then at Paris.

London, March the 16th, 1769.

MADAM,

A Troublesome and painful inflammation in my eyes, obliges me to use another hand than my own, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter from Avignon of the 27th past.

I am

I am extremely ſurpriſed that Mrs. du-Bouchet ſhould have an objection to the manner in which your late huſband deſired to be buried, and which you, very properly, complied with. All I deſire, for my own burial, is, not to be buried alive; but how or where, I think, muſt be entirely indifferent to every rational creature.

I have no commiſſion to trouble you with, during your ſtay at Paris; from whence I wiſh you and the boys a good journey home; where I ſhall be very glad to ſee you all, and aſſure you of my being, with great truth,

Your faithful, humble ſervant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CXCIX.

To the ſame, at London.

MADAM,

THE laſt time that I had the pleaſure of ſeeing you, I was ſo taken up in playing with the boys, that I forgot their more important affairs. How ſoon would you have them placed at ſchool? When I know your pleaſure as to that, I will ſend to Monſieur Perny, to prepare every thing for their reception. In the mean time, I beg that you will equip them thoroughly with clothes, linen, &c. all good, but plain; and give me the account, which I will pay; for I do not intend, that, from this time forwards, the two boys ſhould coſt you one ſhilling. I am, with great truth,

Madam,

Your faithful, humble ſervant,

Wedneſday. CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER

LETTER CC.

MADAM,

AS ſome day muſt be fixed for ſending the boys to ſchool, do you approve of the 8th of next month? by which time the weather will probably be warm and ſettled, and you will be able to equip them completely.

I will, upon that day, ſend my coach to you, to carry you and the boys to Loughborough Houſe, with all their immenſe baggage. I muſt recommend to you, when you leave them there, to ſuppreſs, as well as you can, the overflowings of maternal tenderneſs, which would grieve the poor boys the more, and give them a terror of their new eſtabliſhment.

I am, with great truth, Madam,
Your faithful, humble ſervant,
Thurſday morning. CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCI.

Bath, October the 11th, 1769.

MADAM,

NOBODY can be more willing or ready to obey orders, than I am; but then I muſt like the orders, and the orderer. Your orders and yourſelf come under this deſcription; and therefore I muſt give you an account of my arrival and exiſtence, ſuch as it is, here. I got hither laſt Sunday, the day after I left London, leſs fatigued than I expected to have been; and now crawl about this place upon my three legs, but am kept in countenance by many of my fellow crawlers: the laſt part of the Sphynx's riddle approaches, and I ſhall ſoon end, as I began, upon all fours.

When you happen to ſee either Monſieur or Madame Perny, I beg you will give them this *melancholick* proof of my caducity, and tell them, that the laſt time I went to ſee the boys, I carried the Michaelmas quarteridge in my pocket, and when I was there I totally forgot it; but aſſure them, that I have not the leaſt intention to bilk them, and will pay them faithfully, the two quarters together, at Chriſtmas.

I hope our two boys are well; for then I am ſure you are ſo.

I am, with great truth and eſteem,
Your moſt faithful, humble ſervant,
CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCII.

Bath, October the 28th, 1769.

MADAM,

YOUR kind anxiety for my health and life, is more than, in my opinion, they are both worth: without the former, the latter is a burthen; and, indeed, I am very weary of it. I think I have got ſome benefit by drinking theſe waters, and by bathing, for my old, ſtiff, rheumatic limbs; for I believe I could now outcrawl a ſnail, or, perhaps, even a tortoiſe.

I hope the boys are well. Phil, I dare ſay, has been in ſome ſcrapes; but he will get triumphantly out of them, by dint of ſtrength and reſolution.

I am, with great truth and eſteem,
Your moſt faithful, humble ſervant,
CHESTERFIELD.

LET-

LETTER CCIII.

Bath, November the 5th, 1758.

MADAM,

I Remember very well the paragraph which you quote from a letter of mine to Mrs. du-Bouchet, and ſee no reaſon yet to retract that opinion, *in general*, which at leaſt nineteen widows in twenty had authoriſed. I had not then the pleaſure of your acquaintance; I had ſeen you but twice or thrice, and I had no reaſon to think that you would deviate, as you have done, from other widows, ſo much, as to put perpetual ſhackles upon yourſelf, for the ſake of your children; but (if I may uſe a vulgariſm) one ſwallow makes no ſummer: five righteous were formerly neceſſary to ſave a city, and they could not be found; ſo, till I find four more ſuch righteous widows as yourſelf, I ſhall entertain my former notions of widowhood in general.

I can aſſure you that I drink here very ſoberly and cautiouſly, and, at the ſame time, keep ſo cool a diet, that I do not find the leaſt ſymptom of heat, much leſs of inflammation. By the way, I never had that complaint, in conſequence of having drank theſe waters; for I have had it but four times, and always in the middle of ſummer. Mr. Hawkins is timorous, even to *minuties*, and my ſiſter delights in them.

Charles will be a ſcholar, if you pleaſe; but our little Philip, without being one, will be ſomething or other as good, though I do not gueſs what. I am not of the opinion generally entertained in this country, that man lives by Greek and Latin alone; that is, by knowing a great many words of two dead languages, which nobody living knows perfectly, and which are of no uſe in the common intercourſe

tercourſe of life. Uſeful knowledge, in my opinion, conſiſts of modern languages, hiſtory, and geography; ſome Latin may be thrown into the bargain, in compliance with cuſtom, and for cloſet amuſement.

You are, by this time, certainly tired with this long letter, which I could prove to you from Horace's own words (for I am a *ſcholar*) to be a bad one; he ſays, that water-drinkers can write nothing good: ſo I am, with real truth and eſteem,

Your moſt faithful, humble ſervant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCIV.

Bath, October the 9th, 1770.

MADAM,

I AM extremely obliged to you for the kind part which you take in my health and life: as to the latter, I am as indifferent myſelf, as any other body can be; but as to the former, I confeſs care and anxiety; for, while I am to crawl upon this Planet, I would willingly enjoy the health at leaſt of an inſect. How far theſe waters will reſtore me to that moderate degree of health, which alone I aſpire at, I have not yet given them a fair trial, having drank them but one week; the only difference, I hitherto find, is, that I ſleep better than I did.

I beg that you will neither give yourſelf, nor Mr. Fitzhugh, much trouble about the Pine plants; for, as it is three years before they fruit, I might as well, at my age, plant oaks, and hope to have the advantage of their timber; however, ſomebody or other, God knows who, will eat them, as ſomebody or other will fell and ſell the oaks I planted five-and-forty years ago.

I hope

I hope our boys are well; *my respects* to them both.

I am, with the greatest truth,
Your faithful, humble servant,
CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCV.

Bath, November the 4th, 1770.

MADAM,

THE post has been more favourable to you, than I intended it should; for, upon my word, I answered your former letter, the post after I had received it. However, you have *got a loss*, as we say, sometimes, in Ireland.

My friends, from time to time, require bills of health from me, in these suspicious times, when the Plague is busy in some parts of Europe. All I can say, in answer to their inquiries, is, that I have not the distemper properly called the Plague; but that I have all the plagues of old age, and of a shattered carcase. These waters have done me what little good I expected from them; though by no means what I could have wished, for I wished them to be *les eaux de Jouvence*.

I had a letter, the other day, from our two boys; Charles's was very finely written, and Philips's very prettily: they are perfectly well, and say that they want nothing. What grown up people will, or can say as much?

I am, with the truest esteem,
Madam,
Your most faithful servant,
CHESTERFIELD.

LET-

LETTER CVI.

Bath, October the 25th, 1771.

MADAM,

UPON my word, you interest yourself in the state of my existence, more than I do myself; for it is worth the care of neither of us. I ordered my *valet de chambre*, according to your orders, to inform you of my safe arrival here; to which I can add nothing, being neither better nor worse than I was then.

I am very glad that our boys are well. Pray give them the enclosed.

I am no at all surprised at Mr. ———'s conversion; for he was, at seventeen, the idol of old women, for his gravity, devotion, and dulness.

I am, Madam,
Your most faithful, humble servant,
CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCVII.

To Charles and Philip Stanhope.

Bath, October the 27th, 1771.

I Received, a few days ago, two the best written letters that ever I saw in my life; the one signed Charles Stanhope, the other Philip Stanhope. As for you, Charles, I did not wonder at it; for you will take pains, and are a lover of letters; but you, idle rogue, you Phil, how came you to write so well, that one can almost say of you two, "et cantare pares et respondere parati? Charles will explain this Latin to you.

I am told, Phil, that you have got a nick-name at school, from your intimacy with Master Strange-

ways; and that they call you Maſter *Strangerways*; for, to be ſure, you are a ſtrange boy. Is this true?

Tell me what you would have me bring you both from hence, and I will bring it you, when I come to town. In the mean time, God bleſs you both.

CHESTERFIELD.

THE END OF THE LETTERS.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

Some Account of the Government of the Republic of the Seven United Provinces.

THE Government of the Republic of the Seven United Provinces, is thought, by many, to be Democratical; but it is merely Ariſtocratical; * the People not having the leaſt ſhare in it, either themſelves, or by repreſentatives of their own chuſing: they have nothing to do but to pay and grumble.

 The

* The Members of the Senate, or *Vrootſchaps*, were originally elected by the Burghers, in a general, and often a tumultuous aſſembly: but now, for near two hundred years, the *Vrootſchaps* found means to perſuade the people, that theſe elections were troubleſome and dangerous; and kindly took upon themſelves to elect their own Members, upon vacancies, and to keep their own body full, without troubling the people with an election: it was then that the Ariſtocracy was eſtabliſhed

The Sovereign Power is commonly thought to be in the States General, *as they are called*, reſiding at the Hague. It is no ſuch thing; they are only limited Deputies, obliged to conſult their Conſtituents upon every point of any importance that occurs. It is very true, that the Sovereign Power is lodged in the States General; but who are thoſe States General? Not thoſe who are commonly called ſo; but the Senate, Council, or *Brootſchaps*, call it what you will, of every town, in every Province that ſends Deputies to the Provincial States of the ſaid Province. Theſe *Brootſchaps* are, in truth, the States General; but, were they to aſſemble, they would amount, for aught I know, to two or three thouſand: it is, therefore, for conveniency and diſpatch of buſineſs, that every Province ſends Deputies to the Hague, who are conſtantly aſſembled there; who are commonly called the States General, and in whom, many people falſely imagine, that the Sovereign Power is lodged. Theſe Deputies are choſen by the *Brootſchaps*; but their powers are extremely circumſcribed; and they can conſent to * nothing, without writing, or returning themſelves, to their ſeveral conſtituent towns, for inſtructions in that particular caſe. They are authoriſed

* When the Deputies of the States ſigned the Triple Alliance with Sir William Temple, in two or three days time, and without conſulting their Principals (however Sir William Temple values himſelf upon it) in reality, they only ſigned *Sub Spe Rati.* The act was not valid; and had it not been ratified by the ſeveral Conſtituents of the ſeveral Provinces, it had been as *non avenu.* The Deputies, who ſigned that treaty *Sub Spe Rati*, knew well enough that, conſidering the nature of the treaty, and the then ſituation of affairs, they ſhould not only be avowed, but approved of, by their Maſters, the States.

thorifed to concur in matters of order; that is, to continue things in the common, current, ordinary train; but, for the leaft innovation, the leaft ftep out of the ordinary courfe, new inftructions muft be given; either to deliberate or to conclude.

Many people are ignorant enough, to take the Province of Holland, fingly, for the Republic of the Seven United Provinces; and when they mean to fpeak of the Republic, they fay, † *Holland* will or

* When the Province of Holland has once taken an important refolution, of Peace, or War, or Acceffion to any treaty, it is very probable that the other Provinces will come into that meafure, but by no means certain: it is often a great while firft; and when the little Provinces know that the Province of Holland has their concurrence much at heart, they will often annex conditions to it; as the little towns in Holland frequently do, when the great ones want their concurrence. As for inftance; when I was foliciting the acceffion of the Republic to the treaty of Vienna, in 1731; which the Penfionary, Comte Zinzendorf, and I, had made fecretly at the Hague; all the towns in Holland came pretty readily into it, except the little town of Briel; whofe Deputies frankly declared, that they would not give their confent, till *Major fuch-a-one*, a very honeft gentleman of their town, was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel; and that, as foon as that was done, they would agree, for they approved of the treaty. This was accordingly done in two or three days, and then they agreed. This is a ftrong inftance of the abfurdity of the unanimity required, and of the ufe that is often made of it.

However, fhould one, or even two, of the leffer Provinces, who contribute little, and often pay lefs to the public charge, obftinately and frivoloufly, or perhaps corruptly, perfift in oppofing a meafure which Holland, and the other more confiderable Provinces thought neceffary, and had agreed to, they would fend a Deputation to thofe oppofing Provinces, to reafon

 with,

or will not, do ſuch a thing: but moſt people are ignorant enough to imagine, that the Province of Holland has a legal, a conſtitutional power over the other ſix; whereas, by the Act of Union, the little Province of *Groningen* is as much Sovereign as the Province of Holland. The Seven Provinces are Seven diſtinct Sovereignties, confederated together in one Republic; no one having any ſuperiority over, or dependence upon, any other: nay, in point of precedence, Holland is but the ſecond, *Gueldres* being the firſt. It is very natural to ſuppoſe, and it is very true in fact, that Holland, from its ſuperiority of ſtrength and riches, and paying 58 *per cent.* ſhould have great weight and influence in the other ſix Provinces; but power it has none.

The unanimity, which is conſtitutionally requiſite for every act of each Town, and each Province, ſeparately; and then for every act of the Seven collectively; is ſomething ſo abſurd, and ſo impracticable in government, that one is aſtoniſhed, that even the form of it has been tolerated long; for the ſubſtance is not ſtrictly obſerved. And five Provinces will often conclude, though two diſſent, provided that Holland and Zeland are two of the five. As fourteen or fifteen of the principal towns of Holland will conclude an affair, notwithſtanding the oppoſition

with, and perſuade them to concur; but if this would not do, they would, as they have done in many inſtances conclude without them. The ſame thing is done in the Provincial States of the reſpective Provinces; where, if one or two of the leaſt conſiderable towns pertinaciouſly oppoſe a neceſſary meaſure, they conclude without them. But as this is abſolutely unconſtitutional, it is avoided as much as poſſible, and a complete unanimity procured, if it can be, by ſuch little conceſſions as that which I have mentioned to the Briel Major.

opposition of four or five of the lesser. I cannot help conjecturing, that William, the first Prince of Orange, called the *Taciturne*, the ablest man, without dispute, of the age he lived in, not excepting even the Admiral Coligny, * and who had the modelling of the Republic as he pleased; I conjecture, I say, that the Prince of Orange would never have suffered such an absurdity to have crippled that government, which he was at the head of, if he had not thought it useful to himself and his family. He covered the greatest ambition with the greatest modesty, and declined the insignificant, outward signs, as much as he desired the solid substance of power: Might he not therefore think, that this absurd, though requisite unanimity, made a Stadthouder absolutely necessary, to render the government practicable? In which case he was very sure the Stadthouder would always be taken out of his family; and he minded things, not names. The Pensionary † thinks this conjecture probable; and as we were talking the other day, confidentially, upon this subject, we both agreed that this monstrous and impracticable unanimity, required by the constitution, was, alone, sufficient to bring about a

* I am persuaded, that had the *Taciturne* been in the place of the Admiral Coligny, he would never have been prevailed upon to have come to Paris, and to have put himself into the power of those two monsters of perfidy and cruelty, Catharine of Medicis and Charles the Ninth. His prudent escape from Flanders is a proof of it; when he rather chose to be *Prince sans terre* than *Prince sans tete*.

† Monsieur Slingelandt, the ablest Minister, and the honestest man I ever knew. I may justly call him my Friend, my Master, and my Guide. For I was then quite new in business; he instructed me, he loved, he trusted me.

Stadthouder, in ſpite of all the meaſures of the Republican party to prevent it. He confeſſed to me, that upon his being made Penſionary, he entered into ſolemn engagements, not to contribute, directly nor indirectly, to any change of the preſent form of government; and that he would ſcrupulouſly obſerve thoſe engagements; but that he foreſaw that the defects in their form of government, and the abuſes crept into every part of it, would infallibly produce a † Stadthouder, tumultuouſly impoſed upon the Republic, by an inſurrection of the populace, as in the caſe of King William. I told him, that, in my opinion, if that were to happen a ſecond time, the Stadthouder ſo made would be their King. ‡ He ſaid, he believed ſo too; and that he

† It has ſince appeared that he judged very rightly.

‡ And ſo he ought to be now, even for the ſake and preſervation of the Seven Provinces. The neceſſary principle of a Republic, *Virtue*, ſubſiſts no longer there. The great riches of private people (though the public is poor) have long ago extinguiſhed that principle, and deſtroyed the equality neceſſary to a Commonwealth. A Commonwealth is unqueſtionably, upon paper, the moſt rational and equitable form of government; but it is as unqueſtionably impracticable, in all countries where riches have introduced luxury, and a great inequality of conditions. It will only do in thoſe Countries that poverty keeps virtuous. In England, it would very ſoon grow a tyrannical Ariſtocracy; ſoon afterwards, an Oligarchy, and ſoon after that, an abſolute Monarchy: from the ſame cauſes that Denmark, in the laſt century, became ſo: the intolerable oppreſſion of the bulk of the people, from thoſe whom they looked upon as their equals. If the young Stadthouder has abilities, he will, when he grows up, get all the powers of a limited Monarchy, ſuch as England, no matter under what name; and, if he is really wiſe, he will deſire no more: if the people are wiſe, they will give it him.

he had urged all this to the moſt conſiderable members of the Government, and the moſt jealous Republicans. That he had even formed a plan, which he had laid before them, as the only poſſible one to prevent this impending danger. That a Stadthouder was originally the chief ſpring upon which their government turned; and that, if they would have no Stadthouder, they muſt ſubſtitute a *ſuccedaneum*. That one part of that *ſuccedaneum* muſt be to aboliſh the unanimity required by the preſent form of government, and which, only a Stadthouder could render practicable, by his influence. That the abuſes which were crept into the military part of the government, muſt be corrected, or that they alone, if they were ſuffered to go on, would make a Stadthouder: in order that the army and the navy, which at preſent they were not. That he had laid theſe and many other conſiderations of the like nature before them; in the hopes of one of theſe two things; either to prevail with them to make a Stadthouder unneceſſary, by a juſt reformation of the abuſes of the government, and ſubſtituting a majority, or, at moſt, two-thirds, to the abſurd and impracticable unanimity now requiſite. Or, if they would not come into theſe preventive regulations, that they would treat amicably with the Prince of Orange, and give him the *Stadthoudêrat*, under ſtrict limitations, and with effectual proviſions for their liberty. But they would liſten to neither of theſe expedients; the firſt affected the private intereſts of moſt of the conſiderable people of the Republic, whoſe power and profit aroſe from thoſe abuſes. And the ſecond was too contrary to the violent paſſions and prejudices of Meſſrs. d'Obdam, Booteſlaer, Hallewyn, and other Heads of the high Republican party. Upon this, I ſaid to the Penſionary, that he had fully proved to me, not

only that there would, but that there ought to be a Stadthouder. He replied, "There will moſt "certainly be one, and you are young enough to "live to ſee it. I hope I ſhall be out of the way "firſt; but, if I am not out of the world at that "time, I will be out of the way firſt; but, if I "am not out of the world at that time, I will be "out of my place, and paſs the poor remainder of "my life in quiet. I only pray that our new "Maſter, whenever we have him, may be gently "given us. My friend the Greffier, * thinks a "Stadthouder abſolutely neceſſary to ſave the Re-"public, and ſo do I, as much as he, if they will "not accept of the other expedient; but we are in "very different ſituations; he is under no engage-"ments to the contrary, and I am." He then aſked me, in confidence, whether I had any inſtructions to promote the Prince of Orange's views and intereſt. I told him truly that I had not; but that, however, I would do it, as far as ever I could, quietly and privately. That he himſelf had convinced me, that it was for the intereſt of the Republic, which I honoured and wiſhed well to; and alſo that it would be a much more efficient Ally to England, under that form of government. "I "muſt own," replied he, "that at preſent we "have neither ſtrength, ſecrecy, nor diſpatch." I ſaid, that I knew that but too well, by my own experience, and I added (laughing) that I looked upon

* The Greffier Fagel, who had been *Greffier*, that is Secretary of State, above fifty years. He had the deepeſt knowledge of buſineſs, and the ſoundeſt judgment, of any man I ever knew in my life: but he had not that quick, that intuitive ſagacity, which the Penſionary Slingelandt had. He has often owned to me, that he thought things were gone too far, for any other remedy but a Stadtheuder.

upon him as the Prince of Orange's greateſt enemy; and, upon that Prince's violent and impetuous enemies * to be his beſt friends; for that, if his (the Penſionary's)

* Theſe hot-headed Republicans puſhed things with the unjuſteſt acrimony againſt the Prince of Orange. They denied him his rank in the army; and they kept him out of poſſeſſion of the Marquiſat of Tervere and Fleſſingen, which were his own patrimony; and, by theſe means, gave him the merit, with the people, of being unjuſtly oppreſſed.

Had he beenan abler man himſelf, or better adviſed by others, he might have availed himſelf, much more ſolidly than he did, of the affection, or rather the fury, of the people, in his favour, when they tumultuouſly made him Stadthouder; but he did not know the value and importance of thoſe warm moments, in which he might have fixed and clinched his power. Dazzled with the ſhow and trappings of power, he did not enough attend to the ſubſtance. He attempted a thing impoſſible, which was, to pleaſe every body: he heard every body, begun every thing, and finiſhed nothing. When the people, in their fury, made him Stadthouder, they deſired nothing better than totally to diſſolve the Republican form of government. He ſhould have let them. The tumultuous love of the populace muſt be ſeized and enjoyed in its firſt tranſports; there is no hoarding of it to uſe upon occaſions; it will not keep. The moſt conſiderable people of the former government would gladly have compounded for their lives, and would have thought themſelves very well off in the caſtle of Louveſtein; where one of the Prince of Orange's predeceſſors ſent ſome of their anceſtors, in times much leſs favourable. An affected moderation made him loſe that moment. The government is now in a disjointed, looſe ſtate. Her R. H. the Gouvernante has not power enough to do much good; and yet ſhe has more power than authority. Peace and œconomy, both public and domeſtic, ſhould, therefore, be the ſole objects of her politics, during the minority of her

Penſionary's) plan were to take place, the Prince would have very little hopes. He interrupted me here, with ſaying. *Ne craignez rien, Milord, de ce coté la; mon plan bleſſe trop l'interét particulier, pour être reçeu à preſent que l'amour du public n'exiſte plus.* * I thought this converſation too remarkable, not to write down the heads of it when I came home.

The Republic has hardly any Navy at all; the ſingle fund for the Marine being the ſmall duties upon exports and imports; which duties are not half collected, by the connivance of the Magiſtrates themſelves, who are intereſted in the ſmuggling, ſo that the Republic has now no other title, but courteſy, to the name of a Maritime Power. Their trade decreaſes daily, and their national debt increaſes. I have good reaſon to believe, that it amounts to, at leaſt, fifty millions ſterling.

The decreaſe of their Herring fiſhery, from what it appears by Monſieur de Wit's Memoirs of Holland, in his time, is incredible; and will be much greater, now that we are, at laſt, wiſe enough to take our own Herrings upon our own coaſts.

They do not, now, get, by freight, one quarter of what they uſed to get: they were the general ſea-carriers of all Europe. The Act of navigation, paſſed in Cromwell's time, and afterwards confirmed in Charles the IId's, gave the firſt blow to that branch of their profit; and now we carry more than

her ſon. The Public is almoſt a bankrupt: and her ſon's private fortune extremely incumbered. She has ſenſe and ambition; but it is, ſtill, the ſenſe and ambition of a Woman; that is, *inconſequential*. What remains to be done, requires a firm, manly, and vigorous mind.

* *Never fear, my Lord; a plan ſo prejudicial to private intereſt will not be adopted, where Patriotiſm no longer ſubſiſts.*

than they do. Their only profitable remaining branches of commerce, are their trade to the Eaſt-Indies; where they have engroſſed the Spices; and their illicit trade in America, from Surinam, St. Euſtatia, Curaçoa, &c.

Their woollen and ſilk manufactures bear not the leaſt comparison with ours, neither in quantity, uqality, not exportation.

Their police is ſtill excellent, and is now theonly remains of that prudence, vigilance, and good diſcipline, which formerly made them eſteemed, reſpected, and courted.

MAXIMS.

By the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.*

A Proper ſecrecy is the only myſtery of able men; myſtery is the only ſecrecy of weak and cunning ones.

A Man who tells nothing, or who tells all, will equally have nothing told him.

If a fool knows a ſecret, he tells it becauſe he is a fool: if a knave knows one, he tells it wherever it is his intereſt to tell it. But women, and young men, are very apt to tell what ſecrets they know, from the vanity of having been truſted. Truſt none of theſe, whenever you can help it.

Inattention to the preſent buſineſs, be it what it will; the doing one thing, and thinking at the ſame time of another, or the attempting to do two things at

* Theſe Maxims are referred to in Letter LXXV. of this Volume.

at once ; are the never-failing ſigns of a little, frivolous mind.

A man who cannot command his temper, his attention, and his countenance, ſhould not think of being a man of buſineſs. The weakeſt man in the world can avail himſelf of the paſſion of the wiſeſt. The inattentive man cannot know the buſineſs, and conſequently cannot do it. And he who cannot command his countenance, may e'en as well tell his thoughts as ſhow them.

Diſtruſt all thoſe who love you extremely upon a very ſlight acquaintance, and without any viſible reaſon. Be upon your guard, too, againſt thoſe, who confeſs, as their weakneſſes, all the Cardinal virtues.

In your friendſhips, and in your enmities, let your confidence, and your hoſtilities have certain bounds : make not the former dangerous, nor the latter irreconcileable. There are ſtrarge viciſſitudes in buſineſs !

Smooth your way to the head, through the heart. The way of reaſon is a good one ; but it is commonly ſomething longer, and perhaps not ſo ſure.

Spirit is now a very faſhionable word : to act with Spirit, to ſpeak with Spirit, means only, to act raſhly, and to talk indiſcreetly. An able man ſhows his Spirit, by gentle words and reſolute actions : he is neither hot nor timid.

When a man of ſenſe happens to be in that diſagreeable ſituation, in which he is obliged to aſk himſelf, more than once, *What ſhall I do ?* He will anſwer himſelf, Nothing. When his reaſon points out to him no good way, or at leaſt no one way leſs bad than another, he will ſtop ſhort, and wait for light. A little, buſy mind runs on at all events, muſt be doing ; and, like a blind horſe, fears no dangers, becauſe he ſees none. " Il faut ſcavoir s'ennuier."

Patience is a moſt neceſſary qualification for buſineſs :

nefs: many a man would rather you heard his ftory, than granted his requeft. One muft feem to hear the unreafonable demands of the petulant, unmoved, and the tedious details of the dull, untired. That is the leaft price that a man muft pay for a high ftation.

It is always right to detect a fraud, and to perceive a folly; but it is often very wrong to expofe either. A man of bufinefs fhould always have his eyes open; but muft often feem to have them fhut.

In Court, nobody fhould be below your management and attention: the links that form the Court-chain are innumerable and inconceivable. You muft hear with patience the dull grievances of a Gentleman Ufher, or a Page of the Back-ftairs; who, very probably, lies with fome near relation of the favourite maid, of the favourite Miftrefs, of the favourite Minifter, or perhaps of the King himfelf; and who, confequently, may do you more dark and indirect good, or harm, than the firft man of quality.

One good patron at Court may be fufficient, provided you have no perfonal enemies; and, in order to have none, you muft facrifice (as the Indians do to the Devil) moft of your paffions, and much of your time, to the numberlefs evil Beings that infeft it: in order to prevent and avert the mifchiefs they can do you.

A young man, be his merit what it will, can never raife himfelf; but muft, like the ivy round the oak, twine himfelf round fome man of great power and intereft. You muft belong to a Minifter fome time, before any body will belong to you. And an inviolable fidelity to that Minifter, even in his difgrace, will be meritorious, and recommend you to the next. Minifters love a perfonal, much more than a party attachment.

As Kings are begotten and born like other man, it is to be prefumed that they are of the human fpecies;

and

and, perhaps, had they the ſame education, they might prove like other men. But flattered from their cradles, their hearts are corrupted, and their heads are turned, ſo that they ſeem to be a ſpecies by themſelves. No King ever ſaid to himſelf, "Homo ſum, nihil humani a me alienum puto."

Flattery cannot be too ſtrong for them; drunk with it from their infancy, like old drinkers they require drams.

They prefer a perſonal attachment to a public ſervice, and reward it better. They are vain and weak enough to look upon it as a free-will offering to their merit, and not as a burnt ſacrifice to their power.

If you would be a favourite of your King, addreſs yourſelf to his weakneſſes. An application to his reaſon will ſeldom prove very ſucceſsful.

In Courts, baſhfulneſs and timidity are as prejudicial, on one hand, as impudence and raſhneſs are on the other. A ſteady aſſurance, and a cool intrepidity, with an exterior modeſty, are the true and neceſſary medium.

Never apply for what you ſee very little probability of obtaining; for you will, by aſking improper and unattainable things, accuſtom the Miniſters to refuſe you ſo often, that they will find it eaſy to refuſe the propereſt, and moſt reaſonable ones. It is a common, but a moſt miſtaken rule at Court, to aſk for every thing in order to get ſomething: you do get ſomething by it, it is true; but that ſomething, is, refuſals and ridicule.

There is a Court jargon, a chit-chat, a ſmall talk, which turns ſingly upon trifles; and which, in a great many words, ſays little or nothing. It ſtands fools in ſtead of what they cannot ſay, and men of ſenſe in ſtead of what they ſhould not ſay. It is the proper

proper language of Levées, Drawing rooms, and Antichambers: it is neceſſary to know it.

Whatever a man is at Court, he muſt be genteel and well-bred; that cloak covers as many follies, as that of charity does ſins. I knew a man of great quality, and in a great ſtation at Court, conſidered and reſpected, whoſe higheſt character was, that he was humbly proud, and genteelly dull.

It is hard to ſay, which is the greateſt fool; he who tells the whole truth, or he who tells no truth at all. Character is as neceſſary in buſineſs as in trade. No man can deceive often in either.

At Court, people embrace without acquaintance, ſerve one another without friendſhip, and injure one another without hatred. Intereſt, not ſentiment, is the growth of that ſoil.

A difference of opinion, though in the mereſt trifles, alienates little minds, eſpecially of high rank. It is full as eaſy to commend as to blame a great man's cook, or his taylor: it is ſhorter too; and the objects are no more worth diſputing about, than the people are worth diſputing with. It is impoſſible to inform, but very eaſy to diſpleaſe them.

A chearful, eaſy countenance and behaviour, are very uſeful at Court: they may make fools think you a goodnatured man; and they make deſigning men think you an undeſigning one.

There are ſome occaſions in which a man muſt tell half his ſecret in order to conceal the reſt; but there is ſeldom one in which a man ſhould tell it all. Great ſkill is neceſſary to know how far to go, and where to ſtop.

Ceremony is neceſſary in Courts, as the outwork and defence of manners.

Flattery, though a baſe coin, is the neceſſary pocket-money at Court; where, by cuſtom and con-
ſent,

ſent, it has obtained ſuch a currency, that it is no longer a fraudulent, but a legal payment.

If a Miniſter refuſes a reaſonable requeſt, and either ſlights or injures you; if you have not the power to gratify your reſentment, have the wiſdom to conceal and diſſemble it. Seeming good humour on your part may prevent rancour on his, and, perhaps, bring things right again: but if you have the power to hurt, hint modeſtly, that if provoked, you may, poſſibly, have the will too. Fear, when real, and well founded, is, perhaps, a more prevailing motive at Courts than love.

At Court, many more people can hurt, than can help you; pleaſe the former, but engage the latter.

Awkwardneſs is a more real diſadvantage, than it is generally thought to be; it often occaſions ridicule, it always leſſens dignity.

A man's own good-breeding is the beſt ſecurity againſt other people's ill manners.

Good-breeding carries along with it a dignity, that is reſpected by the moſt petulant. Ill breeding invites and authorizes the familiarity of the moſt timid. No man ever ſaid a pert thing to the Duke of Marlborough. No man ever ſaid a civil one (though many a flattering one) to Sir Robert Walpole.

When the old clipped money was called in for a new coinage in King William's time; to prevent the like for the future, they ſtamped on the edges of the crown pieces, theſe words, *et Decus et Tutamen.* That is exactly the caſe of good-breeding.

Knowledge may give weight, but accompliſhments only give luſtre; and many more people ſee than weigh.

Moſt

Moſt arts require long ſtudy and application; but the moſt uſeful art of all, that of pleaſing, requires only the deſire.

It is to be preſumed, that a man of common ſenſe, who does not deſire to pleaſe, deſires nothing at all; ſince he muſt know that he cannot obtain any thing without it.

A ſkilful Negotiator will moſt carefully diſtinguiſh between the little and the great objects of his buſineſs, and will be as frank and open in the former, as he will be ſecret and pertinacious in the latter.

He will, by his manners and addreſs, endeavour, at leaſt, to make his public adverſaries his perſonal friends. He will flatter and engage the man, while he counterworks the Miniſter; and he will never alienate people's minds from him, by wrangling for points, either abſolutely unattainable, or not worth attaining. He will make even a merit of giving up, what he could not or would not carry, and ſell a trifle for a thouſand times its value.

A foreign Miniſter, who is concerned in great affairs, muſt neceſſarily have ſpies in his pay; but he muſt not too eaſily credit their informations, which are never exactly true, often very falſe. His beſt ſpies will always be thoſe whom he does not pay, but whom he has engaged in his ſervice by his dexterity and addreſs, and who think themſelves nothing leſs than ſpies.

There is a certain jargon, which, in French, I ſhould call *un Perſiflage d' Affaires*, that a foreign Miniſter ought to be perfectly maſter of, and may uſe very advantageouſly at great entertainments, in mixed companies, and in all occaſions where he muſt ſpeak, and ſhould ſay nothing. Well turned and well ſpoken, it ſeems to mean ſomething, though

though in truth it means nothing. It is a kind of political *badinage*, which prevents or removes a thouſand difficulties, to which a foreign Miniſter is expoſed in mixed converſations.

If ever the *Volto ſciolto*, and the *Penſieri ſtretti* are neceſſary, they are ſo in theſe affairs. A grave, dark, reſerved, and myſterious air, has *fœnum in cornu*. An even, eaſy, unembarraſſed one invites confidence, and leaves no room for gueſſes and conjectures.

Both ſimulation and diſſimulation are abſolutely neceſſary for a foreign Miniſter; and yet they muſt ſtop ſhort of falſehood and perfidy: that middle point is the difficult one: there ability conſiſts. He muſt often ſeem pleaſed, when he is vexed; and grave, when he is pleaſed; but he muſt never ſay either: that would be falſehood, an indelible ſtain to character.

A foreign Miniſter ſhould be a moſt exact œconomiſt; an expence proportioned to his appoinments and fortune is neceſſary: but, on the other hand, debt is inevitable ruin to him. It ſinks him into diſgrace at the Court where he reſides, and into the moſt ſervile and abject dependance on the Court that ſent him. As he cannot reſent ill uſage, he is ſure to have enough of it.

The Duc de Sully obſerves very juſtly, in his Memoirs, that nothing contributed more to his riſe, than that prudent œconomy which he had obſerved from his youth; and by which he had always a ſum of money before hand, in caſe of emergencies.

It is very difficult to fix the particular point of œconomy; the beſt error of the two, is on the parſimonious ſide. That may be corrected, the other cannot.

The

The reputation of generoſity is to be purchaſed pretty cheap; it does not depend ſo much upon a man's general expence, as it does upon his giving handſomely where it is proper to give at all. A man, for inſtance, who ſhould give a ſervant four ſhillings, would paſs for covetous, while he who gave him a crown, would be reckoned generous: ſo that the difference of thoſe two oppoſite characters turns upon one ſhilling. A man's character, in that particular, depends a great deal upon the report of his own ſervants; a mere trifle above common wages, makes their report favourable.

Take care always to form your eſtabliſhment ſo much within your income, as to leave a ſufficient fund for unexpected contingencies, and a prudent liberality. There is hardly a year, in any man's life, in which a ſmall ſum of ready money may not be employed to great advantage.*

POLITICAL MAXIMS of the Cardinal de Retz, in his Memoirs; and the late Earl of CHESTERFIELD's Remarks.

1. IL y a ſouvent de la folie à conjurer; mais il n'y a rien de pareil pour faire les gens ſages dans la ſuite: au moins pour quelque tems. Comme le péril dans ces ſortes d'affaires dure même après les occaſions, l'on eſt prudent et circonſpect dans les momens qui les ſuivent.

2. Un eſprit médiocre, et ſuſceptible par conſequent, d'injuſtes defiances, eſt de tous les caractéres celui

* Upon the back of the original is written, in Mr. Stanhope's hand, "Excellent Maxims, but more calculated for the Meridian of France or Spain, than of England."

celui qui eſt le plus oppoſé à un bon chef de Parti; dont la qualité la plus ſouvent et la plus indiſpenſablement néceſſaire, eſt de ſupprimer en beaucoup d'occaſions, et de cacher en toutes, les ſoupçons même les plus légitimes.

3. Rien n'anime et n'appuïe plus un mouvement, que le ridicule de celui contre lequel on le fait.

4. Le ſecret n'eſt pas ſi rare qu'on le croit, entre des gens qui ſont accoutumés à ſe mêler des grandes affaires.

5. Deſcendre juſqu'aux petits eſt le plus ſur moïen de s'égaler aux grands.

6. La mode qui a du pouvoir en toutes choſes, ne l'a ſi ſenſiblement en aucune, qu'à être bien ou mal à la Cour: il y a des tems ou la diſgrace eſt une maniére de feu qui purifie toutes les mauvaiſes qualitez, et qui illumine toutes les bonnes; il y a des tems ou il ne ſied pas bien à un honnête homme d'etre diſgracié.

7. La ſouffrance aux perſonnes d'un grand rang, tient lieu d'une grande vertu.

8. Il y a une eſpéce de galimatias que la pratique fait connoitre quelquefois, mais que la ſpéculation ne fait jamais entendre.

9. Toutes les Puiſſances ne peuvent rien contre la réputation d'un homme qui ſe la conſerve dans ſon Corps.

10. On eſt auſſi ſouvent dupe par la défiance que par la confiance.

11. L'extremité du mal n'eſt jamais à ſon période, que quand ceux qui commandent ont perdu la honte; parce que c'eſt juſtement le moment dans lequel ceux qui obéiſſent perdent le reſpect; et c'eſt dans ce même moment que l'on revient de la léthargie: mais par des convulſions.

12. Il y a un voile qui doit toujours couvrir tout ce que l'on peut dire, et tout ce que l'on peut croire

croire du Droit des Peuples et de celui des Rois, qui ne s'accordent jamais ſi bien enſemble que dans le ſilence.

13. Il y a des conjonctures dans leſquelles on ne peut plus faire que des fautes ; mais la fortune ne met jamais les hommes dans cet état, qui eſt de tous le plus malheureux, et perſonne n'y tombe que ceux qui s'y précipitent par leur faute.

14. Il ſied plus mal á un Miniſtre de dire des ſottiſes, que d'en faire.

15. Les avis que l'on donne à un Miniſtre paſſent pour des crimes, toutes les fois qu'on ne lui eſt point agréable.

16. Auprès des Princes, il eſt auſſi dangereux, et preſqu' auſſi criminel, de pouvoir le bien que de vouloir le mal.

17. Il eſt bien plus naturel à la peur de conſulter que de décider.

18. Cette circonſtance paroit ridicule ; mais elle eſt fondée. A Paris, dans les, émotions populaires, les plus échauffez ne veulent pas, ce qu'ils apellent, *ſe déſheurer*.

19. La fléxibilité eſt de toutes les qualitez la plus néceſſaire pour le maniement des grandes affaires.

20. On a plus de peine dans les Partis, de vivre avec ceux qui en ſont, qu'à agir contre ceux qui y ſont oppoſez.

21. Les plus grands dangers ont leurs charmes, pour peu que l'on appercoive de gloire dans la perſpective des mauvais ſuccès ; les médiocres dangers n'ont que des horreurs, quand la perte de la reputation eſt attachée à la mauvaiſe fortune.

22. Les extrêmes ſont toujours facheux. Mais ce ſont des moïens ſages quand ils ſont néceſſaires : ce qu'ils ont de conſolant c'eſt qu'ils ne ſont jamais médiocres,

mediocres, et qu'ils ſont decisifs quand ils ſont bons.

23. Il y a des conjonctures ou la prudence même ordonne de ne conſulter que le chapître des accidens.

24. Il n'y a rien dans le monde qui n'aïe ſon moment decisif; et le chef d'œuvre de la bonne conduite, eſt de connoître et de prendre ce moment.

25. L'abomination joint au ridicule fail le plus dangereux et le plus irremediable de tous les composez.

26. Les gens foibles ne plient jamais quand ils le doivent.

27. Rien ne touche et n'emeut tant les peuples, et même les Compagnies, qui tiennent beaucoup du peuple, que la variete des ſpectacles.

28. Les examples du paſſe touchent ſans comparaiſon plus les hommes, que ceux de leur ſiecle: nous nous accoutumons à tout ce que nous voïons; et peut-être que le Conſulat du Cheval de Caligula, ne nous auroit pas tant ſurpris, que nous nous l'imaginons.

29. Les hommes foibles ſe laiſſent aller ordinairement au plus grand bruit.

30. Il ne faut jamais conteſter ce qu'on ne croit pas pouvoir obtenir.

32. Le moment ou l'on reçoit les plus heureuſes nouvelles, eſt juſtement celui ou il faut redoubler ſon attention pour les petites.

32. Le pouvoir dans les peuples eſt fâcheux, en ce qu il nous rend reſponſables de ce qu'ils font malgré nous.

33. L'une des plus grandes incommoditez des guerres civiles, eſt, qu'il faut encore plus d'application à ce que l'on ne doit pas dire à ſes amis, qu'à ce que l'on doit faire contre ſes ennemis.

34. Il

34. Il n'y a point de qualité qui dépare tant un grand homme, que de n'être pas juste a prendre le moment decisif de la reputation. L'on ne le manque presque jamais que pour mieux prendre celui de la fortune; c'est en quoi l'on se trompe, pour l'ordinaire, doublement

35. La vue la plus commune dans les imprudences, c'est celle, que l'on a, de la possibilité des ressources.

36. Toute Compagnie est peuple; ainsi tout y dépend des instans.

37. Tout ce qui paroit hazardeux, et qui pourtant ne l'est pas, est presque toujours sage.

38. Les gens irresolus prennent toujours, avec facilité, les ouvertures qui les ménent à deux chemins, et qui par conséquent ne les pressent pas d'opter.

39. Il n'y a point de petits pas dans les grandes affaires.

40. Il y a des tems ou certaines gens ont toujours raison.

41. Rien ne persuade tant les gens qui ont peu de sens que ce qu'ils n'entendent pas.

42. Il n'est pas sage de faire, dans les factions, ou l'on n'est que sur la défensive, ce qui n'est pas presse. Mais l'inquietude des subalternes, est la chose la plus incommode dans ces rencontres; ils croïent que, dès qu'on n'agit pas, on est perdu.

43. Les chefs dans les factions n'en sont les maîtres, qu'autant qu'ils sçavent prévenir ou appaiser les murmures.

44. Quand la fraïeur est venue à un certain point, ell produit les mêmes effets que la témérité.

45. Il est aussi nécessaire de choisir les mots dans les grandes affaires, qu'il est superflu de les choisir dans les petites.

46. Rien n'eſt plus rare ni plus difficile aux Miniſtres qu'un certain ménagement dans le calme qui ſuit immediatement les grandes tempêtes, parce que la flatterie y redouble, et que la defiance n'y pas eteinte.

47. Il ne faut pas nous choquer ſi fort des fautes de ceux qui ſont nos amis, que nous ne donnions de l'avantage à ceux contre leſquels nous agiſſons.

48. Le talent d'inſinuer eſt plus utile que celui de perſuader, parce que l'on peut inſinuer à tout le monde, et que l'on ne perſuade preſque jamais perſonne.

49. Dans les matieres qui ne ſont pas favorables par elles mêmes, tout changement qui n'eſt pas neceſſaire eſt pernicieux parce qu'il eſt odieux.

50. Il faut faire voir à ceux qui ſont naturellement foibles toutes ſortes d'abîmes: parce que c'eſt le vrai moïen de les obliger de ſe jetter dans le premier chemin qu'on leur ouvre.

51. L'on doit hazarder le poſſible toutes les fois que l'on ſe ſent en etat de profiter meme du manquement de ſucces.

52. Les hommes irreſolus ſe determinent difficilement pour les moïens quoique même ils ſoïent determines pour la fin.

53. C'eſt preſque jeu ſur avec les hommes fourbes, de leur faire croire que l'on veut tromper ceux que l'on veut ſervir.

54. L'un des plus grands embarras que l'on ait avec les Princes, c'eſt que l'on eſt ſouvent oblige, par la conſideration de leur propre ſervice, de leur donner des conſeils dont on ne peut pas leur dire les veritables raiſons.

55. Quand on ſe trouve oblige de faire un diſcours que l'on prevoit ne devoir pas agreer, l'on ne peut lui donner trop d'apparence de ſincerite: parce que c'eſt l'unique moïen de l'adoucir.

56. On

56. On ne doit jamais ſe jouer avec la faveur, on ne la peut trop embraſſer quand elle eſt veritable ; on ne la peut trop, eloigner quand elle eſt fauſſe.

57. Il y a de l'inconvenient à s'engager ſur des ſuppoſitions de ce que l'on croit impoſſible; et pourtant il n'y a rien de ſi commun.

58. La plûpart des hommes examinent moins les raiſons de ce qu'on leur propoſe contre leur ſentiment, que celles qui peuvent obliger, celui qui les propoſe, de s'en ſervir.

59. Tout ce qui eſt vuide dans les tems de faction et d'intrigue, paſſe pour myſterieux dans les eſprits de ceux qui ne ſont pas accoutumez aux grandes affaires.

60. Il n'eſt jamais permis à un inferieur de s'egaler en paroles à celui à qui il doit du reſpect, quoi qu'il s'y egale dans l'action.

61. Tout homme que la fortune ſeule, par quelque accident, a fait homme public, devient preſque toujours avec un peu de tems un particulier ridicule.

62. La plus grande imperfection des hommes eſt la complaiſance, qu'ils trouvent, à ſe perſuader que les autres ne ſont point exemts des defauts qu'ils ſe reconnoiſſent à eux mêmes.

63. Il n'y n que l'experience qui puiſſe apprendre aux hommes à ne pas preférer ce qui les pique dans le preſent, à ce qui les doit toucher bien plus eſſentiellement dans l'avenir.

64. Il faut s'appliquer, avec ſoin, dans les grandes affaires encore plus que dans les autres, à ſe defendre du goût qu'on trouve pour la plaiſanterie.

65. On ne peut aſſez peſer les moindres mots, dans les grandes affaires.

66. Il n'y a que la continuation du bonheur qu fixe la plupart des amitiez.

67. Quiconque aſſemble le peuple, l'emeut.

TRANSLATION.

Cardinal De Retz's Political Maxims.

1. IT is often madneſs to engage in a conſpiracy; but nothing is ſo effectual to bring people afterwards to their ſenſes, at leaſt for a time. As in ſuch undertakings, the danger ſubſiſts, even after the buſineſs is over; this obliges to be prudent and circumſpect in the ſucceeding moments.

2. A middling underſtanding, being ſuſceptible of unjuſt ſuſpicions, is, conſequently, of all characters, the leaſt fit to head a faction. As the moſt indiſpenſable qualification in ſuch a Chief, is, to ſuppreſs, in many occaſions, and to conceal in all, even the beſt grounded ſuſpicions.

3. Nothing animates and gives ſtrength to a commotion, ſo much as the ridicule of him againſt whom it is raiſed.

4. Among people uſed to affairs of moment, ſecrecy is much leſs uncommon than is generally believed.

5. Deſcending to the Little, is the ſureſt way of attaining to an equality with the Great.

6. Faſhion, though powerful in all things, is not more ſo in any, than in being well or ill at Court. There are times, when diſgrace is a kind of fire, that purifies all bad qualities, and illuminates every good one. There are others, in which the being out of favour is unbecoming a man of character.

7. Sufferings, in people of the firſt rank, ſupply the want of virtue.

8. There is a confuſed kind of jumble, which practice ſometimes teaches; but never to be underſtood by ſpeculation.

9. The

9. The greateſt Powers cannot injure a man's character, whoſe reputation is unblemiſhed among his party.

10. We are as often duped by diffidence, as by confidence.

11. The greateſt evils are not arrived at their utmoſt period, until thoſe who are in power have loſt all ſenſe of ſhame. At ſuch a time, thoſe who ſhould obey, ſhake off all reſpect and ſubordination. Then is lethargic indolence rouſed; but rouſed by convulſions.

12. A veil ought always to be drawn over whatever may be ſaid or thought concerning the rights of the People, or of Kings; which agree beſt when leaſt mentioned.*

13. There are, at times, ſituations ſo very unfortunate, that whatever is undertaken muſt be wrong. Chance, alone, never throws people into ſuch dilemmas; and they happen only to thoſe who bring them upon themſelves.

14. It is more unbecoming a Miniſter to ſay, than to do ſilly things.

15. The advice given to a Miniſter by an obnoxious perſon is always thought bad.

16. It is as dangerous, and almoſt as criminal, with Princes, to have the power of doing good, as the will of doing evil.

17. Timorous minds are much more inclined to deliberate than to reſolve.

18. It appears ridiculous to aſſert, but it is not the leſs true, that at Paris, during popular commo-

* This Maxim, as well as ſeveral others, evidently prove they were written by a man ſubject to deſpotic Government.

tions, the moſt violent will not quit their homes paſt a ſtated hour.

19. Flexibility is the moſt requiſite qualification for the management of great affairs.

20. It is more difficult for the member of a faction to live with thoſe of his own party, than to act againſt thoſe who oppoſe it.

21. The greateſt dangers have their allurements, if the want of ſucceſs is likely to be attended with a degree of glory. Middling dangers are horrid, when the loſs of reputation is the inevitable conſequence of ill ſucceſs.

22. Violent meaſures are always dangerous, but when neceſſary, may then be looked upon as wiſe. They have, however, the advantage of never being matters of indifferency; and, when well concerted, muſt be deciſive.

23. There may be circumſtances, in which even prudence directs us to truſt entirely to chance.

24. Every thing in this world has its critical moment; and the height of good conduct conſiſts in knowing, and ſeizing it.

25. Profligacy, joined to ridicule, form the moſt abominable, and moſt dangerous of all characters.

26. Weak minds never yield when they ought.

27. Variety of ſights have the greateſt effect upon the mob, and alſo upon numerous aſſemblies, who, in many reſpects reſemble mob.

28. Examples taken from paſt times have infinitely more power over the minds of men, than any of the age in which they live. Whatever we ſee, grows familiar; and perhaps the Conſulſhip of Caligula's horſe, might not have aſtoniſhed us ſo much as we are apt to imagine.

29. Weak minds are commonly overpowered by clamour.

30. We ought never to contend for what we are not likely to obtain.

31. The inftant in which we receive the moft favourable accounts, is juft that wherein we ought to redouble our vigilance, even in regard to the moft trifling circumftances.

32. It is dangerous to have a known influence over the people; as thereby we become refponfible even for what is done againft our will.

33. One of the greateft difficulties in civil war is, that more art is required to know what fhould be concealed from our friends, than what ought to be done againft our enemies.

34. Nothing lowers a great man fo much, as not feizing the decifive moment of raifing his reputation. This is feldom neglected, but with a view to fortune; by which miftake, it is not unufual to mifs both.

35. The poffibility of remedying imprudent actions, is commonly an inducement to commit them.

36. Every numerous affembly is mob; confequently every thing there depends upon inftantaneous turns.

37. Whatever meafure feems hazardous, and is in reality not fo, is generally a wife one.

38. Irrefolute minds always adopt with facility, whatever meafures can admit of different iffues, and confequently do not require an abfolute decifion.

39. In momentous affairs, no ftep is indifferent.

40. There are times, in which certain people are always in the right.

41. Nothing convinces perfons of weak underftanding fo effectually, as what they do not comprehend.

42. When Factions are only upon the defenfive, they ought never to do that which may be delayed. Upon fuch occafions, nothing is fo troublefome as

the reſtleſſneſs of ſubalterns; who think a ſtate of inaction, total deſtruction.

43. Thoſe who head Factions have no way of maintaining authority, but by preventing, or quieting diſcontent.

44. A certain degree of fear, produces the ſame effects as raſhneſs.

45. In affairs of importance, the choice of words is of as much conſequence, as it would be ſuperfluous in thoſe of little moment.

46. During thoſe calms which immediately ſucceed violent ſtorms, nothing is more difficult for Miniſters, than to act properly; becauſe, while flattery increaſes, ſuſpicions are not yet ſubſided.

47. The faults of our friends ought never to anger us ſo far, as to give an advantage to our enemies.

48. The talent of inſinuation is more uſeful than that of perſuaſion; as every body is open to inſinuation, but ſcarce any to perſuaſion.

49. In matters of a delicate nature, all unneceſſary alterations are dangerous; becauſe odious.

50. The beſt way to compel weak-minded people to adopt our opinion, is to terrify them from all others, by magnifying their danger.

51. We muſt run all hazards, where we think ourſelves in a ſituation to reap ſome advantage, even, from the want of ſucceſs.

52. Irreſolute men are diffident in reſolving upon the Means, even when they are determined upon the End.

53. It is almoſt a ſure game, with crafty men, to make them believe we intend to deceive thoſe whom we mean to ſerve.

54. One of the greateſt difficulties with Princes, is the being often obliged, in order to ſerve them, to give advice, the true reaſons of which we dare not mention.

55. The ſaying things which we foreſee will not be pleaſing, can only be ſoftened by the greateſt appearance of ſincerity.

56. We ought never to trifle with favour. If real, we ſhould haſtily ſeize the advantage; if pretended, avoid the allurement.

57. It is very inconſequent to enter into engagements upon ſuppoſitions we think impoſſible, and yet it is very uſual.

58. The generality of mankind pay leſs attention to arguments urged againſt their opinions, than to ſuch as may engage the diſputant to adopt their own.

59. In times of faction and intrigue, whatever appears inert, is reckoned myſterious, by thoſe who are not accuſtomed to affairs of moment.

60. It is never allowable, in an inferior, to equal himſelf in words to a ſuperior, although he may rival him in actions.

61. Every man whom chance alone has, by ſome accident, made a public character, hardly ever fails of becoming, in a ſhort time, a ridiculous private one.

62. The greateſt imperfection of men is, the complacency with which they are willing to think others not free from faults, of which they are themſelves conſcious.

63. Experience, only, can teach men not to prefer what ſtrikes them for the preſent moment, to what will have much greater weight with them hereafter.

64. In the management of important buſineſs, all turn to raillery muſt be more carefully avoided than in any other.

65. In momentous tranſactions, words cannot be ſufficiently weighed.

66. The permanency of moſt friendſhips, depends upon the continuity of good fortune.

67. Whoever aſſembles the multitude, will raiſe commotions.

Lord CHESTERFIELD's Remarks upon the foregoing MAXIMS.

I HAVE taken the trouble of extracting and collecting, for your uſe, the foregoing Political Maxims of the Cardinal de Retz, in his Memoirs. They are not aphoriſms of his invention, but the true and juſt obſervations of his own experience, in the courſe of great buſineſs. My own experience atteſts the truth of them all. Read them over with attention as here above, and then read, with the ſame attention, and *tout de ſuite*, the Memoirs; where you will find the facts and characters from whence thoſe obſervations are drawn, or to which they are applied; and they will reciprocally help to fix each other in your mind. I hardly know any book ſo neceſſary for a young man to read and remember. You will there find, how great buſineſs is really carried on; very differently from what people, who have never been concerned in it, imagine. You will there ſee what Courts and Courtiers really are, and obſerve that they are neither ſo good as they ſhould be, nor ſo bad as they are thought by moſt people. The Court Poet, and the ſullen, cloyſtered Pedant, are equally miſtaken in their notions, or at leaſt in the accounts they give us of them. You will obſerve the coolneſs, in general, the perfidy in ſome caſes, and the truth in a very few, of Court-friendſhips. This will teach you the prudence of a general diſtruſt; and the imprudence of making no exception

exception to that rule, upon good and tried grounds. You will ſee the utility of good-breeding towards one's greateſt enemies; and the high imprudence and folly, of either inſulting or injurious expreſſions. You will find, in the Cardinal's own character, a ſtrange, but by no means an uncommon mixture, of high and low, good and bad, parts and indiſcretion. In the character of Monſieur le Duc d'Orleans, you may obſerve the model of weakneſs, irreſolution, and fear, though with very good parts. In ſhort, you will, in every page of that book, ſee that ſtrange, inconſiſtent creature, Man, juſt as he is. If you would know that period of hiſtory (and it is well worth knowing) correctly, after you have read the Cardinal's Memoirs, you ſhould read thoſe of Joly, and of Madame de Motteville; both which throw great light upon the firſt. By all thoſe accounts put together it appears, that Anne of Auſtria (with great ſubmiſſion to a Crowned Head do I ſay it) was a B——. She had ſpirit and courage without parts, devotion without common morality, and lewdneſs without tenderneſs, either to juſtify or to dignify it. Her two ſons were no more Lewis the Thirteenth's than they were mine; and if Buckingham had ſtaid a little longer, ſhe would probably have had another by him.

Cardinal Mazarin was a great knave, but no great man; much more cunning than able; ſcandalouſly falſe, and dirtily greedy. As for his enemy, Cardinal de Retz, I can truly call him a man of great parts, but I cannot call him a great man. He never was ſo much ſo as in his retirement. The Ladies had then a great, and have always had ſome ſhare in State affairs in France; the ſpring and the ſtreams of their politics have always been, and always will be, the intereſt of their preſent Lover, or their reſentment againſt a diſcarded and perfidious one.

Money

Money is their great object; of which they are extremely greedy, if it coincides withtheir arrangement with the Lover for the time being: but true glory, and public good, never enter into their heads. They are always governed by the man they love, and they always govern the man who loves them. He or ſhe, who loves the moſt, is always governed by him or her who loves the leaſt. Madame de Montbazon governed Monſieur de Beaufort, who was fond of her; whereas ſhe was only proud of his rank and popularity. The *Drudos* for the time being, always governed Madame and Mademoiſelle de Chevreuſe, and ſteered their politics. Madame de Longueville governed her brother, the Prince de Conti, who was in love with her; but Marſillac, with whom ſhe was in love, governed her. In all female politics, the head is certainly not the part that takes the lead: the true and ſecret ſpring lies lower and deeper. La Palatine, whom the Cardinal celebrates as the ableſt and moſt ſenſible woman he ever met with, and who ſeems to have acted more ſyſtematically and conſequentially than any of them, ſtarts aſide however, and deviates from her plan, whenever the intereſts or the inclinations of La Vieuville, her Lover, require it. I will add (though with great ſubmiſſion to a late friend of yours at Paris) that no woman ever yet, either reaſoned or acted, long together, conſequentially; but ſome little thing, ſome love, ſome reſentment, ſome preſent momentary intereſt, ſome ſuppoſed ſlight, or ſome humour, always breaks in upon, and overſets, their moſt prudent reſolutions and ſchemes.

CONSIDER-

CONSIDERATIONS upon the Repeal of the Limitation, relative to Foreigners, in the Act of Settlement.

THE particular Limitation, relative to Foreigners, in the Act Settlement, and now to be repealed, was marked out as peculiarly ſacred, by the firſt Parliament, and that no uncomplaiſant one, of the late King, by enacting, that Limitation ſhould be inſerted in all future acts of Naturalization; and it was ſo, even in the act for naturalizing the Prince of Orange, the King's ſon in-law.

But, it ſeems, Meſſieurs Prevot, Bouquet, and others, are now to receive a mark of diſtinction, which the King's ſon-in-law could not then obtain: But, can the ſame indulgence, hereafter, ever be refuſed to foreign Proteſtant Princes, of the higheſt birth, and greateſt merit, and, many of them, nearly related to his Majeſty and the Royal Family; who may, very probably, prefer the Britiſh ſervice to any other?

The poor military arguments, urged in juſtification of the Repeal of this moſt ſacred Law, are too trifling to be the true ones, and too wretched to be ſeriouſly anſwered, unleſs by the unfortunate Britiſh Officers; who are hereby, in a manner, declared and enacted to be incapable of doing the duty of Captains, Majors, &c.

Some other reaſon, therefore, muſt be ſought for; and perhaps, it is but too eaſily found.

May it not be *periculum faciamus in anima vili?* If this goes down, it ſhall be followed; ſome foreign Prince, of allowed merit, ſhall make the firſt application to the Crown, and to the Parliament, for the ſame favour which was ſhown to Meſſieurs Prevot, Bouquet,

Bouquet, and Company. Can either of them, in common decency, refuſe it? Beſides that, perhaps, a time may come, when Generals, and ſuperior Officers, may be as much wanted in England, as great Captains and Majors are now wanted in America.

Great evils have always ſuch trifling beginnings to ſmooth the way for them inſenſibly; as Cardinal de Retz moſt juſtly obſerves, when he ſays, that he is perſuaded, that the Romans were carried on by ſuch ſhades and gradations of miſchief and extravagancy, as not to have been much ſurpriſed or alarmed, when Caligula declared his intention of making his horſe Conſul. So that, by the natural progreſſion of precedents, the next generation may probably ſee, and even without ſurpriſe or abhorrence, Foreigners commanding your troops, and voting the ſupplies for them in both Houſes of Parliament.

As to the pretended utility of theſe foreign Heroes, it is impoſſible to anſwer ſuch arguments ſeriouſly. What experience evinces the neceſſity? Cape Breton, the ſtrongeſt place in America, was very irregularly taken, in the laſt war, by our irregular American troops. Sir William Johnſon lately beat, and took, moſt irregularly, the regular General Dieſkau, at the head of his regular forces: and General Braddock, who was moſt judiciouſly ſelected out of the whole Britiſh army, to be out *Scipio Americanus*, was very irregularly deſtroyed, by unſeen, and to this day unknown enemies.

How will theſe foreign Heroes agree with the Engliſh Officers of the ſame corps, who are, in a manner, by act of Parliament, declared unfit for their buſineſs, till inſtructed in it by the great foreign maſters of Homicide. Will they not even be more inclined to adviſe, than to obey their Colonel; to interpret, than to execute his orders? Will they co-

operate

operate properly with our American troops and Officers, whom they will certainly look upon, and treat, as an inexperienced and undiſciplined rabble? Can it poſſibly be otherwiſe? or can it be wondered at, when thoſe gentlemen know, that they are appointed Officers by one act of Parliament, and at the expence of another, the moſt ſacred of the ſtatute-book?

O! but there is to be but one half of the Officers, of this thundering Legion, who are to be Foreigners: ſo much the worſe; for then, according to the principle laid down, it can be but half diſciplined. Beſides, the leſs the object, to which a very great object is ſacrificed, the more abſurd, and the more ſuſpicious, ſuch a ſacrifice becomes. At firſt, this whole legion was to conſiſt of all Foreigners, Field-officers and all; which, upon the principle of the abſolute utility and neceſſity of foreign Officers, was much more rational; but, thus mitigated, as it is called, is a thouſand times more abſurd. And, how does it ſtand now? Why, truly, the ſacred Act of Settlement is to be repealed, and in the tendereſt part, for the ſake of ſome foreign Captains and Majors, who are to be commanded by Britiſh ſuperior Officers, who, by this act of Parliament, are ſuppoſed not to know their trade.

One has heard, (but one hears a thouſand falſe reports) that this abſurd ſcheme was, ſome time ago, quaſhed by his Majeſty's own prudence and goodneſs; and, from the rightneſs of the thing, I am inclined to believe that it is true: and, I am ſure, I will not ſuppoſe, that ever that might be among the reaſons for reſuming it in this ſhape, and forcing it down the throats of the reluctant Nation: but this is certain, that it was once dropped, and at ſome expence too. The foreign Heroes were contented with Money inſtead of Laurels, and were going away about their own

own businefs; but, perhaps, a condefcenfion to the unanimous wifhes of the whole *people of England, at leaft*, was looked upon as a dangerous precedent, and the repeal of the Act of Settlement as an ufeful one. But, however, I will have candour enough to believe, that this was merely an abfurd, wrong-headed meafure; for, if I did not, I muft think it the wickedeft that ever was pufhed.

AXIOMS IN TRADE.

TO fell, upon the whole, more than you buy.

To buy your materials as cheap, and to fell your manufactures as dear as you can.

To eafe the manufactures, as much as poffible, of all taxes and burthens.

To lay fmall or no duties upon your own manufactures exported, and to lay high duties upon all foreign manufactures imported.

To lay fmall or no duties upon foreign materials, that are neceffary for your own manufacture; but to lay very high duties upon, or rather totally prohibit, the exportation of fuch of your own materials as are neceffary for the manufactures of other countries; as Wool, Fuller's earth, &c.

To keep the intereft of money low, that people may place their money in trade.

Not to imagine (as people commonly do) that it is either prudent or poffible to prohibit the exportation of your gold and filver, whether coined or uncoined. For, if the balance of trade be againft you, that is, if you buy more than you fell, you muft neceffarily make up that difference in money; and your Bullion or your Coin, which are in effect the fame thing, muft and will be exported, in fpight of all laws. But if you fell more than you buy, then foreigners

foreigners muſt do the ſame by you, and make up their deficiency in Bullion or Coin. Gold and ſilver are but merchandize, as well as Cloth or Linen: and that nation that buys the leaſt, and ſells the moſt, muſt always have the moſt money.

A free trade is always carried on with more advantage to the public, than an excluſive one, by a company. But the particular circumſtance of ſome trades may ſometimes require a joint ſtock and excluſive privileges.

All monopolies are deſtructive to trade.

To get, as much as poſſible, the advantages of manufacturing and freight.

To contrive to underſel other nations, in foreign markets.

To the KING'S moſt Excellent MAJESTY.

The humble PETITION of PHILIP Earl of CHESTERFIELD, Knight of the moſt noble Order of the Garter,

SHEWETH,

THAT your Petitioner, being rendered, by deafneſs, as uſeleſs and inſignificant as moſt of his equals and cotemporaries are by nature, hopes, in common with them, to ſhare your Majeſty's Royal favour and bounty; whereby he may be enabled, either to ſave or ſpend, as he ſhall think proper, more than he can do at preſent.

That your Petitioner, having had the honour of ſerving your Majeſty in ſeveral very lucrative employments, ſeems thereby intitled to a lucrative retreat from buſineſs, and to enjoy *otium cum dignitate*; that is, leiſure and a large penſion.

Your

Your Petitioner humble preſumes, that he has, at leaſt, a common claim to ſuch a penſion: he has a vote in the moſt auguſt aſſembly in the world; he has an eſtate that puts him above wanting it; but he has, at the ſame time (though he ſays it) an elevation of ſentiment, that makes him not only deſire, but (pardon, dread Sir, an expreſſion you are uſed to) *inſiſt* upon it. i

That your Petit oner is little apt, and always unwilling, to ſpeak advantageouſly of himſelf; but as, after all, ſome juſtice is due to one's-ſelf, as well as to others, he begs leave to repreſent, That his loyalty to your Majeſty has always been unſhaken, even in the worſt of times; That, particularly, in the late unnatural rebellion, when the Pretender advanced as far as Derby, at the head of, at leaſt, three thouſand undiſciplined men, the flower of the Scottiſh nobility and gentry, your Petitioner did not join him, as, unqueſtionably, he might have done, had he been ſo inclined; but, on the contrary, raiſed ſixteen companies, of one hundred men each, at the public expence, in ſupport of your Majeſty's undoubted right to the Imperial Crown of theſe Realms; which diſtinguiſhed proof of his loyalty is, to this hour, unrewarded.

Your Majeſty's Petitioner is well aware, that your Civil Liſt muſt, neceſſarily, be in a low and languid ſtate, after the various, frequent, and profuſe evacuations, which it has of late years undergone; but, at the ſame time, he preſumes to hope, that this argument, which ſeems not to have been made uſe of againſt any other perſon whatſoever, ſhall not, in this ſingle caſe, be urged againſt him; and the leſs ſo, as he has good reaſons to believe, that the deficiencies of the Penſion-fund are, by no means, the laſt that will be made good by Parliament.

Your

Your Petitioner begs leave to obſerve, That a ſmall penſion is diſgraceful and opprobrious, as it intimates a ſhameful neceſſity on one part, and a degrading ſort of charity on the other: but that a great one implies dignity and affluence on one ſide; on the other, regard and eſteem; which, doubtleſs, your Majeſty muſt entertain, in the higheſt degree, for thoſe great perſonages, whoſe reſpectable names ſtand upon your Eleemoſynary liſt. Your Petitioner, therefore, humbly perſuades himſelf, upon this principle, that leſs than three thouſand pounds a year will not be propoſed to him: if made up gold, the more agreeable; if for life, the more marketable.

Your Petitioner perſuades himſelf, that your Majeſty will not ſuſpect this his humble application to proceed from any mean, intereſted motive, of which he has always had the utmoſt abhorrence. No, Sir, he confeſſes his own weakneſs; Honour alone is his object; Honour is his paſſion; Honour is dearer to him than life. To Honour he has always ſacrificed all other conſiderations; and upon this generous principle, ſingly, he now ſolicits that honour, which, in the moſt ſhining times, diſtinguiſhed the greateſt men of Greece; who were fed at the expence of the public.

Upon this Honour, ſo ſacred to him as a Peer, ſo tender to him as a Man, he moſt ſolemnly aſſures your Majeſty, that, in caſe you ſhall be pleaſed to grant him this humble requeſt, he will gratefully and honourably ſupport, and promote with zeal and vigour, the worſt meaſure that the worſt Miniſter can ever ſuggeſt to your Majeſty: but, on the other hand, ſhould he be ſingled out, marked, and branded by a refuſal, he thinks himſelf obliged in Honour to declare, that he will, to the utmoſt of his power, oppoſe the beſt and wiſeſt meaſures, that your Majeſty yourſelf can ever dictate.

And your Majeſty's Petitioner ſhall ever pray.

FRAG-

A FRAGMENT.

A Chapter of the Garter is to be held at St. James's next Friday; in which Prince Edward, the Prince of Orange, the Earls of Lincoln, Winchelsea, and Cardigan, are to be elected Knights Companions of the Order of the Garter. Though solely nominated by the Crown, they are said to be elected; because there is a pretended election. All the Knights are summoned to attend the Sovereign at a Chapter, to be held on such a day, in order to elect so many new Knights, into the vacant Stalls of the deceased ones; accordingly they meet in the Council Chamber, where they all sit down according to their seniority, at a long table, where the Sovereign presides. There every Knight pretends to write a list of those whom he intends to vote for; and, in effect, writes down nine names, such as he thinks proper, taking care, however, to insert the names of those who are really to be elected; then the bishop of Salisbury, who is always the Chancellor of the Order, goes round the table, and takes the paper of each Knight, pretends to look into them, and then declares the majority of votes to be for those persons, who were nominated by the Crown. Upon this declaration, two of the old Knights go into the outward room, where the new ones are attending, and introduce them, one after another, according to their ranks. The new Knight kneels down before the King, who puts the riband about his neck; then he turns to the Prince of Wales, or, in his absence, to the oldest Knight, who puts the Garter about his leg. This is the ceremony of the Chapter: that of the Installation, which is always performed in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, compleats the whole thing; for till then

then the new Knights cannot wear the Star, unless by a particular dispensation from the Sovereign, which is very seldom granted. All ceremonies are in themselves very silly things; but yet, a man of the world should know them. They are the out-works of Manners and Decency, which would be too often broken in upon, if it were not for that defence, which keeps the enemy at a proper distance. It is for that reason that I always treat fools and coxcombs with great ceremony; true good-breeding not being a sufficient barrier against them. The knowledge of the world teaches one to deal with different people differently, and according as characters and situations require. The *versatile ingenium* is a most essential point; and a man must be broke to it while he is young. Have it always in your thoughts, as I have you in mine. Adieu.

P. S. This moment I receive your letter of the 15th N. S. with which I am very well pleased: it informs me, and, what I like still better, it shows me that you are informed.

A FRAGMENT.

YOUR riding, fencing, and dancing, constantly, at the Academy, will, I hope, lengthen you out a little; therefore, pray take a great deal of those exercises: for I would very fain have you be, at least, five feet eight inches high, as Mr. Harte once wrote me word, that he hoped you would be. Mr. Pelham likewise told me, that you speak German and French as fluently and correctly as a Saxon or a Parisian. I am very glad of both: take care not to forget the former; there is no danger of your forgetting the latter. As I both thank and applaud

applaud you for having, hitherto, employed yourſelf ſo well abroad, I muſt again repeat to you, that the manner in which you ſhall now employ it, at Paris, will be finally deciſive of your fortune, figure, and character in the world, and, conſequently, of my eſteem and kindneſs. Eight or nine months determine the whole; which whole is very near compleat. It conſiſts in this only: to retain and increaſe the learning you have already acquired; to add to it the ſtill more uſeful knowledge of the World; and to adorn both, with the Manners, the Addreſs, the Air, and the Graces of a Man of Faſhion. Without the laſt, I will ſay of your youth and your knowledge, what Horace ſays to Venus;

Parum comis ſine te Juventas, Mercuriuſque.

The two great ſubjects of converſation now at Paris are, the diſpute between the Crown and the Clergy, and between the Crown and the States of Britanny: inform yourſelf thoroughly of both; which will let you into the moſt material parts of the French hiſtory and conſtitution. There are four letters printed, and very well written, againſt the pretended rights and *immunities* of the Clergy; to which there is an anſwer, very well written too, in defence of thoſe *immunities*. Read them both with attention; and alſo, all repreſentations, memorials, and whatever ſhall appear, for, or againſt the claims of the States of Britanny. I dare ſay, that ninety-nine in a hundred, of the Engliſh at Paris, do not give themſelves the trouble of enquiring into thoſe diſputes; but content themſelves with ſaying, that there is a confounded buſtle and rout between the King and the Prieſts, and between the King and the States of Britanny; but that, for their parts, they do not trouble their heads about them;

fight

fight Dog, fight Bear: but, with ſubmiſſion to them, theſe are objects worthy the attention and inquiries of a man of ſenſe and buſineſs.

Adieu, my dear child! Yours tenderly.

We have been favoured with the following letters, written by the late EARL of CHESTERFIELD to different perſons.

LETTRE de recommandation, en faveur de Madame Cleland, adreſſée à Madame de Tencin.

Londres, ce 20 Aouſt, V. S.

COMBATTU par des mouvemens bien differents, j'ai long tems ballancé, avant que d'oſer me déterminer, à vous envoïer cette lettre. Je ſentois toute l'indiſcrétion, d'une telle démarche, et à quel point c'etoit abuſer de la bonté que vous avez eu pour moi, pendant mon ſèjour à Paris, que de vous la redemander pour un autre: mais ſollicité vivement par une Dame que ſon mérite met à l'abri des refus, et porté, d'ailieurs, à profiter du moindre prétexte pour rappeller un ſouvenir qui m'eſt ſi précieux, que le vôtre; le penchant (comme il arrive preſque toujours) a triomphé de la diſcrétion; et je ſatisfais en même tems à mes propres inclinations et aux inſtances de Madame Cleland, qui aura l'honneur de vous rendre cette lettre.

Je ſçais par expérience, Madame (car j'en ſuis moimême un exemple) que ce n'eſt pas la premiere affaire de la ſorte, à laquelle vôtre réputation, qui ne ſe renferme point dans les bornes de la France, vous a expoſée: mais je me flatte, auſſi, que vous

ne

ne la trouverez pas la plus désagréable. Un merite ſuperieur, un eſprit juſte, délicat, orne par la lecture de tout ce qu'il y a de bon dans toutes les langues, et un grand uſage du monde, qui ont acquis à Madame Cleland l'eſtime et la conſideration de tout ce qu'il y a d'honnétes gens icy, me raſſurent ſur la liberté, que je prends, de vous la recommander; et me perſuadent même que vous ne m'en ſçais pas mauvais gre.

Si vous me demandez, par hazard, pourquoi elle m'a choiſi pour ſon introducteur chez vous, et pourquoi elle a crû, que je m'etois acquis ce droit là; je vous dirai naturellement, que c'eſt moi, qui en ſuis cauſe. En cela j'ai ſuivi l'exemple de la plupart des voïageurs, qui, a leur retour, ſe font valoir chez eux, par leurs pretendues liaiſons avec ce qu'il y a de plus diſtingue, chez les autres. Les Rois, les Princes et les Miniſtres les ont toujours comble de leurs grâces. Et moïennant ce faux etalage d'honneurs qu'ils n'ont point recû, ils acquierent une conſideration qu'ils ne meritent point.

J'ai vante vos bontez pour moi; je les ai exagerees meme, s'il etoit poſſible; et enfin, pour ne vous rien cacher, ma vanite a pouſſe l'effronterie au point même de me donner pour vôtre ami favori, et enfant de la maiſon. Quand Madame Cleland m'a pris au mot, et m'a dit; "Je vais bientot en France; je n'y ambitionne rien tant, que l'honneur de connoitre Madam de Tencin; vous qui etes ſi bien là, il ne vous coutera rien de me donner une lettre pour elle."

Le cas etoit embaraſſant: car, apres ce que j'avois dit, un refus auroit ete trop choquant à Madame Cleland, et l'aveu, que je n'etois pas en droit de le faire, trop humiliant pour mon amour propre. Si bien que je me ſuis trouve reduit à riſquer le pacquet, et je crois même que je l'aurois fait, ſi je n'avois pas eu l'honneur de vous connoitre du tout,

plutot

plûtot que de me donner le dementi ſur un article ſi ſenſible.

Aïant donc franchi le pas; je voudrois bien en profiter, pour vous exprimer les ſentimens de reconnoiſſance que j'ai, et que j'aurai toujours des bontez que vous m'avez temoigne à Paris; je voudrois auſſi vous exprimer tout ce que je penſe des qualitez qui diſtinguent votre cœur et votre eſprit, de tous les autres: mais cela me méneroit egalement au delà des bornes d'une lettre, et au deſſus de mes forces. Je ſouhaitterois que Monſieur de Fontenelle voulut bien s'en charger pour moi. Sur cet article, je puis dire ſans vanite, que nous penſons de même; avec cette difference, qu'il vous le diroit avec cet eſprit, cette delicateſſe, et cette elegance, qui lui ſont propres et ſeules convenables au ſujêt.

Permettez donc, Madame, que deſtitue de tous ces avantages de l'eſprit, je vous aſſure ſimplement des ſentimens de mon cœur, de l'eſtime, de la veneration, et de l'attachment reſpectueux, avec lequel je ſerai toute ma vie, Madame, Vôtre, *&c.*

Je crois que vous me pardonnerez bien, ſi je vous ſupplie de faire mes complimens à Monſieur de Fontenelle.

TRANSLATION.

LETTER of Recommendation, in favour of Mrs. Cleland, to Madame de Tencin.

London, Auguſt the 20th, O. S.

AGITATED by various thoughts, I have long been in ſuſpence, before I durſt reſolve to ſend this letter. I felt all the indiſcretion of ſuch a ſtep, and how much it would be treſpaſſing upon the goodneſs I had experienced from you, during my ſtay at Paris, to require the ſame for another. A Lady, whoſe merit ſecures from a refuſal, has

entreated me in the moſt preſſing manner, and my own inclinations have concurred, to make uſe of the firſt opportunity, to recall a remembrance which will always be pleaſing to me; ſo that, inclination having (as it generally happens) overpowered diſcretion, my own wiſhes, and Mrs. Cleland's deſires, will both be gratified, by her having the honour of preſenting this letter to you.

I know, Madam, by experience, and am, myſelf, a proof, that this is not the firſt affair of that kind, which your reputation, not confined within the limits of France, has brought upon you; but I flatter myſelf that you will not look upon this as the moſt diſagreeable. Superior merit, exquiſite and refined ſenſe, adorned by the knowledge of the beſt authors in every language, and a thorough knowledge of the world, have acquired Mrs. Cleland the eſteem and conſideration of all people of moſt merit here. Theſe motives encouraged me to take the liberty of recommending her to you, and even perſuade me that you will not take it ill.

If, by chance, you ſhould aſk why this Lady has made choice of me to be her introductor to you, and how ſhe came to believe that I had any ſuch right; I will candidly own, that I myſelf have been the cauſe of it; and, in this reſpect, I have followed the example of moſt travellers; who, at their return to their own country, endeavour to raiſe their reputation, by boaſting of imaginary connections with the moſt diſtinguiſhed people abroad. Kings, Princes, and Miniſters, have always loaded them with favours: in conſequence of thoſe boaſted honours, which they never received, they often acquire a degree of conſideration which they do not deſerve.

I have boaſted of your goodneſs to me; I have even, if poſſible, exaggerated it; and, in ſhort (not to conceal any thing from you) Vanity has even

drove me to declare that I was your favourite friend, and domeſticated in your houſe. Mrs. Cleland immediately ſeized this opportunity, to ſay; "I am "going to France ſoon; I wiſh for nothing ſo "much, as to have the honour of knowing Madame "de Tencin; ſince you are ſo much connected, "you can eaſily give me a letter for her."

This was an intricate affair; for after what I had ſaid, Mrs. Cleland might have been ſhocked by a refuſal, and my ſelf-love would have been too cruelly hurt, if I had owned that I had no right to do any ſuch thing. So that I find myſelf under a neceſſity of running all hazards; and I really believe, that even if I had not been known to you at all, I ſhould ſtill have done it, rather than have confeſſed ſo mortifying a thing.

As the firſt ſtep is now taken; I wiſh to make the beſt uſe of it, by expreſſing to you the ſentiments of gratitude which I have, and ever ſhall retain, for your goodneſs to me, during my ſtay at Paris. I wiſh it was in my power to tell you alſo, what I think of thoſe perfections, which diſtinguiſh your heart and mind ſo eminently from all others; but this would carry me beyond the bounds of a letter, and is, indeed, more than I know how to expreſs. Mr. de Fontenelle might undertake this for me; for, to ſay the truth, I know that our opinions upon that ſubject coincide; with this difference only, that he would expreſs thoſe ſentiments, with all that energy, delicacy, and elegancy, ſo peculiar to him, and ſo very proper for the ſubject.

Permit me then, Madam, though deſtitute of all thoſe advantages of mind, to aſſure you ſimply of the ſentiments of my heart; and of the eſteem, veneration, and reſpectful attachment, with which I ſhall always remain Yours, *&c.*

P. S. I am perſuaded that you will forgive my troubling you to make my compliments to Mr. de Fontenelle.

LETTER.

Londres, ce 1 Janvier, V.S.

MADAME,

JE ne ſuis pas diſeur de bonne avanture, ains au contraire; car je vous annonce que ces quatre billets, que j'ai choiſi avec tant d'attention, et que j'eſtimois, l'un portant l'autre, à vingt mille piéces au moins, ſe ſont aviſez d'être tous blancs.

Je ne me conſole de votre malheur que par les belles reflexions qu'il me fait faire, et par la morale utile que j'en tire, pour le reſte de mes jours.—Oui! Je vois bien, à preſent, que toute la prudence humaine, les meſures les plus ſages, et les projêcts les mieux concertez ſont frivoles, ſi la fortune, cette Divinité inconſtante, biſarre et *feminine*, n'eſt pas d'humeur à les favoriſer. Car que pouvoit-on faire de plus que je n'ai fait, et qu'en pouvoit-il arriver de moins?

Se donnera-t'on, apres cela, du mouvement, formerat'on des plans, et s'inquiétera-t'on, pour les choſes de ce monde? J'oſe dire, que ſi ces reflexions, auſſi judicieuſes que nouvelles, font la même impreſſion ſur vòtre eſprit qu'elles ont fait ſur le mien, elles vous vaudront plus, que tout ce que vous auriez pû gagner dans la lotterie.

Vous êtes bien querelleuſe, Madame; juſqu' à m'accorder un talent, que je n'ai pas, pour pouvoir après, me reprocher de ne le pas emploïer avec vous; et je m'épuiſe, dites vous, en *bon ton*, avec Madame de Monconſeil. Quelle accuſation injuſte, et denuée de toute vraiſemblance! Un Milord Anglois avec le bon ton! Ce ſont deux choſes abſolument contradictoires; ou pour m'expliquer plus clairement, et ſimplifier mon idée; ce ſont deux Etres hétérogenes, dont l'exiſtence de l'un implique, nécéſſairement, la privation de l'autre.

Me voicy donc juſtifié dans toutes les formes de la logique; et ſi vous n'en ètes pas contente, Madame de Monconſeil, qui a en main mes pieces juſtificatives, pourra vous en convaincre. Au reſte; ſi j'en poſſédois tant ſoit peu, ce nouvel an me fourniroit une belle occaſion de l'étaler. Et quoique depuis plus de cinq mille ans, toute la terre ait traitté ce ſujet; je vous dirois quelque choſe de nouveau, de galant, et d'obſcur, dont on ne s'eſt jamais aviſé auparavant: vótre mérite; et les ſentimens de mon cœur, y feroient alembiquez, juſqu'à la plus fine quinteſſence.

TRANSLATION.

London, January the 1ſt, O. S.

MADAM,

I Have no ſkill in fortune-telling; for, I muſt acquaint you, that the four lottery tickets I had choſen with ſo much care, and valued one with another at the rate of (at leaſt) twenty thouſand pounds, are all come out blanks.

My only conſolation in this misfortune is, the fine reflections which it occaſions, and the moſt uſeful Moral drawn from it, for the reſt of my days. Now, I plainly ſee that all human prudence, the wiſeſt projects, and the beſt concerted ſchemes, are vain and frivolous; if Fortune, that capricious, inconſtant, and *feminine* Deity, is not diſpoſed to favour them: for what more could have been done, than I did, and what leſs could have happened?

After ſuch a reverſe; ſhall we ever take pains, form projects, or be uneaſy concerning worldly events? I will venture to ſay, that if ſuch reflections, equally judicious as new, make the ſame impreſſions upon your mind, that they do upon mine, they will be more valuable than all you could have won in the Lottery.

 Surely

Surely, Madam, you muſt have a great inclination to quarrel, ſince you allow me to be in poſſeſſion of a talent which I really have not; in order to reproach me with not availing myſelf of it towards you, while, ſay you, "I exhauſt that talent of ſaying agreeable things in favour of Madame de Monconſeil." What an unjuſt accuſation, and how void of all probability! An Engliſh Lord, and ſay things in faſhionable French phraſes! This is quite contradictory; or to explain myſelf more clearly, and to ſimplify my idea; I muſt anſwer, that they are two heterogeneous Beings; the exiſtence of the one neceſſarily implying the non-exiſtence of the other.

Now I think my juſtification complete, according to all the rules of logic; but if that does not ſuffice, Madame de Monconſeil has it in her power to convince you, by producing my letters.

Was I poſſeſſed of the talent you ſuppoſe, the New-year would be a proper occaſion to diſplay it; and, although that ſubject has been treated by the whole world above five thouſand years, yet I ſhould then ſay ſomething new, gallant, and unintelligible which never before was thought of. Your merit, and the ſentiments of my heart would then be diſtilled to the moſt refined quinteſſence.

L E T T E R

A Londres, ce 9me Fevrier, V. S.

ADIEU donc toute coquetterie, de part et d'autre, et vive la vraie et ſolide amitie! Heureux ceux qui peuvent s'y attendre: c'eſt le gros lot, dans la lotterie du monde, contre lequel il y a des millions de billets blancs.

S'il pouvoit y avoir quelque choſe de flatteur dans mon amitie; je dirois, que nous pourrions nous flatter que la nôtre ſeroit egalement vrait et durable;

durable; puiſqu'elle eſt à l'abri de tous ces petits incidens, qui brouillent la plûpart des autres. D'abord nous ſommes de different ſexe, article aſſez important; et qui nous garantit de ces defiances et de ces rivalitez, ſur les objêts les plus ſenſibles, et contre leſquels la plus belle amitie du mondé ne tient point. En ſecond lieu, il n'entre point d'amour dans nôtre fait; qui, quoique, a la verite, il donne un grand feu à l'amitie, pendant un certain tems, la flamme de l'un venant à s'eteindre, on voit bientôt les cendres de l'autre. Et enfin (ce qui me regarde uniquement) nous ne nous voïons pas trop. Vous ne me connoiſſez que par mon bon côte; et vous ne voïez pas ces moments de langueur, d'humeur, et de chagrin, qui cauſent, ſi ſouvent, le degout ou le repentir des liaiſons, qu'on a forme, et qui font, qu'on ſe dit à ſoi-même; L'auroit-on crû? Qui l'auroit dit? Comme on peut ſe tromper aux dehors? Et la perſpective, dans laquelle vous me voïez, m'eſt ſi favorable, qu'elle me conſole un peu *della lontananza*, ou je ſuis oblige de vous chercher.

Une caillette, a beaux ſentiments, critiqueroit impitoïablement ceux-ci comme tres *indélicats*; mais en ſon-tils moins naturels pour cela? Et ne ſommes nous pas, pour la plûpart, redevables de nos vertus à des ſituations et des circonſtances un peu fortuites? Au moins j'ai aſſez d'humilité pour le croire; et (ſi je voulois dire tout la verité) aſſez d'expérience, de moi même, pour le ſçavoir. En tous cas; tel que je ſuis, je vous ſuis acquis, et vous voïez que je ſuis de trop bonne foi pour vous ſurfaire dans le prix de l'acquiſition, que vous avez faite.

Vous avez beau faire les honneurs de vôtre païs, et déſavouer vôtre propriété excluſive des Graces; il faut convenir, pourtant, que la France eſt leur ſejour, ou plûtot leur païs natal. Si elles pou-

 voient

voient ſe facher contre vous, dont il y a peu d'apparance; elles ſeroient piquées, au point de vous quitter, de ce que vous les en voïez promener dans un païs, ou elles ne connoiſſent, ni ne ſont connues de perſonne: et ſi par hazard je les connoiſſois, ce ne ſeroit que pour les avoir vûes ſi ſouvent, ches vous.

Il eſt bien ſur que les Graces ſont un don de la nature, qu'on ne peut pas acquérir; l'art en peut relever l'éclat, mais il faut que la nature aïe donné le fond. On voit cela en tout. Combien de gens ne danſent-ils pas parfaitement bien, mais ſans grace; comme il y en a qui danſent très mal avec beaucoup: combien trouve-t'-on d'eſprits vigoureux et délicats, qui inſtruits et ornés par tout ce que l'art et l'étude peuvent faire, ne plaiſent pourtant guére, faute de ces graces naturelles, qui ne s'acquiérent point: chaque païs a ſes talens, auſſi bien que ſes fruits et ſes denrees particulieres. Nous penſons *creux*, et nous aprofondiſſons; les Italiens penſent *haut*, et ſe perdent dans les nües: vous tenez le milieu; on vous voit, on vous ſuit, on vous aime.

Servez vous, Madame, de toute ce que cet eſprit et ces graces, que je vous connois, peuvent faire en ma faveur, et dites, je vous en ſupplie, tout ce qu'elles vous ſuggéreront, à Monſieur de Matignon, de ma part. Mon cœur ne vous déſavouera pas ſur tout ce que vous pourrez lui dire de plus fort, à propos du marriage de Mademoiſelle ſa fille: mais ne vous bornez par à ce ſeul article, car il n'y en a pas un, au monde, qui peut le regarder, auquel je ne prendrois pas également part. Ce ſeroit abuſer de ſa bonté que de lui écrire moimeme: une meſſagére comme vous me fera bien plus d'honneur, et á lui plus de plaiſir.

Adieu, Madame. Je rougis de la longeur de ma lettre.

TRAN-

TRANSLATION.

London, February the 9th, O. S.

ADIEU then to all coquetry, on both ſides, and proſperity to real and ſolid friendſhip! In this lottery of the world, happy are thoſe who can obtain that greateſt prize, to which there are millions of blanks. If any thing could be pleaſing in my friendſhip, I would urge that we have reaſon to flatter ourſelves, that with us, friendſhip may be equally true and permanent, ſince ours will be unattended by all thoſe little incidents, which are the bane of others. We are of different ſexes; an important article, and ſuch a one as prevents thoſe ſuſpicions, and ſentiments of rivalſhip, which the fineſt friendſhips that ever were formed, cannot withſtand. Secondly, we are free from love, which, although it may, during a time, add warmth to friendſhip; yet, when the flames of the one begin to extinguiſh, you ſoon perceive the aſhes of the other. And laſtly (but this relates to myſelf) we do not ſee one another too frequently. You view me in the beſt light, and do not perceive thoſe moments of languor, caprice, or ill-humour, which are ſo generally the occaſion of diſlike, cauſe us to repent of the connections we have formed, and are the motives that occaſion our ſaying, Who would have thought it? Who could have imagined it? How one may be deceived by outward appearances! The diſtant point from which you view me, is ſo very favourable, that it affords me ſome conſolation for being under the neceſſity of remaining ſo far from you.

A trifling woman, with pretenſions to refined ſentiments, would criticiſe theſe unmercifully, as very indelicate, but are they the leſs natural? And are not moſt of us beholden, for our virtue, to

particular circumſtances, or to accidental cauſes? As for me, I have humility to own, and (were I to tell the whole truth) ſelf-experience to confirm it. At all events, ſuch as I am, you may diſpoſe of me; and you ſee I am too ingenuous to deceive you, by enhancing the merits of the perſon who is entirely yours.

It is in vain you ſtrive to do the honours of your country, by diſavowing your excluſive right to the Graces; for it muſt be confeſſed that France is their abode, or rather their native country. It is highly improbable that they can be angry with you; but were that poſſible, they would be provoked to leave you, as a puniſhment for ſending them a rambling, into a country were they neither know nor are known by any mortal. If, by chance, I had any knowledge of thoſe Goddeſſes, it could only be from having ſeen them ſo frequently with you. It is true that the Graces cannot be acquired; art may add to their luſtre, but nature muſt have given them. It is the ſame in every thing. How many people are there who dance exceedingly well, but ungracefully; and what numbers who dance very ill, and yet gracefully! Do we not ſee frequently, people with great and good ſenſe, who, though inſtructed and adorned by knowledge and ſtudy, yet never can pleaſe, for want of thoſe natural Graces, not to be acquired?

Every country has talents peculiar to it, as well as fruits, or other natural productions. We here think deeply, and fathom to the very bottom. Italian thoughts are ſublime, to a degree beyond all comprehenſion. You keep the middle path, and are conſequently ſeen, followed, and beloved.

I beg of you, Madam, make uſe of all that ſenſe, and thoſe Graces which I know you to be poſſeſſed of, in my favour, by telling Mr. de Matignon, whatever they may inſpire you, from me.

The

The moſt friendly things you can ſay to him upon the marriage of his daughter, will beſt explain the ſentiments of my heart. But do not confine yourſelf to that circumſtance alone, for there is no event whatever, that concerns him, in which I ſhould not take an equal ſhare. To write myſelf to Mr. de Matignon would be incroaching upon his goodneſs; ſuch a meſſenger as you, muſt be more honourable to me, and more pleaſing to him.

Adieu, Madam: I am aſhamed of the length of this letter.

These Lines are inſerted, in order to introduce the following Letter with greater propriety.

To the EARL of CHESTERFIELD, Auguſt the 7th, 1763.

REclin'd beneath thy ſhade, Blackheath!
  From politics and ſtriſe apart,
His temples twin'd with laurel-wreath;
  And virtues ſmiling at his heart:

Will CHESTERFIELD the Muſe allow
  To break upon his ſtill retreat?
To view, if health ſtill ſmooths his brow,
  And prints his grove with willing feet?

'Twas this awak'd the preſent theme,
  And bade it reach thy diſtant ear,
Where, if no rays of genius beam,
  Sincerity at leaſt is there.

May pale diſeaſe fly afar aloof,
  O'er venal domes its flag diſplay,
And health beneath thy peaceful roof
  Add luſtre to thine evening ray.

If this my fervent wiſh be crown'd,
  I'll dreſs with flow'rs Hygeia's ſhrine;

Nor

Nor thou with wiſdom's chaplet bound,
At any abſent gift repine.
What though thou doſt not grace a throne,
While ſubjects bend the ſupple knee:
No other King the Muſes own,
And Science lifts her eye to thee.

Though deafneſs, by a doom ſevere,
Steals from thy ear the murm'ring rill,
And Philomel's delightful air;
E'en doom not this a partial ill.

Ah! if anew thine ear was ſtrung,
Awake to ev'ry voice around,
Thy praiſes by the many ſung,
Wou'd ſtun thee with the choral ſound.

EDWARD JERNINGHAM.

LETTER

To EDWARD JERNINGHAM, Eſquire.

Publiſhed at the particular deſire of that Gentleman.

Blackheath, Auguſt the 12th, 1763.

SIR,

I Do not know whether I can, with decency, acknowledge the favour of your poetical letter of the 7th: But Men, as well as Women, are very apt to break through decency, when deſire is very ſtrong, as mine, I aſſure you, is, to thank you for it. Could I give you as good as you bring, my thanks ſhould be conveyed to you in rhyme and metre: but the Muſes, who never were very propitious to me when I was young, would now laugh at, and be as deaf as I am, to the invocation of a *ſeptuagenary* invalid. Accept then my humbleſt thanks, in humble proſe, for your very good verſes, upon a very indifferent ſubject; which, ſhould you be reproached with, you may very juſtly make the ſame anſwer that your predeceſſor, Waller, did to King

King Charles, after the Reſtoration: the King accuſed him of having made finer verſes in praiſe of Oliver Cromwell, than of himſelf; to which he agreed, ſaying, that Fiction was the ſoul of Poetry. Am I not generous to help you out of this ſcrape at my own expence? I am ſenſible, that, before I end this letter, I ought to ſhow ſome common-place modeſty at leaſt; and proteſt to you that I am aſhamed, confounded, and in a manner annihilated, by the praiſes you moſt undeſervedly beſtow upon me; but I will not, becauſe, if I did, I ſhould lie confoundedly; for every human creature has vanity, and perhaps I have full as much as another. The only difference is, that ſome people diſown any, and others avow it; whereas I have truth and impudence enough to ſay, *tu m'aduli ma tu mi piaci.*

What am I to ſuppoſe that you are now doing in Norfolk?

Scribere quod Caſsî Parmenſis opuſcula vincat,
An ſylvas inter et montes reptare ſalubres.

If you ſtray among the hills, vales, and purling ſtreams, it is to make your court to the Muſes, who have long had ſuch an affection for you, that (I will anſwer for it) they will meet you wherever you pleaſe to appoint them. If to thoſe nine ideal Ladies you add a tenth, of real good country fleſh and blood, I cannot help it; but God forbid that I ſhould adviſe it. In all events, I believe you would be equal to the ten.

I am, with equal truth and eſteem,

SIR,

Your moſt faithful, humble ſervant,

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. I deſire my reſpects to Lady Jerningham. But not one word of the tenth Muſe.

LET-

L E T T E R

To Doctor Monsey.

Publiſhed with his conſent and approbation.

Bath, December the 23d, 1767.

DEAR DOCTOR,

YOUR friend and my Governor, Mr. W——, told me that he had received a letter from you, with your kind inquiries after my health; but at the ſame time, ſaid that I might e'en anſwer it myſelf; for how the devil ſhould he know how I did, ſo well as myſelf did? I thought that there was reaſon in what he ſaid; ſo take the account of myſelf from myſelf, as follows. When I firſt came here, which was juſt ſix weeks ago, I was very weak of my legs, and am ſo ſtill. A fortnight ago I had a little return of my fever, which Doctor Moiſy called only a *Febricula*; for which he preſcribed phlebotomy, and, of courſe, the ſaline draughts. The phlebotomy did me good, and the ſaline draughts did me no harm; which is all I aſk of any medicine, or any *medicus*. My general ſtate of health has, ever ſince that, been as good as, at my age, I can hope for; that is, I have a good appetite, a good digeſtion, and good ſleep. You will, perhaps, aſk me what more I would have? I anſwer, that I would have the free uſe of my legs, and of all my *members*. But that, I know, is paſt praying for. Perhaps you may be in the ſame caſe. Who have you quarrelled with, or who have you been reconciled to lately? The houſe of G——, or the houſe of M——? And where are you now, in Norfolk or Monmouthſhire? Wherever you are, I hope you are *vaſtly* well; for I am, very ſincerely,

Your moſt faithful friend and ſervant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET-

LETTER
To Doctor Monsey.

Publiſhed with his conſent and approbation.

PRAY, dear Doctor, why muſt I not write to you? Do you gentlemen of the faculty, pretend to monopolize writing in your preſcriptions or proſcriptions? I will write, and thank you for your kind letters; and my writing ſhall do no hurt to any perſon living or dying: let the Faculty ſay as much of theirs, if they can. I am very ſorry to find that you have not been *vaſtly* well of late; but it is *vaſtly* to the honour of your ſkill to have encountered and ſubdued almoſt all the ills of Pandora's Box. As you are now got to the bottom of it, I truſt that you have found Hope? which is what we all live upon, much more than upon Enjoyment; and without which we ſhould be, from our boaſted Reaſon, the moſt miſerable animals of the Creation. I do not think that a Phyſician ſhould be admitted into the College, till he could bring proofs of his having cured, in his own perſon, at leaſt four *incurable* diſtempers. In the old days of laudable and rational Chivalry, a Knight could not even preſent himſelf to the adorable object of his affections, till he had been unhorſed, knocked down, and had two or three ſpears or lances in his body; but, indeed, he muſt be conqueror at laſt, as you have been. I do not know your Goddeſs Venus or *Vana*, nor ever heard of her; but if ſhe is really a Goddeſs, I muſt know her as ſoon as ever I ſee her walk into the rooms; for, *vera inceſſu patuit Dea*. It is for her ſake, I preſume, that you now make yourſelf a year younger than you are; for laſt year you and I were exactly of an age, and now I am turned of ſeventy-three. As to my body natural, it is as you ſaw

ſaw it laſt; it labours under no particular diſtemper but one, which may very properly be called Chronical, for it is Χρονος itſelf, that daily ſteals away ſome part of myſelf. But, I bear with philoſophy, theſe gradual depredations upon myſelf; and well know, that *levius fit patientia quicquid corrigere eſt nefas.* And ſo good night, dear Doctor.

Bath, November 26th, 1766.

L E T T E R

From the Earl of CHESTERFIELD to Sir THOMAS ROBINSON of Chelſea.

Publiſhed at the particular deſire of that Gentleman.

Bath, November 17, 1757.

SIR,

YOUR letters always give me pleaſure and information; but your laſt gave me ſomething more, for it ſhowed me that you were recovered from that illneſs, which the fears of Mr. Walſh, junior, had magnified into a dangerous one. I did not like your being ſent to Hampſtead for the air; that ſounded very like Kenſington Gravel pits. I am ſure I need not tell you the part I take in your recovery.

As to General ——'s affairs, my opinion is fixed; and I am very ſure, that nothing will appear upon this examination to make me alter it. There is a myſtery in it; and wherever there is a myſtery I have done; I reſpect, but never reaſon. The Ode upon that expedition is written by a maſter, whoever it is: the author of the verſes upon the ſcull, is certainly a Poet, though he has ſpun out his matter too fine; half the length would have been much better. I cannot imagine why the Grub upon the Comet was laid at my door: but people have long thrown out their wit and humour under my

my name, by way of trial; if it takes, the true father owns his child; if it does not, the foundling is mine.

I take it for granted, that the King of Pruſſia's victory engroſſes the thoughts of all your great politicians in town, and gives you what you call great ſpirits: he has ſhewn his abilities in it, which I never doubted of; but then—nothing, only that there are now ſeven or eight thouſand of the human ſpecies leſs than there were a month ago. France will ſend double that number immediately, and the match will be as unequal as it was before; ſince all Europe is ſtill combined againſt him; I will not ſay, *and us*, becauſe I think it would be impudent *for us*, now, to reckon ourſelves among the Powers of Europe: I might as well reckon myſelf among the living, who only crawl upon the earth from day to day, exhibiting a ſhattered carcaſe, and a weakened mind.

Though theſe waters always do me ſome good, it is merely temporary; but they by no means regenerate me. I grow deafer and deafer, conſequently, duller and duller; and therefore, for your ſake, I will put an end to this dull letter; and aſſure, you, with all the truth of a man who has no invention, that I am,

Your moſt faithful, humble ſervant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER

From Lord CHESTERFIELD to Sir T. ROBINSON.

Publiſhed at the particular deſire of that Gentleman.

SIR, Bath, December 3d, 1765.

I Always thought myſelf much obliged to you for your letters from Yorkſhire, while you were in the hurry both of buſineſs and pleaſure; your land-ſteward, your tenants, and your agreeable country neighbours, employing your whole day in pleaſure and

and profit: but I think myſelf ſtill more obliged to you for your laſt letter, from your Monaſtic retreat in the midſt of Ranelagh garden; the place in the world the beſt calculated for ſerious reflexions upon the vanities of this world, and the hopes of a better. There you may enjoy a philoſophical and religious ſolitude, uninterrupted; except, now and then, by the rolling of coaches, the ſound of forty inſtruments of muſic, and the much ſhriller ſound of the tongues of about two thouſand women. This is being a *Chartreux* indeed; and, in addreſſing myſelf to you, I will take care to mix no levity in my letter; but confine myſelf to grave and moral reflections. For inſtance; ſee the dire effects of paſſion, or brandy, or both, in the caſe of Mr. ——, whoſe uſual tranquillity and immobility have been tranſported to the moſt violent exceſſes, of aſſault and battery, even upon the wife of his body; whom, I really believe, he never aſſaulted with ſo much ſpirit before; and, if he gets the reputation of madneſs, he will rather be a gainer by it; for nobody ever thought it could have happened to him. We have here a great many fine folks: the former met in Council, to conſider how they ſhould beſt ſerve their country in the approaching ſeſſion: that being their only view: and the latter, I mean the Ladies, in the intention of ſerving themſelves, or of being ſerved right enough by others. But all theſe are diſperſed, or diſperſing now; and, I believe, I ſhall follow their example ſoon, and take myſelf away from hence to London; where I am too material a part of the buſy, as well as of the gallant world, to be longer abſent. But, whatever I am, and wherever I am, I am, very truly,

Sir,

Your very faithful, humble Servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

THE END.

POSTSCRIPT.

The following extract contains the most essential particulars in the will of the late Right Hon. Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield. The will itself was contained in seven skins of parchment, and was dated June 4, 1772. The codicil was dated Feb. 11, 1773. The Executors were Sir Charles Hotham, Bart. K. B. now Sir Charles Thompson, Beaumont Hotham, Esq; and Lovel Stanhope, Esq;

I PHILIP DORMER, Earl of Chesterfield, seriously considering the uncertainty of human life, in the best, and more particularly of my own, in my declining state of health, do, while in a sound state of mind, make this my last will and testament, intending to dispose of all my worldly affairs, not as humour may prompt, but as justice and equity seem to direct.

I most humbly recommend my soul to the extensive mercy of that Eternal, Supreme, Intelligent Being who gave it me, most earnestly at the same time deprecating his justice. Satiated with the pompous follies of this life, of which I have had an uncommon share, I would have no posthumous ones displayed at my funeral, and therefore desire to be buried in the next burying place to the place where I shall die, and limit the whole of my funeral to 100l. I give, devise, and bequeath all my manors, messuages, lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever, which I am seized of, interested in, or intitled to, within the counties of Bucks, Bedford, Hertford, Derby, and Nottingham, to the use of my

my Godſon Philip Stanhope, Eſq; ſon of my kinſman Arthur Stanhope, Eſq; deceaſed, and his aſſigns, for and during the term of his natural life, without impeachment of waſte. Apply the clear yearly ſum of 2500l. for the maintenance and education of my ſaid godſon Philip Stanhope during his minority. And I do declare that I have directed the ſaid clear yearly ſum of 2500l. to be paid and applied to and for the uſe and benefit of my ſaid godſon, to the intent that he may go and reſide abroad at ſuch place or places as the perſons herein after named, who are to ſuperintend the education of my ſaid godſon, ſhall think proper, and to enable my ſaid godſon to purſue his travels through France, Germany, Flanders, and Holland, and even the northern courts, if he pleaſes, with decency; but I will and deſire that he by no means go into Italy, which I look upon now to be the foul ſink of illiberal manners and vices: and I deſire that my noble friend Francis Earl of Huntingdon and the ſaid Sir Charles Hotham ſhall have the abſolute direction of the education of my ſaid godſon Philip Stanhope until he ſhall attain his age of 21 years, as I know of no perſons more capable of giving him the ſentiments or manners of a Gentleman. The ſeveral deviſes and bequeſts herein before and herein after given by me to and in favour of my ſaid godſon Philip Stanhope ſhall be ſubject to the condition and reſtriction herein after mentioned; that is to ſay, that in caſe my ſaid godſon Philip Stanhope ſhall at any time hereafter keep, or be concerned in the keeping of any race horſe or race horſes, or pack or packs of hounds, or reſide one night at Newmarket, that infamous ſeminary of iniquity and ill manners, during the courſe of the races there, or ſhall reſort to the ſaid races, or ſhall loſe in any one day at any game or bett whatſoever the ſum of 500l. then

then and in any of the cafes aforefaid it is my exprefs will that he my faid godfon fhall forfeit and pay out of my eftate the fum of 5000l. to and for the ufe of the Dean and Chapter of Weftminfter for every fuch offence or mifdemeanor as is above fpecified, to be recovered by action of debt in any of his Majefty's Courts of Record at Weftminfter. I give to my faid godfon Philip Stanhope the large brilliant diamond ring which I commonly wear myfelf, and which was left me by the late Duchefs of Marlborough; and I defire that the fame may defcend and go as an heir loom with the title of the Earl of Chefterfield. I give unto Mrs. Elizabeth du B——t, the mother of my late natural fon Philip Stanhope, Efq; deceafed, 500l. as a fmall reparation for the injury I did her. I give to the faid Lovel Stanhope and Beaumont Hotham and their heirs the feveral annuities or rent charges of 100l. each, during the minority of Charles Stanhope and Philip Stanhope, fons of my late natural fon Philip Stanhope, upon truft, that they the faid truftees do apply the fame for their maintenance and education during their minority; and upon the faid Charles Stanhope and Philip Stanhope feverally attaining their feveral ages of 21 years, I will that the faid laft-mentioned annuities fhall ceafe, and in lieu thereof I give to each of them the faid Charles Stanhope and Philip Stanhope one annuity or yearly rent charge of 100l. for and during the term of each of their lives; 10,000l. upon this truft, that the faid truftees do immediately upon my death place out and inveft the fame in the public funds, or on real fecurity, at intereft during the minorities of the faid Charles Stanhope and Philip Stanhope; and do and fhall at the end of every half year place out the intereft and dividends thereof again at intereft in the fame funds as and for an accumulating fund; and

that

that the ſaid truſtees do and ſhall pay and tranfer one moiety or half part of the ſaid ſum of 10,000 and of ſuch intereſt and dividends as ſhall ſo accumulate as aforeſaid unto the ſaid Charles Stanhope upon his attaining his age of 21 years, and the other moiety or half part thereof unto the ſaid Philip Stanhope upon his attaining his age of 21 years. I give to William Stanhope, Eſq; a natural ſon of my late brother Sir William Stanhope, an annuity of 100l. for his life, and to Mrs. Ilſley, widow, an annuity of 25l. for her life, in lieu and in diſcharge of the like annuities given them by my brother's will. I give to William Strictland, my old and faithful ſervant, 50 guineas, if in my ſervice at my death; and to Jacob Ubret, my old groom, who has lived with me above forty years, 40 guineas, if in my ſervice at my death; and I give to all my menial or houſhold ſervants that ſhall have lived with me five years or upwards at the time of my death, whom I conſider as unfortunate friends, my equals by nature, and my inferiors only by the difference of our fortunes, two years wages above what ſhall be due to them at my death, and mourning; and to all my other menial ſervants one years wages and mourning.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

FINIS.